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VOL. V

PHILADELPHIA

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MOTHER RIGBY'S PIPE.

[Nathaniel Hawthorne, born in Salem, Massachusetts, 4th July, 1804; died in Plymouth, New Hampshire, 19th May, 1864. Novelist. He held various appointments under the American government, the most important of which was that of consul at Liverpool. His works are: *Twice-told Tales; Mosses from an Old Manse; The Scarlet Letter; The House of the Seven Gables; The Blithedale Romance* (in this novel he embodies his experience of the Brook Farm Community, of which he was a member for about a year); *The Marble Faun; The Snow Image*, and other Twice-told Tales; *Grandfather's Chair; The Wonder Book* for girls and boys; *Tanglewood Tales; Life of Franklin Pierce*, President of the United States; *Septimius*, a novel which, unhappily, he did not live to complete; *English and American Note Books*. The following story is one of seven, which in 1873 were published (King & Co.) for the first time in England by Mr. H. A. Page, accompanied by a singularly powerful biographical and critical study of the author. "The characteristics of Hawthorne which first arrest the attention," says Mr. R. W. Griswold, an American critic, "are imagination and reflection; and these are exhibited in remarkable power and activity in tales and essays, of which the style is distinguished for great simplicity, purity, and tranquillity." Of "Mother Rigby's Pipe," Mr. Page says: "Here we have an illustration of his (Hawthorne's) unique power of concentrating himself upon one point, and throwing down on it from all sides the most capricious lights of fancy; while yet never ceasing to moralize through a delicate medium of allegory. The meanings are profound enough, but the humour is of the finest, and relieves their presence; gently lighting up the whole now and then, suddenly as a smile will unexpectedly pass over a pensive countenance. It required no little skill so to use witchcraft as to gently satirize by means of it the artificialities and follies of the present."]

I.

"DICKON," cried Mother Rigby, "a coal for my pipe!"

The pipe was in the old dame's mouth when she said these words. She had thrust it there after filling it with tobacco, but without stooping to light it at the hearth, where indeed there was no appearance of a fire having been kindled that morning. Forthwith, however, as soon as the order was given, there was an intense red glow out of the bowl of the pipe, and a whiff of smoke from Mother Rigby's lips. Whence the coal came, and how brought thither by an invisible hand, I have never been able to discover.

"Good!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a nod of her head, "thank ye, Dickon! And now for making this scarecrow. Be within call, Dickon, in case I need you again."

The good woman had risen thus early (for as yet it was scarcely sunrise), in order to set about making a scarecrow, which she intended to put in the middle of her corn-patch. It was now the latter week of May, and the crows and blackbirds had already discovered the little, green, rolled-up leaf of the Indian corn just peeping out of the soil. She was determined, therefore, to contrive as lifelike a scarecrow as ever was seen, and finish it immediately, from top to toe, so that it should begin its sentinel's duty that very morning. Now Mother Rigby (as everybody must have heard) was one of the most cunning and potent witches in New England, and might, with very little trouble, have made a scarecrow ugly enough to frighten the minister himself. But on this occasion, as she had awakened in an uncommonly pleasant humour, and was further dulcified by her pipe of tobacco, she resolved to produce something fine, beautiful, and splendid, rather than hideous and horrible.

"I don't want to set up a hobgoblin in my own corn-patch, and almost at my own doorstep," said Mother Rigby to herself, puffing out a whiff of smoke: "I could do it if I pleased, but I'm tired of doing marvellous things, and so I'll keep within the bounds of everyday business, just for variety's sake. Besides, there is no use in scaring the little children for a mile roundabout, though 'tis true I'm a witch."

It was settled, therefore, in her own mind, that the scarecrow should represent a fine gentleman of the period, so far as the materials at hand would allow. Perhaps it may be as well to enumerate the chief of the articles that went to the composition of this figure.

The most important item of all, probably, although it made so little show, was a certain broomstick, on which Mother Rigby had taken many an airy gallop at midnight, and which now served the scarecrow by way of a spinal column, or, as the unlearned phrase it, a backbone. One of its arms was a disabled flail which used to be wielded by Goodman Rigby, before his spouse worried him out of this troublesome world; the other, if I mistake not, was composed of the pudding stick and a broken rung of a chair, tied loosely together at the elbow. As for its legs, the right was a hoe handle, and the left an undistinguished and miscellaneous stick from the woodpile. Its lungs, stomach, and other affairs of that kind were nothing better than a meal bag stuffed with straw. Thus we have made out the skeleton and entire corporicity of the scarecrow, with the exception of his head; and this was admirably supplied by a somewhat withered and shrivelled pumpkin, in which Mother Rigby cut two holes for the eyes, and a slit for the mouth, leaving a bluish-coloured knob in the middle to pass for a nose. It was really quite a respectable face.

"I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate," said Mother Rigby. "And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow."

But the clothes, in this case, were to be the making of the man. So the good old woman took down from a peg an ancient plum-coloured coat of London make, and with relics of embroidery on its seams, cuffs, pocket-flabs, and button-holes, but lamentably worn and faded, patched at the elbows, tattered at the skirts, and threadbare all over. On the left breast was a round hole, whence either a star of nobility had been rent away, or else the hot heart of some former wearer had scorched it through and through. The neighbours said that this rich garment belonged to the Black Man's wardrobe, and that he kept it at Mother Rigby's cottage for the convenience of slipping it on whenever he wished to make a grand appearance at the governor's table. To match the coat there was a velvet waistcoat of very ample size, and formerly embroidered with foliage that had been as brightly golden as the maple leaves in October, but which had now quite vanished out of the substance of the velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet breeches, once worn by the French governor of Louisbourg, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand. The Frenchman had given these smallclothes to an Indian powwow, who parted with them to the old witch for a gill of strong waters, at one of their dances in the forest. Furthermore, Mother Rigby produced a pair of silk stockings and put them on the figure's legs, where they showed as unsubstantial as a dream, with the wooden reality of the sticks making itself miserably apparent through the holes. Lastly, she put her dead husband's wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin, and surmounted the whole with a dusty three-cornered hat, in which was stuck the longest tail feather of a rooster.

Then the old dame stood the figure up in a corner of her cottage, and chuckled to behold its yellow semblance of a visage, with its nobby little nose thrust into the air. It had a strangely self-satisfied aspect, and seemed to say, "Come, look at me!"

"And you are well worth looking at, that's a fact!" quoth Mother Rigby, in admiration of her own handiwork! "I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch; but methinks this is the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And, by the by, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco, and then take him out to the corn-patch."

While filling her pipe, the old woman continued to gaze with almost motherly affection at the figure in the corner. To say the truth, whether it were chance, or skill, or downright witchcraft, there was something wonderfully human in this ridiculous shape, bedizened with its tattered finery; and as for the countenance, it appeared to shrivel its yellow surface into a grin—a funny kind of expression betwixt scorn and merriment, as if it understood itself to be a jest at mankind. The more Mother Rigby looked, the better she was pleased.

"Dickon," cried she sharply, "another coal for my pipe!"

Hardly had she spoken, when, just as before, there was a red-glowing coal on the top of the tobacco. She drew in a long whiff and puffed it forth again into the bar of morning sunshine which struggled through the one dusty pane of her cottage window. Mother Rigby always liked to flavour her pipe with a coal of fire from the particular chimney corner whence this had been brought. But where that chimney corner might be, or who brought

the coal from it—further than that the invisible messenger seemed to respond to the name of Dickon—I cannot tell.

"That puppet yonder," thought Mother Rigby, still with her eyes fixed on the scarecrow, "is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a corn-patch, frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He's capable of better things. Why, I've danced with a worse one, when partners happened to be scarce, at our witch meetings in the forest! What if I should let him take his chance among other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world?"

The old witch took three or four more whiffs of her pipe and smiled.

"He'll meet plenty of his brethren at every street-corner!" continued she. "Well; I didn't mean to dabble in witchcraft to-day, further than the lighting of my pipe; but a witch I am, and a witch I'm likely to be, and there's no use trying to shirk it. I'll make a man of my scarecrow, were it only for the joke's sake!"

While muttering these words, Mother Rigby took the pipe from her own mouth and thrust it into the crevice which represented the same feature in the pumpkin visage of the scarecrow.

"Puff, darling, puff!" said she. "Puff away, my fine fellow! your life depends upon it!"

This was a strange exhortation, undoubtedly, to be addressed to a mere thing of sticks, straw, and old clothes, with nothing better than a shrivelled pumpkin for a head; as we know to have been the scarecrow's case. Nevertheless, as we must carefully hold in remembrance, Mother Rigby was a witch of singular power and dexterity; and, keeping this fact duly before our minds, we shall see nothing beyond credibility in the remarkable incidents of our story. Indeed, the great difficulty will be at once got ever, if we can only bring ourselves to believe that, as soon as the old dame bade him puff, there came a whiff of smoke from the scarecrow's mouth. It was the very feeblest of whiffs, to be sure; but it was followed by another and another, each more decided than the preceding one.

"Puff away, my pet! puff away, my pretty one!" Mother Rigby kept repeating, with her pleasantest smile. "It is the breath of life to ye; and that you may take my word for."

Beyond all question the pipe was bewitched. There must have been a spell either in the tobacco, or in the fiercely-glowing coal that so mysteriously burned on the top of it, or in the pungently aromatic smoke which exhaled from the kindled weed. The figure, after a few doubtful attempts, at length blew forth a volley of smoke extending all the way from the obscure corner into the bar of sunshine. There it eddied and melted away among the motes of dust. It seemed a convulsive effort; for the two or three next whiffs were fainter, although the coal still glowed and threw a gleam over the scarecrow's visage. The old witch clapped her skinny hands together, and smiled encouragingly upon her handiwork. She saw that the charm worked well. The shrivelled, yellow face, which heretofore had been no face at all, had already a thin, fantastic haze, as it were, of human likeness, shifting to and fro across it; sometimes vanishing entirely, but growing more perceptible than ever with the next whiff from the pipe. The whole figure, in like manner, assumed a show of life, such as we impart to ill-defined shapes among the clouds, and half deceive ourselves with the pastime of our own fancy.

If we must needs pry closely into the matter, it may be doubted whether there was any real change, after all, in the sordid, worn-out, worthless, and ill-jointed substance of the scarecrow; but merely a spectral illusion, and a cunning effect of light and shade so coloured and contrived as to delude the eyes of most men. The miracles of witchcraft seem always to have had a very shallow subtlety; and, at least, if the above explanation do not hit the truth of the process, I can suggest no better.

"Well puffed, my pretty lad!" still cried old Mother Rigby. "Come, another good stout whiff, and let it be with might and main. Puff for thy life, I tell thee! Puff out of the very bottom of thy heart; if any heart thou hast, or any bottom to it! Well done, again! Thou did'st suck in that mouthful as if for the pure love of it."

And then the witch beckoned to the scarecrow, throwing so much magnetic potency into her gesture that it seemed as if it must inevitably be obeyed, like the mystic call of the loadstone when it summons the iron.

"Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one?" said she. "Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee!"

Upon my word, if the legend were not one which I heard on my grandmother's knee, and which had established its place among things credible before my childish judgment could analyze its probability, I question whether I should have the face to tell it now.

In obedience to Mother Rigby's word, and extending its arm as if to reach her out-

stretched hand, the figure made a step forward —a kind of hitch and jerk, however, rather than a step—then tottered and almost lost its balance. What could the witch expect? It was nothing, after all, but a scarecrow stuck upon two sticks. But the strong-willed old beldam scowled, and beckoned, and flung the energy of her purpose so forcibly at this poor combination of rotten wood, and musty straw, and ragged garments, that it was compelled to show itself a man, in spite of the reality of things. So it stepped into the bar of sunshine. There it stood—poor devil of a contrivance that it was!—with only the thinnest vesture of human similitude about it, through which was evident the stiff, ricketty, incongruous, faded, tattered, good-for-nothing patchwork of its substance, ready to sink in a heap upon the floor, as conscious of its own unworthiness to be erect. Shall I confess the truth? At its present point of vivification, the scarecrow reminds me of some of the lukewarm and abortive characters, composed of heterogeneous materials, used for the thousandth time, and never worth using, with which romance writers (and myself, no doubt, among the rest) have so over-peopled the world of fiction.

But the fierce old hag began to get angry and show a glimpse of her diabolic nature (like a snake's head, peeping with a hiss out of her bosom), at this pusillanimous behaviour of the thing which she had taken the trouble to put together.

"Puff away, wretch!" cried she wrathfully. "Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! thou rag or two! thou meal bag! thou pumpkin head! thou nothing! Where shall I find a name vile enough to call thee by? Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life along with the smoke; else I snatch the pipe from thy mouth and hurl thee where that red coal came from."

Thus threatened, the unhappy scarecrow had nothing for it but to puff away for dear life. As need was, therefore, it applied itself lustily to the pipe, and sent forth such abundant volleys of tobacco smoke that the small cottage became all vaporous. The one sunbeam struggled mistily through, and could but imperfectly define the image of the cracked and dusty window pane on the opposite wall. Mother Rigby, meanwhile, with one brown arm akimbo and the other stretched towards the figure, loomed grimly amid the obscurity with such port and expression as when she was wont to heave a ponderous nightmare on her victims, and stand at the bedside to enjoy their agony. In fear and trembling did this poor scarecrow puff. But its efforts, it must be acknowledged, served an excellent purpose; for, with each successive whiff, the figure lost more and more of its dizzy and perplexing tenuity and seemed to take denser substance. Its very garments, moreover, partook of the magical change, and shone with the gloss of novelty and glistened with the skilfully embroidered gold that had long been rent away. And, half-revealed among the smoke, a yellow visage bent its lustreless eyes on Mother Rigby.

At last the old witch clinched her fist and shook it at the figure. Not that she was positively angry, but merely acting on the principle—perhaps untrue, or not the only truth, though as high a one as Mother Rigby could be expected to attain—that feeble and torpid natures, being incapable of better inspiration, must be stirred up by fear. But here was the crisis. Should she fail in what she now sought to effect, it was her ruthless purpose to scatter the miserable simulacre into its original elements.

"Thou hast a man's aspect," said she, sternly. "Have also the echo and mockery of a voice! I bid thee speak!"

The scarecrow gasped, struggled, and at length emitted a murmur, which was so incorporated with its smoky breath that you could scarcely tell whether it were indeed a voice or only a whiff of tobacco. Some narrators of this legend hold the opinion that Mother Rigby's conjurations and the fierceness of her will had compelled a familiar spirit into the figure, and that the voice was his.

"Mother," mumbled the poor stifled voice, "be not so awful with me! I would fain speak; but being without wits, what can I say?"

"Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou?" cried Mother Rigby, relaxing her grim countenance into a smile. "And what shalt thou say, quotha! Say, indeed! Art thou of the brotherhood of the empty skull, and demandest of me what thou shalt say? Thou shalt say a thousand things, and saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing! Be not afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world (whither I purpose sending thee forthwith), thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why thou shalt babble like a mill-stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow!"

"At your service, mother," responded the figure.

"And that was well said, my pretty one,"

answered Mother Rigby. "Then thou spakest like thyself, and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the boot of them. And now, darling, I have taken so much pains with thee, and thou art so beautiful, that, by my troth, I love thee better than any witch's puppet in the world; and I've made them of all sorts—clay, wax, straw, sticks, night-fog, morning-mist, sea-foam, and chimney-smoke. But thou art the very best. So give heed to what I say."

"Yes, kind mother," said the figure, "with all my heart!"

"With all thy heart!" cried the old witch, setting her hands to her sides and laughing loudly. "Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking. With all thy heart! And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat as if thou really hadst one!"

So now, in high good humour with this fantastic contrivance of hers, Mother Rigby told the scarecrow that it must go and play its part in the great world, where not one man in a hundred, she affirmed, was gifted with more real substance than itself. And, that he might hold up his head with the best of them, she endowed him, on the spot, with an unreckonable amount of wealth. It consisted partly of a gold mine in Eldorado, and of ten thousand shares in a broken bubble, and of half a million of acres of vineyard at the North Pole, and of a castle in the air, and a château in Spain, together with all the rents and income therefrom accruing. She further made over to him the cargo of a certain ship, laden with salt from Cadiz, which she herself, by her necromantic arts, had caused to founder, ten years before, in the deepest part of mid-ocean. If the salt were not dissolved, and could be brought to market, it would fetch a pretty penny among the fishermen. That he might not lack ready money, she gave him a copper farthing of Birmingham manufacture, being all the coin she had about her, and likewise a great deal of brass, which she applied to his forehead, thus making it yellower than ever.

"With that brass alone," quoth Mother Rigby, "thou canst pay thy way over all the earth. Kiss me, pretty darling! I have done my best for thee."

Furthermore, that the adventurer might lack no possible advantage towards a fair start in life, this excellent old dame gave him a token by which he was to introduce himself to a certain magistrate, member of the council, merchant, and elder of the Church (the four capacities constituting but one man), who stood at the head of society in the neighbouring metropolis. The token was neither more nor less than a single word, which Mother Rigby whispered to the scarecrow, and which the scarecrow was to whisper to the merchant.

"Gouty as the old fellow is, he'll run thy errands for thee, when once thou hast given him that word in his ear," said the old witch. "Mother Rigby knows the worshipful Justice Gookin, and the worshipful Justice knows Mother Rigby!"

Here the witch thrust her wrinkled face close to the puppet's, chuckling irrepressibly, and fidgetting all through her system with delight at the idea which she meant to communicate.

"The worshipful Master Gookin," whispered she, "hath a comely maiden to his daughter. And hark ye, my pet! Thou hast a fair outside, and a pretty wit enough of thine own. Yea, a pretty wit enough! Thou wilt think better of it when thou hast seen more of other people's wits. Now, with thy outside and thy inside, thou art the very man to win a young girl's heart. Never doubt it! I tell thee it shall be so. Put but a bold face on the matter; sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own!"

All this while the new creature had been sucking in and exhaling the vapoury fragrance of his pipe, and seemed now to continue this occupation as much for the enjoyment it afforded as because it was an essential condition of his existence. It was wonderful to see how exceedingly like a human being it behaved. Its eyes (for it appeared to possess a pair), were bent on Mother Rigby, and at suitable junctures it nodded or shook its head. Neither did it lack words suitable for the occasion: "Really! Indeed! Pray tell me! Is it possible! Upon my word! By no means! O! Ah! Hem!" and other such weighty utterances as imply attention, inquiry, acquiescence, or dissent on the part of the auditor. Even had you stood by and seen the scarecrow made, you could scarcely have resisted the conviction that it perfectly understood the cunning counsels which the old witch poured into its counterfeit of an ear. The more earnestly it applied its lips to the pipe the more distinctly was its human likeness stamped among visible realities, the more sagacious grew its expression, the more lifelike its gestures and movements, and the more intelligibly audible its voice. Its garments, too, glistened so much the brighter with an illusory magnificence. The

very pipe, in which burned the spell of all this wonder-work, ceased to appear as a smoke-blackened earthen-stump, and became a meerschaum, with painted bowl and amber mouth-piece.

It might be apprehended, however, that as the life of the illusion seemed identical with the vapour of the pipe, it would terminate simultaneously with the reduction of the tobacco to ashes. But the beldam foresaw the difficulty.

"Hold thou the pipe, my precious one," said she, "while I fill it for thee again."

It was sorrowful to behold how the fine gentleman began to fade back into a scarecrow while Mother Rigby shook the ashes out of the pipe and proceeded to replenish it from her tobacco-box.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for this pipe!"

No sooner said than the intensely red speck of fire was glowing within the pipe-bowl; and the scarecrow, without waiting for the witch's bidding, applied the tube to his lips and drew in a few short, convulsive whiffs, which soon, however, became regular and equable.

"Now, mine own heart's darling," quoth Mother Rigby, "whatever may happen to thee, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it; and that, at least, thou knowest well, if thou knowest nought besides. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud; and tell the people, if any question be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and (first filling thyself with smoke) cry sharply, 'Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco! and, Dickon, another coal for my pipe!' and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be. Else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks and tattered clothes, and a bag of straw, and a withered pumpkin! Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!"

"Never fear, mother!" said the figure, in a stout voice, and sending forth a courageous whiff of smoke, "I will thrive, if an honest man and a gentleman may!"

"O thou wilt be the death of me!" cried the old witch, convulsed with laughter. "That was well said. If an honest man and a gentleman may! Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow; and I will wager on thy head, as a man of pith and substance, with a brain, and what they call a heart, and all else that a man should have, against any other thing on two legs. I hold myself a better witch than yesterday, for thy sake. Did not I make thee? And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here; take thy staff along with thee!"

The staff, though it was but a plain oaken stick, immediately took the aspect of a gold-headed cane.

"That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own," said Mother Rigby, "and it will guide thee straight to worshipful Master Gookin's door. Get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious one, my treasure; and if anyone ask thy name, it is Feathertop. For thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head, and thy wig, too, is of the fashion they call Feathertop,—so be Feathertop thy name!"

And, issuing from the cottage, Feathertop strode manfully towards town. Mother Rigby stood at the threshold, well pleased to see how the sunbeams glistened on him, as if all his magnificence were real, and how diligently and lovingly he smoked his pipe, and how handsomely he walked, in spite of a little stiffness of his legs. She watched him until out of sight, and threw a witch benediction after her darling, when a turn of the road snatched him from her view.

II.

Betimes in the forenoon, when the principal street of the neighbouring town was just at its acme of life and bustle, a stranger of very distinguished figure was seen on the side-walk. His port as well as his garments betokened nothing short of nobility. He wore a richly-embroidered plum-coloured coat, a waistcoat of costly velvet, magnificently adorned with golden foliage, a pair of splendid scarlet breeches, and the finest and glossiest of white silk stockings. His head was covered with a peruke, so daintily powdered and adjusted that it would have been sacrilege to disorder it with a hat; which, therefore (and it was a gold-laced hat, set off with a snowy feather), he carried beneath his arm. On the breast of his coat glistened a star. He managed his gold-headed cane with an airy grace peculiar to the fine gentleman of the period; and, to give the highest possible finish to his equipment, he had lace ruffles at his wrist, of a most ethereal delicacy, sufficiently avouching how idle and aristocratic must be the hands which they half concealed.

It was a remarkable point in the accoutre-

ment of this brilliant personage, that he held in his left had a fantastic kind of a pipe, with an exquisitely painted bowl and an amber mouthpiece. This he applied to his lips as often as every five or six paces, and inhaled a deep whiff of smoke, which, after being retained a moment in his lungs, might be seen to eddy gracefully from his mouth and nostrils.

As may well be supposed, the street was all astir to find out the stranger's name.

"It is some great nobleman, beyond question," said one of the townspeople. "Do you see the star at his breast?"

"Nay; it is too bright to be seen," said another. "Yes; he must needs be a nobleman as you say. But by what conveyance, think you, can his lordship have voyaged or travelled hither? There has been no vessel from the old country for a month past; and if he have arrived overland from the southward, pray where are his attendants and equipage?"

"He needs no equipage to set off his rank," remarked a third. "If he came among us in rags, nobility would shine through a hole in his elbow. I never saw such dignity of aspect. He has the old Norman blood in his veins, I warrant him."

"I rather take him to be a Dutchman, or one of your high Germans," said another citizen. "The men of those countries have always the pipe at their mouths."

"And so has a Turk," answered his companion. "But, in my judgment, this stranger hath been bred at the French court, and hath there learned politeness and grace of manner, which none understand so well as the nobility of France. What gait, now! A vulgar spectator might deem it stiff—he might call it a hitch and a jerk—but, to my eye, it hath an unspeakable majesty, and must have been acquired by constant observation of the deportment of the Grand Monarque. The stranger's character and office are evident enough. He is a French ambassador, come to treat with our rulers about the cession of Canada."

"More probably a Spaniard," said another, "and hence his yellow complexion; or, most likely, he is from the Havanas, or from some port on the Spanish main, and comes to make investigation about the piracies which our governor is thought to connive at. Those settlers in Peru and Mexico have skins as yellow as the gold which they dig out of their mines."

"Yellow or not," cried a lady, "he is a beautiful man!—so tall, so slender! such a fine, noble face, with so well-shaped a nose, and all that delicacy of expression about the mouth. And, bless me, how bright his star is! It positively shoots out flames!"

"So do your eyes, fair lady," said the stranger, with a bow and a flourish of his pipe; for he was just passing at the instant. "Upon my honour, they have quite dazzled me."

"Was ever so original and exquisite a compliment?" murmured the lady, in an ecstacy of delight.

Amid the general admiration excited by the stranger's appearance, there were only two dissentient voices. One was that of an impertinent cur, which, after snuffing at the heels of the glistening figure, put its tail between its legs and skulked into its master's backyard, vociferating an execrable howl. The other dissentient was a young child, who squalled at the fullest stretch of his lungs, and babbled some unintelligible nonsense about a pumpkin.

Feathertop meanwhile pursued his way along the street. Except for the few complimentary words to the lady, and now and then a slight inclination of the head in requital of the profound reverences of the bystanders, he seemed wholly absorbed in his pipe. There needed no other proof of his rank and consequence than the perfect equanimity with which he comported himself, while the curiosity and admiration of the town swelled into a clamour around him. With a crowd gathering behind his footsteps, he finally reached the mansion-house of the worshipful Justice Gookin, entered the gate, ascended the steps of the front door, and knocked. In the interim, before his summons was answered, the stranger was observed to shake the ashes out of his pipe.

"What did he say in that sharp voice?" inquired one of the spectators.

"Nay, I know not," answered his friend. "But the sun dazzles my eyes strangely. How dim and faded his lordship looks all of a sudden! Bless my wits, what is the matter with me?"

"The wonder is," said the other, "that his pipe, which was out only an instant ago, should be all alight again, and with the reddest coal I ever saw. There is something mysterious about this stranger. What a whiff of smoke was that! Dim and faded did you call him? Why, as he turns about, the star on his breast is all ablaze."

"It is indeed," said his companion; "and it will go near to dazzle pretty Polly Gookin, whom I see peering at it out of the chamber window."

The door being now opened, Feathertop turned to the crowd, made a stately bend of his body like a great man acknowledging the reverence of the meaner sort, and vanished into the house. There was a mysterious kind of a smile, if it might not better be called a grin or grimace, upon his visage; but, of all the throng that beheld him, not an individual appears to have possessed insight enough to detect the illusive character of the stranger except a little child and a cur dog.

Our legend here loses somewhat of its continuity, and, passing over the preliminary explanation between Feathertop and the merchant, goes in quest of the pretty Polly Gookin. She was a damsel of a soft, round figure, with light hair and blue eyes, and a fair, rosy face, which seemed neither very shrewd nor very simple. This young lady had caught a glimpse of the glistening stranger while standing at the threshold, and had forthwith put on a laced cap, a string of beads, her finest kerchief, and her stiffest damask petticoat, in preparation for the interview. Hurrying from her chamber to the parlour, she had ever since been viewing herself in the large looking-glass and practising pretty airs—now a smile, now a ceremonious dignity of aspect, and now a softer smile than the former, kissing her hand likewise, tossing her head, and managing her fan; while within the mirror an unsubstantial little maid repeated every gesture, and did all the foolish things that Polly did, but without making her ashamed of them. In short, it was the fault of pretty Polly's ability rather than her will if she failed to be as complete an artifice as the illustrious Feathertop himself; and, when she thus tampered with her own simplicity, the witch's phantom might well hope to win her.

No sooner did Polly hear her father's gouty footsteps approaching the parlour door, accompanied with the stiff clatter of Feathertop's high-heeled shoes, than she seated herself bolt upright and innocently began warbling a song.

"Polly! daughter Polly!" cried the old merchant. "Come hither, child."

Master Gookin's aspect, as he opened the door, was doubtful and troubled.

"This gentleman," continued he, presenting the stranger, "is the Chevalier Feathertop,—nay, I beg his pardon, my Lord Feathertop,—who hath brought me a token of remembrance from an ancient friend of mine. Pay your duty to his lordship, child, and honour him as his quality deserves."

After these few words of introduction, the worshipful magistrate immediately quitted the room. But, even in that brief moment, had the fair Polly glanced aside at her father instead of devoting herself wholly to the brilliant guest, she might have taken warning of some mischief nigh at hand. The old man was nervous, fidgety, and very pale. Purposing a smile of courtesy, he had deformed his face with a sort of galvanic grin, which, when Feathertop's back was turned, he exchanged for a scowl, at the same time shaking his fist and stamping his gouty foot—an incivility which brought its retribution along with it. The truth appears to have been, that Mother Rigby's word of introduction, whatever it might be, had operated far more on the rich merchant's fears than on his goodwill. Moreover, being a man of wonderfully acute observation, he had noticed that the painted figures on the bowl of Feathertop's pipe were in motion. Looking more closely, he became convinced that these figures were a party of little demons, each duly provided with horns and a tail, and dancing hand in hand, with gestures of diabolical merriment, round the circumference of the pipe-bowl. As if to confirm his suspicions, while Master Gookin ushered his guest along a dusky passage from his private room to the parlour, the star on Feathertop's breast had scintillated actual flames, and threw a flickering gleam upon the wall, the ceiling, and the floor.

With such sinister prognostics manifesting themselves on all hands, it is not to be marvelled at that the merchant should have felt that he was committing his daughter to a very questionable acquaintance. He cursed, in his secret soul, the insinuating elegance of Feathertop's manners, as this brilliant personage bowed, smiled, put his hand on his heart, inhaled a long whiff from his pipe, and enriched the atmosphere with the smoky vapour of a fragrant and visible sigh. Gladly would poor Master Gookin have thrust his dangerous guest into the street; but there was a constraint and terror within him. This respectable old gentleman, we fear, at an earlier period of life, had given some pledge or other to the evil principle, and perhaps was now to redeem it by the sacrifice of his daughter.

It so happened that the parlour door was partly of glass, shaded by a silken curtain, the folds of which hung a little awry. So strong was the merchant's interest in witnessing what was to ensue between the fair Polly and the gallant Feathertop, that after quitting the room he could by no means

refrain from peeping through the crevice of the curtain.

But there was nothing very miraculous to be seen; nothing—except the trifles previously noticed—to confirm the idea of a supernatural peril environing the pretty Polly. The stranger, it is true, was evidently a thorough and practised man of the world, systematic, and self-possessed, and therefore the sort of a person to whom a parent ought not to confide a simple young girl, without due watchfulness for the result. The worthy magistrate, who had been conversant with all degrees and qualities of mankind, could not but perceive every motion and gesture of the distinguished Feathertop come in its proper place; nothing had been left rude or native in him; a well-digested conventionalism had incorporated itself thoroughly with his substance and transformed him into a work of art. Perhaps it was this peculiarity that invested him with a species of ghastliness and awe. It is the effect of anything completely and consummately artificial, in human shape, that the person impresses us as an unreality, and as having hardly pith enough to cast a shadow upon the floor. As regarded Feathertop, all this resulted in a wild, extravagant, and fantastical impression, as if his life and being were akin to the smoke that curled upward from his pipe.

But pretty Polly Gookin felt not thus. The pair were now promenading the room; Feathertop with his dainty stride and no less dainty grimace; the girl with a native maidenly grace, just touched, not spoiled, by a slightly affected manner, which seemed caught from the perfect artifice of her companion. The longer the interview continued, the more charmed was pretty Polly, until, within the first quarter of an hour (as the old magistrate noted by his watch), she was evidently beginning to be in love. Nor need it have been witchcraft that subdued her in such a hurry; the poor child's heart, it may be, was so very fervent that it melted her with its own warmth as reflected from the hollow semblance of a lover. No matter what Feathertop said, his words found depth and reverberation in her ear; no matter what he did, his action was heroic to her eye. And by this time it is to be supposed there was a blush on Polly's cheek, a tender smile about her mouth, and a liquid softness in her glance; while the star kept coruscating on Feathertop's breast, and the little demons careered with more frantic merriment than ever about the circumference of his pipe-bowl. O, pretty Polly Gookin, why should these imps rejoice so madly that a silly maiden's heart was about to be given to a shadow! Is it so unusual a misfortune, so rare a triumph?

By and by Feathertop paused, and, throwing himself into an imposing attitude, seemed to summon the fair girl to survey his figure and resist him longer if she could. His star, his embroidery, his buckles glowed at that instant with unutterable splendour; the picturesque hues of his attire took a richer depth of colouring; there was a gleam and polish over his whole presence betokening the perfect witchery of well-ordered manners. The maiden raised her eyes and suffered them to linger upon her companion with a bashful and admiring gaze. Then, as if desirous of judging what value her own simple comeliness might have side by side with so much brilliancy, she cast a glance towards the full length looking-glass in front of which they happened to be standing. It was one of the truest plates in the world, and incapable of flattery. No sooner did the images therein reflected meet Polly's eye than she shrieked, shrank from the stranger's side, gazed at him for a moment in the wildest dismay, and sank insensible upon the floor. Feathertop likewise had looked towards the mirror, and there beheld, not the glittering mockery of his outside show, but a picture of the sordid patchwork of his real composition, stripped of all witchcraft.

The wretched simulacrum! We almost pity him. He threw up his arms with an expression of despair that went further than any of his previous manifestations towards vindicating his claims to be reckoned human; for, perchance the only time since this so often empty and deceptive life of mortals began its course, an illusion had seen and fully recognized itself.

III.

Mother Rigby was seated by her kitchen hearth in the twilight of this eventful day, and had just shaken the ashes out of a new pipe, when she heard a hurried tramp along the road. Yet it did not seem so much the tramp of human footsteps as the clatter of sticks or the rattling of dry bones.

"Ha!" thought the old witch, "what step is that? Whose skeleton is out of its grave now, I wonder?"

A figure burst headlong into the cottage door. It was Feathertop! His pipe was still alight; the star still flamed upon his breast; the embroidery still glowed upon his garments; nor had he lost, in any degree or manner that could be estimated, the aspect that assimilated

him with our mortal brotherhood. But yet, in some indescribable way (as is the case with all that has deluded us when once found out), the poor reality was felt beneath the cunning artifice.

"What has gone wrong?" demanded the witch. "Did yonder sniffling hypocrite thrust my darling from his door? The villain! I'll set twenty fiends to torment him till he offer thee his daughter on his bended knees!"

"No, mother," said Feathertop despondingly; "it was not that."

"Did the girl scorn my precious one?" asked Mother Rigby, her fierce eyes glowing like two coals of Tophet. "I'll cover her face with pimples! Her nose shall be as red as the coal in my pipe! Her front teeth shall drop out! In a week hence she shall not be worth thy having!"

"Let her alone, mother," answered poor Feathertop; "the girl was half won; and methinks a kiss from her sweet lips might have made me altogether human. But," he added, after a brief pause, and then a howl of self-contempt, "I've seen myself, mother! I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am! I'll exist no longer!"

Snatching the pipe from his mouth, he flung it with all his might against the chimney, and at the same instant sank upon the floor, a medley of straw and tattered garments, with some sticks protruding from the heap, and a shrivelled pumpkin in the midst. The eye-holes were now lustreless; but the rudely carved gap, that just before had been a mouth, still seemed to twist itself into a despairing grin, and was so far human.

"Poor fellow!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a rueful glance at the relics of her ill-fated contrivance. "My poor, dear, pretty Feathertop! There are thousands upon thousands of coxcombs and charlatans in the world, made up of just such a jumble of worn-out, forgotten, and good-for-nothing trash as he was! Yet they live in fair repute, and never see themselves for what they are. And why should my poor puppet be the only one to know himself and perish for it?"

While thus muttering, the witch had filled a fresh pipe of tobacco, and held the stem between her fingers, as doubtful whether to thrust it into her own mouth or Feathertop's.

"Poor Feathertop!" she continued. "I could easily give him another chance and send him forth again to-morrow. But no; his feelings are too tender, his sensibilities too deep. He seems to have too much heart to bustle for his own advantage in such an empty and heartless world. Well! well! I'll make a scarecrow of him after all. 'Tis an innocent and a useful vocation, and will suit my darling well; and if each of his human brethren had as fit a one, 'twould be better for mankind; and as for this pipe of tobacco, I need it more than he."

So saying, Mother Rigby put the stem between her lips. "Dickon!" cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for my pipe!"

THE LAST NIGHT AT HOME.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

O, Muse, who dost to me reveal
The mystery of the woman's life,
Relate how 'tis a maid might feel,
The night before she's crown'd a wife!
Lo, sleepless in her little bed,
She lies and counts the hours till noon.
Ere this, to-morrow, she'll be wed,
Ere this? Alas, how strangely soon!
A fearful blank of ignorance
Lies, manifest, across her way,
And shadows, cast from unknown chance,
Make sad and dim the coming day.
Her faithless dread she now discards,
And now remorseful memory flings
Its glory round the last regards
Of home and all accustom'd things.
Her father's voice, her mother's eyes
Accuse her treason; 'tis in vain
She thinks herself a wife, and tries
To comprehend the greater gain;
Her unknown fortune nothing cheers
Her loving heart's familiar loss,
And torrents of repentant tears
Their hot and smarting threshold cross.
When first within her bosom Love
Took birth, and beat his blissful wings,
It seem'd to lift her mind above
All care for other earthly things;
But, oh, too lightly did she vow
To leave for aye her happy nest;
And dreadful is the thought that now
Assaults her weak and shaken breast:
Ah, should her lover's love abate;
Ah, should she, miserable, lose
All dear regards of maiden state,
Dissolved by time and marriage dues!
And so her fears increase, till fear
O'erfilms her apprehensive eye
That she may swoon, with no one near,
And haply so, unmarried, die.
With instinct of her ignorance,
(The virgin's strength and veiled guide,)
She prays, and casts the reins of chance
To Love, nor recks what shall betide.

The Angel in the House.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

[**Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., F.R.S.**, born at Somerby, Lincolnshire, 1809; poet laureate. He was educated by his father, the late Rev. G. C. Tennyson, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1829 he gained the Chancellor's medal for his English poem entitled *Timbuctoo*. Two years before that event, he had published, in conjunction with his brother Charles, a small volume under the title of *Poems by Two Brothers*.[1] In 1830 he issued *Poems, chiefly Lyrical;* another volume, partly reprints, two years later, and a third in 1842. These were followed by *The Princess*, 1847; *In Memoriam*, 1850; *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, 1852; *Maud, and other Poems*, 1855; *The Idylls of the King*, 1859; *Enoch Arden*, 1864; *The Holy Grail*, 1869; *The Window, or the Songs of the Wrens*, 1870; *Queen Mary*, a drama, 1875; *Harold*, a drama, 1876; &c. The *Idylls of the King* was not completed until the publication of *Gareth and Lynette* in 1873. On the death of Wordsworth, he was appointed poet laureate.[2] The *Edinburgh Review* says: "The particular power by which Mr. Tennyson surpasses all recent English poets is precisely that of sustained perfection of style." He has obtained general recognition as the first of modern English poets. He has also published two dramas, *Queen Mary* and *Harold*.]

And Willy, my eldest-born, is gone, you say, little Anne?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.
And Willy's wife has written: she never was over-wise,
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born, the flower of the flock;
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound,
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

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[1] Wordsworth upon reading this volume at first thought Charles the better poet of the two; but afterwards altered his opinion.

[2] The duties and origin of this office are somewhat obscure. The poet laureate was to furnish the state with a measure of praise and verse twice a year. The Delphic laurel consecrated to Apollo in the mythology of the Greeks, or the garland of oak-leaves given to victors in the Roman Capitoline games, probably first suggested the literary distinction of poet laureate, which, with some variations of ceremonies, was maintained until the reign of Theodocius, who abolished it as a remnant of pagan superstition. The title was not used again until it was conferred upon Petrarch, who revived the spirit and studies of the age of Augustus. After Petrarch the title was bestowed on Philelphus, a satirical poet of the fifteenth century; then on Tasso; then on Quezno, the buffoon of Leo X.! and next upon Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini. The following anecdote is not without meaning: A poor poet, hoping for some reward, presented a panegyric to Pope Pius III., who sent him an epigram to this effect:—

"The poet in his own work aye finds his greatest meed."

The poet retorted:—

"If thou wert so rewarded, thou wouldst be poor indeed!"

The following is a list of English poets laureate, but the appointment of the first two named is considered doubtful by some authorities: John Skelton, who died 1529; Edmund Spenser, died 1598-9; Samuel Daniel, who was appointed to the laureateship in the year of Spenser's death; Ben Jonson, appointed 1619; Sir William Davenant, 1637; John Dryden, 1668; dismissed the same year on account of being a Papist; Thomas Shadwell, 1688; Nahum Tate, 1692; Nicholas Rowe, 1716; Lawrence Eusden, 1718; Colley Cibber, 1730; W. Whitehead, 1757; Thomas Warton, 1785; Henry James Pye, 1790; Robert Southey, 1813 (the laurel was offered to Scott in this year and he declined it); William Wordsworth, 1843; Alfred Tennyson, 1850. The dates given are those of the appointment, which was generally made immediately after the death of the preceding laureate.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
Then Jenny had tript in her time: I knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself clean.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrupt the nightingale.

All of a sudden he stopt: there past by the gate of the farm,
Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtsey and went.
And I said, "Let us part: in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine:
"Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill;
But marry me out of hand: we two shall be happy still:"

"Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs must speak my mind,
And I fear you'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
But he turn'd and clasp me in his arms, and answer'd, "No, love, no;"
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:
I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn:
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay:
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way:
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget:
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their teams:
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad:
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease;
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext?

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have passed away.
But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay.

A FAMILY IN LOVE.

[**Mrs. Dinah Maria Mulock Craik** was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, 1826. Died 1887. She is distinguished as a writer of the best class of novels, but she is also the author of many tender, truthful, and inspiring poems. Her first novel, *The Ogilvies*, appeared in 1849, and was followed by *Olive; The Head of the Family; Alice Learmont*, a fairy tale; *Agatha's Husband; John Halifax, Gentleman* (this is the most popular of all her works); *Nothing New*—a collection of eight tales, from which we take the following; *A Woman's Thoughts about Women; Studies from Life; A Life for a Life; Mistress and Maid*, &c. She has also written many books for children. Her chief works are published by Hurst and Blackett, her poems by Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. "We are always glad to welcome Miss Mulock. She writes from her own convictions, and she has the power not only to conceive clearly what it is that she wishes to say, but to express it in language effective and vigorous."—*Athenæum.*]

This is the age of complainings. Nobody suffers in silence; nobody breaks his or her heart in secrecy and solitude: they all take "the public" into their confidence—the convenient public, which, like murder,

> Hath no tongue, but speaks
> With most miraculous organ.

Of course it is neither the confider's fault nor yet the confidant's, if the winds sometimes whisper that king Midas has asses' ears.

Mine is no such confession. I have no gossip to retail of my neighbours: I am a very quiet gentleman, who prefer confining my interests and observations to my own household, my own immediate family. Ay, there lies my inevitable grief, there lurks my secret wrong; I am the unhappy elder brother of a family in love.

The fact dimly dawned upon me, widening by degrees, ever since I came home from India last year, and took upon myself the charge of my five sisters, aged from about—— But Martha might object to my particularizing. Good little Patty! what a merry creature she was when she went nutting and fishing with me. And what ugly caps she has taken to wearing, poor dear! And why can't she speak as gently when scolding the servants as I remember our sweet-voiced pretty mother used always to do? And why, in spite of their mutual position, will she persist in calling Mr. Green with a kind of frigid solemnity, "Mr. Green?" But he does not seem to mind it: probably he never was called anything else.

He is a very worthy person, nevertheless, and I have a great respect for him. When my sister Martha—Miss Heathcote, as she has been called from her cradle—by letter announced to me at Madras that she intended to relinquish that title for the far less euphonious one of Mrs. Green, I was, to say the least of it, surprised. I had thought, for various reasons (of no moment now), that my eldest sister was not likely to marry—I rather hoped she would not. We might have been so comfortable, poor Patty and I. However, I had no business to interfere with either her happiness or her destiny; so when, the first Sunday after my arrival at home, a cozy carriage drove up the avenue, and a bald, rather stout little man got out, to be solemnly introduced to me as "Mr. Green," I submitted to the force of circumstances, and to the duties of a brother-in-law.

He has dined with us every Sunday since. He and I are capital friends; regularly, when the ladies retire, he informs me what the Funds have been at, day by day during the past week, and which is the safest railway to buy shares in for the week following. A most worthy person, I repeat, will make a kind husband, and I suppose Martha likes him; but ——. However, poor girl, she is old enough to judge for herself, and it is no business of mine. Some time, before long, I shall give her away at the old parish church—quietly, without any show; I shall see her walk down the church-aisle with old Mr. Green—he in his best white waistcoat, and she in her sober gray poplin, which she insists on being married in—not the clear soft muslin and long lace veil I quite well remember seeing Patty working at and blushing over, we won't say how many years ago. Well, women are better married, they say; but I think I would rather have had Martha an old maid.

My second sister, Angeline, was fifteen when I left England; and the very loveliest creature I ever beheld. Everybody knew it, everybody acknowledged it. She could not walk down the street without people turning to look after her; she could not enter a room without creating a general whisper: "Who is she?"—The same thing continued as she grew up to womanhood. All the world was at her feet; every one said she would make a splendid marriage—become a countess at least; and I do believe Angeline herself had the fullest confidence in that probability. She refused lovers by the dozen; every letter I got told me of some new slaughter of Miss Angeline's. I would have pitied the poor fellows, only she was such a dazzling beauty, and no man falls out of love so safely as a man who falls in love with a beauty. I never heard that anybody died

either by consumption, cord, or pistol, through the cruelty of my sister Angeline.

But, like most cruel damsels, she paid the penalty of her hard-heartedness; when I came home I found Angeline Heathcote Angeline Heathcote still. Beautiful yet, beautiful exceedingly; a walking picture, a visible poem: it was a real pleasure to me to have such a handsome creature about the house. Though people did say with a mysterious shake of the head, that handsome as she was, if I had only seen my sister two or three years ago! And Angeline herself became tenacious on the subject of new gowns, and did not like it to be generally known whether she or Charlotte was the elder. Good, plain, merry Charlotte, who never thought about either her looks or her age.

Yet Charlotte was the first that brought me into trouble—that trouble which I am now called upon to bemoan. I had not been at home three months, when there came a young gentleman—a very lively and pleasant young gentleman too—who sang duets with the younger girls, and made himself quite at home in my family circle. I myself did not much meddle with him, thought him a good-natured lad, and no more—until one fine morning he astonished me by requesting five minutes' conversation with me in my study. (Alas! such misfortunes come not singly—my study has never been safe from similar applications and conversations since.)

I was very kind to the young man; when he blushed I looked another way; when he trembled, I invited him to take a chair. I listened to his stammering explanations with the utmost patience and sympathy; I even tried to help him out with them—till he came to the last clause.

Now, I do say that a man who asks you for your purse, your horse, your friendship, after only four weeks' acquaintance, has considerable courage; but a man who, after that brief period since his introduction, comes and asks you for your *sister*—why, one's first impulse is to kick him down stairs.

Happily, I controlled myself. I called to mind that Mr. Cuthbert was a very honest young fellow, and that if he did choose to risk his whole future upon the result of a month's laughing, and singing, and dancing at balls—certainly it was his affair, not mine. My business solely related to Charlotte. I was just despatching it in the quickest and friendliest manner, by advising the young fellow to go back to college and not make a fool of himself in vain, when he informed me that my consent only was required, since he and Charlotte had been a plighted couple for the space of three whole days!

I have always held certain crotchets on the paramount rights of lovers, and the wrong of interfering with any apparently sincere vows; so I sent for Lotty—talked with her; found she was just as foolish as he. That because he was the best waltzer, the sweetest tenor singer, and had the handsomest moustache she knew—our lively Charlotte was quite contented to dance through life with Mr. Cuthbert, and decidedly proud of having his diamond ring on her third finger, and being considered "engaged"—as indeed they were likely to remain, if their minds changed not, for the next ten years.

So, what could I do?—Nothing but deal with the young simpletons—if such they were—according to their folly. If true, their love would have time to prove itself such; if false, they would best find out that fact by its not being thwarted. I kissed away Lotty's tears, silly child! and next Sunday I had the honour of carving for brother-in-law elect No. 2.

It never rains but it pours. Whether Angeline was roused at once to indignation and condescension by Charlotte's engagement—which she was the loudest in inveighing against—or whether, as was afterwards reported to me, she was influenced by a certain statistical newspaper paragraph, maliciously read aloud by Mr. Cuthbert for general edification, that women's chances of matrimony were proved by the late census to diminish greatly between the ages of thirty and thirty-five; but most assuredly Angeline's demeanour changed. She stooped to be agreeable as well as beautiful. To more than one suitor whom she had of old swept haughtily by, did she now graciously incline; and the result was—partly owing to the gaieties of this autumn's election—that Miss Angeline Heathcote, the beauty of the country, held a general election on her own private account.

Alas for me! in one week I had no less than four hopeful candidates requesting "the honour of an interview" in my study.

Angeline's decision was rather dilatory—they were all such excellent matches; and, poor girl—with her beauty for her chief gift and with all the tinsel adoration it brought her, she had never been used to think of marriage as anything more than a mere worldly arrangement. She was ready to choose a husband as she would a wedding-gown—dispassionately, carefully, as the best out of a large selection of articles, each rich and good in its way, and

warranted to wear. She had plenty of common sense, and an acute judgment; as for her heart——

"You see, Nigel," she said to me, when weighing the respective claims and merits of Mr. Archer and Sir Roland Griffith Jones—"you see, I never was sentimentally inclined. I want to be married. I think I should be better married than single. Of course, my husband must be a good man; also, he should be a wealthy man; because—well!—because I rather like show and splendour: they suit me."

And she glanced into the mirror at something which, certainly, if any woman has any excuse for the vanities of life, might have pleaded Angeline's.

"But," I argued—half sorrowfully, as when you see an ignorant child throwing gold away, and choosing sham jewels for their pitiful glistering, "you surely would think it necessary to love your husband?"

"Oh yes; and I like Sir Roland extremely—perhaps even better than Mr. Archer—though *he* has been fond of me so long, poor fellow! but he will get over it—all men do."

So, though the balance hung for a whole week doubtful, Heaven forgive the girl! but true love was not in her nature, and how can people see further than their lights go?—I was soon pretty certain that fate would decide the marriage question in favour of the baronet. As Lotty said, Angeline would look magnificent in the family diamonds as Lady Griffith Jones.

The Welsh cause triumphed; Mr. Archer quitted the field. He had been an old acquaintance; but—what was that to Sir Roland and £10,000 a year?

After Angeline's affair was settled, there came a lull in the family epidemic—possibly because the head of the family grew savage as a bear, and for a full month his spirit hugged itself into fierce misanthropy, or rather misogyny, contemning the whole female sex, especially such as contemplated, or were contemplated in, the *un*holy estate of matrimony.

No wonder! I could not find peace in my own house; I had not my own sisters' society; not a single family fireside evening could I get from week's end to week's end; not a room could I enter without breaking in on some tête-a-tête; not a corner could I creep into without stumbling upon a pair of lovers. For a little while these fond couples kept on their good behaviour towards me—preserved a degree of reserve towards each other out of respect to the head of the house, the elder brother; but gradually it deteriorated—ceased. Nay, I, who belong to the old generation—which was foolish enough to deem caresses hallowed things, that the mere pressure of a beloved woman's hand, not to speak of her sacred mouth, was a thing not to be made a public show of—never to be thought of without a tender reverence, a delicious fear—I, Nigel Heathcote, have actually seen two young men, strangers a little year ago, kiss my two sisters openly before their whole family—before their brother's very face.

My situation became intolerable. I fled the fireside; I took refuge in my study. Woe betide the next lover who should assail me there!

Surely that fatality would not again arrive for some time. When the elder ones were once married and away, surely I, and Constantia, and little Lizzie might live a few years in fraternal peace, unmolested by the haunting shadow of impending matrimony.

It occurred to me that in the interval of the weddings I would send for an old friend, a bachelor like myself—an honest manly fellow, who worked hard from circuit to circuit, and got barely one brief a year. Yes, Will Launceston would keep me company; and we would spend our days in the woods, and our evenings in my study, safe out of the way of lovers, weddings, and womankind.

I had just written to him, when my sister Martha came in with a very serious face, and told me "she wished for a little conversation with me."

Ominous beginning! But she was not a young man, and could not well attack me concerning any more of my sisters. At least so I congratulated myself—alas, too soon!

My sister settled herself by the fire with a serious countenance.

"My dear Nigel."

"My dear Martha."

"I wish to consult you on a matter which has recently come to my knowledge, and has given me much pain, and some anxiety."

"Indeed!" and I am afraid my tone was less sympathising than eager, since from her troubled nervous manner, I thought—I hoped, the matter in question indicated the secession of Mr. Green. "Go on. Is it about"—I stopped and corrected myself hypocritically—"about the girls?"

She assented.

"Whew!"—a disappointed whistle, faint and low. "Still go on. I'll listen to anything except another proposal."

Martha shook her head. "Alas, I fear it will never come to that! Brother, have you

noticed?—but men never do—still, I myself have observed a great change in Constantia lately."

Now Constantia always was different from the other girls—liked solitude and books, talked little, and had a trick of reverie. In short, was what young people call "interesting," and old people "romantic"—the sort of creature who, did she grow up a remarkable woman, would have her youthful peculiarities carefully and respectfully noted, with "I always said there was a great deal in that girl;" but who, did she turn out nothing particular, would be laughed at, and probably would laugh at herself, for having been "very sentimental when she was young." Nevertheless, having at one time of my life shared that imputation, I was tender over the little follies of Constantia.

"I think the girl reads too much, and sits with her eyes too wide open, Martha;—is rather unsocial, likewise. She wanted to get out of the way of the weddings, and positively refused to be Angeline's bridemaid."

"Ah!" sighed Martha, "that's it. Poor foolish child, to think of falling in love——"

I almost jumped off my chair. "I'll not hear a word of it—I declare I will not! I'll keep the young fellow off my premises with man-traps and spring-guns. I'll go back to India if you tell me of another 'engagement.'"

"No chance of that;" and Martha shook her head more drearily than ever. "Poor child, I fear it is an unfortunate attachment!"

I brightened up—so much so that my sister looked, nay, gently hinted, her conviction that I was a "brute." She expected I would have been as sorry as she was!

"No, Martha; I am rather glad. Glad, after my experience of these 'fortunate' love-affairs, to find that one of my sisters has the womanly courage, unselfishness, and simplicity to conceive an 'unfortunate' attachment."

Perhaps this speech hurt Martha, and yet it need not. She and I both knew and respected one another's youth; and if we differed in opinion concerning our middle age, why—I was as likely to be wrong as she.

She did not at first reply; and then, without comment, she explained to me her uneasiness about Constantia. The girl had long played confidante to Mr. Archer in the matter of Angeline, and, as often happens, the confidante had unwittingly taken too great interest in one of her principles, until she found herself envying the lot of the other. When Mr. Archer's dismissal finally broke off all his intercourse with our family, there was one of my sisters who missed him wearily, cruelly; and that was—not Angeline.

I was touched. Now, no doubt Constantia had been very foolish; no doubt she had nourished and encouraged this fancy, as romantic girls do, in moonlight walks and solitary dreams; hugging her pain, and deluding herself that it was bliss. Little doubt, likewise, that the feeling would wear itself out, or fade slowly away in life's stern truths; but at present it was a most sincere passion, sad and sore. Foolish and romantic as it might be, in itself and in its girlish demonstrations, I could not smile at it. It was a real thing, and as such to be respected.

Martha and I held counsel together, and acted on the result. We took Constantia under our special charge; we gave her books to read, visits to pay, work to do; keeping her as much as possible with one or other of us, and out of the way of the childish flirtation of Cuthbert and Charlotte, or the formal philandering of Sir Roland and the future Lady Griffith Jones. And if sometimes, as Lizzie told me—my little Lizzie, who laughed at love and lovers with the lightness of sixteen—Constantia grew impatient with Lotty's careless trifling, and curled her lip scornfully when Angeline paraded the splendours of her *trousseau*, we tried to lead the girl's mind out of herself, and out of dreamland altogether, as much as possible.

"But suppose," Lizzie sagely argued—"suppose, when Angeline is married, Mr. Archer should come back? He always liked Constantia extremely. She understood him far better than Angeline. Who knows but——"

I shook my head, and desired the little castle builder to hold her tongue.

She was our sole sharer of the secret; and I must say, though she laughed at her now and then, Lizzie was extremely loving and patient with Constantia. After a time, we left the two girls wholly to one another, more especially as my time was now taken up with my friend Launceston.

O the comfort, the relief, of the society of a man!—a real honest man—who had some sterling aim and object in life—some steady work to do—some earnest interest in the advance of the world, the duties and pursuits of his brother men: who was neither handsome, witty, nor accomplished; who rarely shone in ladies' society; in fact, rather eschewed it than otherwise. For, he said, nature had unfitted him to act the part of a mere admirer, and

adverse fortune forbade him to appear in the character of a lover; so he held aloof, keeping his own company and that of one or two old friends like myself.

I was fond of Launceston; I wished my family to like him too; but they were all too busy about their own affairs. Evening after evening I could not get any of my sisters to make tea for us, or give us a little music afterwards, except the pale, dull-looking Constantia, or my bonny rose of June, little Lizzie. At last we four settled into a small daily company, and went out together, read together, talked together continually. I kept these two younger ones as much as possible in our unromantic practical society, that not only my mind, but Launceston's, in its thorough cheerfulness and healthiness of tone, might unconsciously have a good influence upon Constantia.

The girl's spirit slowly began to heal. She set aside her dreaming, and took with all the energy of her nature to active work—women's work—charity school-teaching, village-visiting, and the like. She put a little too much "romance" into all she did still; but there was life in it, truth, sincerity.

"Miss Constantia will make an admirable lady-of-all-work," said Launceston in his quaint way, watching her with his kindly and observant eyes. "The world wants such. She will find enough to do."

And so she did: enough to steal her too from my side, almost as much as the three *fiancées*. The circle in my study dwindled gradually down to Lizzie, Launceston, and me.

We were excellent company still, we three. I had rarely had so much of my pet sister's society: I had never found it so pleasant. True, she was shyer than usual, probably from being with us two, older and wiser people—men likewise; but she listened to our wisdom so sweetly—she bore with our dry, long-worded learning so patiently—that my study never seemed itself unless I had the little girl seated at my feet, or sewing quietly in the window-corner. And then she was completely a "little girl;" had no forward ways—no love notions, or, ten times worse, marriage notions, crossing her innocent brain. I felt sure I could take her into my closest heart, form her mind and principles at my will, and one day make a noble woman of her, after the pattern of ——. But I never mention *that* sacred name.

I loved Lizzie—loved her to the core of my heart. Sometimes with fatherly more than even brotherly pride, I used to talk to Launceston of the child's sweetnesses, but he always gave me short answers. It was his way. His laconism in most things was really astonishing for a man under thirty.

One day, when Angeline's grand wedding was safely over, and the house had sunk into a pathetic quietness that reminded one of the evening after a funeral—at least so I thought—Launceston and I fell into a discussion, which stirred him into more demonstrativeness than usual. The subject was men, women, and marriages.

"I am convinced," he said, "that I shall never marry."

It was not my first hearing of this laudable determination; so I let it pass, merely asking his reasons.

"Because my conscience, principles, and feelings go totally against the system of matrimony, as practised in the world, especially the world of womankind—all the courting and proposing, the presents and the love-letters, the dinners to relatives and congratulations of friends, the marriage guests and marriage settlements, the white lace, white satin, and white favours, carriage, postilions, and all. Heigh-ho, Heathcote, what fools men are!"

I was just about to suggest the possibility of naming one, say two, wise individuals among our sex, when in stole a white fairy—my pretty Lizzie, in her bridemaid's dress. Her presence changed the current of conversation, until from some remark she made about a message Angeline had left as to the proper way of inserting her marriage in the *Times* newspaper to-morrow, our talk imperceptibly fell back into the old channel.

"I, like you, Launceston, hate the whole system of love and marrying. It is one great sham. Beginning when miss at school learns that it is the apex of feminine honour to be a bride—the lowest deep of feminine humiliation to die an old maid. Continuing when she, a young lady at home, counts her numerous 'offers;' taking pride in what ought to be to her a source either of regret or humiliation. Ending when, time slipping by, she drops into the usual belief that nobody ever marries her first love; so takes the best match she can find, and makes marriage, which is merely the visible crown and completion of love, the pitiful dishonoured substitute for it. I declare solemnly, I have seen many a wife whom I held to be scarcely better than—no wife at all."

I had forgotten my little sister's presence; but she did not seem to hear me—nor Launceston either, for that matter. His earnestness had softened down; he sat, very thoughtful, over against the window where Lizzie had taken

her sewing.—What a pretty picture she made!

"Come here, my little girl," I said; "I should not like thee to go the way of the world; and yet I should be satisfied to give thee away some day, quietly, in a white muslin gown and a straw bonnet, to some honest man who loved thee,—and was loved so well, that Lizzie would never dream of marrying any other, but would have been quite content, if need be, to live an old maid for his sake to the end of her days. That's what *I* call love—eh, my girl?"

Lizzie drooped her head, blushing deeply. Of course; girls always do.

Launceston said, in a tone so low that I quite started, "Then you do believe in true love, after all?"

"It would be ill for me, or for any human being, if I did not. And I believe in it the more earnestly because of its numberless counterfeits. Nay"—and now when, after this gay marriage-morning, the evening was sinking gray and dull, my mind inclined pensively, even tenderly, to the sister who had gone, the other two sisters who were shortly going away from my hearth for ever—"nay, as since in the falsest creeds there lurks, I hope, a modicum of absolute truth, I would fain trust that in the poorest travesty or masquerade of love, one might find a fragment of the sterling commodity. Still, my Lizzie, dear, when all our brides are gone, let us congratulate ourselves that for a long time we shall have no more engagements."

"You object to engagements?" said Lizzie, speaking timidly and downfaced—as I rather like to see a young girl speak on this subject.

"Why, how should you like it yourself, my little maid? To be loved, wooed, and wedded in public, for the benefit of an amused circle of friends, neighbours, and connections. To have one's actions noticed, one's affairs canvassed, one's feelings weighed and measured; to be congratulated, condoled, and jested with—horrible! literally horrible. My wonder is that any true lovers can ever stand it."

"Perhaps you are right," said Launceston, vehemently. "No man ought to place the girl he loves in such a position. Whatever it costs him, he ought to leave her free—altogether free—and offer her nothing until he can offer her his hand, at once, and with no delay."

"Bless my soul, Launceston, what are you in such excitement about? Has anybody been offering himself to *your* sister? Because—you mistook me. Ask her, or Lizzie, or any good woman, if they would feel flattered by a gentleman's acting in the way you suggest? As if his hand—with the ring in it—were everything to them, and himself and his true love nothing at all!"

Launceston laughed uneasily. "Well, but what did you mean? A—a friend of mine would like to know your opinion on this matter."

"My opinion is simply—an opinion. Every man is the best judge of his own affairs, especially love-affairs. As the Eastern proverb says, 'Let not the lions decide for the tigers.' But I think, did *I* love a woman"—(and it pleased me to know I was but speaking out *her* mind who years ago lived and died, in her fond simplicity wiser than any of these)—"did I love a woman, I would like to tell her so—just to herself, no more. And I would tell her so at once—whether I were poor or rich, prosperous or hopeless; whether we could be married next month, next year, or not for the next twenty years. If she loved me as I her, it would be no matter—we could wait. And meantime, I would like to give her my love to rest on—to receive the help and consolation of hers. I would like her to feel that through all chances and changes she and I were *one;* one neither for foolish child's-play nor headlong passion, but for mutual strength and support, holding ourselves responsible both to Heaven and each other for our life and our love. One, indissolubly, whether we were ever married or not; one in this world, and—we pray—one in the world everlasting."

Was I dreaming? Did I actually see my friend Launceston take, unforbidden, my youngest sister's hand, and hold it—firmly, tenderly, fast? Did I hear, with my own natural ears, Lizzie's soft little sob, not of grief certainly, as she slipped out of the room, as swift and silent as a moonbeam?

Eh! what? Good heavens! Was there ever any creature so blind as a middle-aged elder brother!

Well, as I told Launceston, it was half my own fault; and I must bear it stoically. Perhaps, on the whole, things might have been worse, for he is a noble fellow, and no wonder the child loves him. They cannot be married just yet—meanwhile, Lizzie and I keep the matter between ourselves. They are very happy—God bless them! and so am I.

. . . . . .

P.S.—Mr. Archer reappeared yesterday—looking quite well and comfortable! I see clearly that, one day not distant, I shall be left lamenting—the solitary residuum of a Family in Love.

ODE TO EVENING.

[William Collins, born at Chichester, 25th December, 1720; died 1756. After taking his bachelor's degree at Oxford he proceeded to London about 1744, where he found a friend in Dr. Johnson, who was himself, at the time, struggling to win a place in literature. Collins published his *Oriental Eclogues* whilst at college, and his *Odes* in 1746. It is said that the slowness of the sale of the *Odes* so irritated him that he burned the remaining copies of the edition. He became embarrassed and despondent, and although a legacy of £2000 relieved him from immediate necessities, he sunk into a sort of intellectual languor from which he sought relief in intoxication. He was for a time confined in a lunatic asylum, and afterwards retired to Chichester, where his sister attended him till his death. Campbell says that his "works will abide comparison with whatever Milton wrote under the age of thirty."]

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear
  Like thy own modest springs,
  Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
  With brede ethereal wove,
  O'erhang his wavy bed.

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
  Or where the beetle winds
  His small but sullen horn.

As oft he rises, 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
  Now teach me, maid composed,
  To breath some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
  As musing slow I hail
  Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
  The fragrant hours and elves
  Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still
  The pensive pleasures sweet
  Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
  Whose walls more awful nod
  By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
  That from the mountain's side
  Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
  Thy dewy fingers draw
  The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
  While summer loves to sport
  Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
  Affrights thy shrinking train,
  And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
  Thy gentlest influence own,
  And love thy favourite name.

EUREKA.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

Whom I crown with love is royal;
  Matters not her blood or birth;
She is queen, and I am loyal
  To the noblest of the earth.

Neither place, nor wealth, nor title
  Lacks the man my friendship owns;
His distinction, true and vital,
  Shines supreme o'er crowns and thrones.

Where true love bestows its sweetness,
  Where true friendship lays its hand,
Dwells all greatness, all completeness,
  All the wealth of every land.

Man is greater than condition,
  And where man himself bestows,
He begets and gives position
  To the gentlest that he knows.

Neither miracle nor fable
  Is the water changed to wine;
Lords and ladies at my table
  Prove Love's simplest fare divine.

And if these accept my duty,
  If the loved my homage own,
I have won all worth and beauty;
  I have found the magic stone.

THE GARDENER OF THE MANOR.

[Hans Christian Andersen, born at Odense, 2d April, 1805; died at Rolighed, Copenhagen, 4th August, 1875. The Danish novelist. His father was a shoemaker, and too poor to give his son any education, save that afforded by the charity school; but after various struggles, Andersen was admitted to one of the government schools through the influence of Counsellor Collin, who was the first to suspect the genius of the youth. He tried the stage, wrote plays and failed; but he gradually earned reputation by his poems, and by his romances. Thanks to a government pension, he was enabled to travel in Europe and America. His principal works are: *The Improvisatore; O. T.; Only a Fiddler; The Sandhills of Jutland; Tales for Children; The Wild Swans*, a fairy tale; *The Tée Maiden; The Story of My Life*, &c. His tales for children have become popular in all languages; and the Leipsic editions of his works number thirty-five volumes.]

About one Danish mile from the capital stood an old manor-house, with thick walls, towers, and pointed gable-ends. Here lived, but only in the summer season, a rich and courtly family. This manor-house was the best and the most beautiful of all the houses they owned. It looked outside as if it had just been cast in a foundry, and within it was comfort itself. The family arms were carved in stone over the door; beautiful roses twined about the arms and the balcony; a grass-plot extended before the house with red-thorn and white-thorn, and many rare flowers grew even outside the conservatory. The manor kept also a very skilful gardener. It was a real pleasure to see the flower-garden, the orchard, and the kitchen-garden. There was still to be seen a portion of the manor's original garden, a few box-tree hedges cut in shape of crowns and pyramids, and behind these two mighty old trees almost always without leaves. One might always think that a storm or waterspout had scattered great lumps of manure on their branches, but each lump was a bird's-nest. A swarm of rooks and crows from time immemorial had built their nests here. It was a townful of birds, and the birds were the manorial lords here. They did not care for the proprietors, the manor's oldest family branch, nor for the present owner of the manor—these were nothing to them; but they bore with the wandering creatures below them, notwithstanding that once in a while they shot with guns in a way that made the birds' back-bones shiver, and made every bird fly up, crying, "Rak, Rak!"

The gardener very often explained to the master the necessity of felling the old trees, as they did not look well, and by taking them away they would probably also get rid of the screaming birds, which would seek another place. But he never could be induced either to give up the trees or the swarm of birds: the manor could not spare them, as they were relics of the good old times, that ought always to be kept in remembrance.

"The trees are the birds' heritage by this time!" said the master. "So let them keep them, my good Larsen." Larsen was the gardener's name, but that is of very little consequence in this story. "Haven't you room enough to work in, little Larsen? Have you not the flower-garden, the green-houses, the orchard, and the kitchen-garden?" He cared for them, he kept them in order and cultivated them with zeal and ability, and the family knew it; but they did not conceal from him that they often tasted fruits and saw flowers in other houses that surpassed what he had in his garden, and that was a sore trial to the gardener, who always wished to do the best, and really did the best he could. He was good-hearted, and a faithful servant.

The owner sent one day for him, and told him kindly that the day before, at a party given by some friends of rank, they had eaten apples and pears which were so juicy and well-flavoured, that all the guests had loudly expressed their admiration. To be sure, they were not native fruits, but they ought by all means to be introduced here, and to be acclimatized if possible. They learned that the fruit was bought of one of the first fruit-dealers in the city, and the gardener was to ride to town, and find out about where they came from, and then order some slips for grafting. The gardener was very well acquainted with the dealer, because he was the very person to whom he sold the fruit that grew in the manor-garden, beyond what was needed by the family. So the gardener went to town and asked the fruit-dealer where he had found those apples and pears that were praised so highly.

"They are from your own garden," said the fruit-dealer, and he showed him both the apples and the pears, which he recognized. Now, how happy the gardener felt! He hastened back to his master, and told him that the apples and pears were all from his own garden. But he would not believe it.

"It cannot be possible, Larsen. Can you get a written certificate of that from the fruit-dealer?" And that he could; and brought him a written certificate.

"This is certainly wonderful!" said the family.

And now every day were set on the table great dishes filled with beautiful apples and pears from their own garden; bushels and barrels of these fruits were sent to friends in the city and country—nay, were even sent abroad. It was exceedingly pleasant; but when they talked with the gardener, they said that the last two seasons had been remarkably favourable for fruits, and that fruits had done well all over the country.

Some time passed. The family were at dinner at court. The next day the gardener was sent for. They had eaten melons at the royal table which they found very juicy and well-flavoured; they came from his majesty's greenhouse. "You must go and see the court-gardener, and let him give you some seeds of those melons."

"But the gardener at the court got his melon-seeds from us," said the gardener, highly delighted.

"But then that man understands how to bring the fruit to a higher perfection," was the answer. "Each particular melon was delicious."

"Well, then, I really may feel proud," said the gardener. "I must tell your lordship that the gardener at the court did not succeed very well with his melons this year, and so, seeing how beautiful ours looked, he tasted them, and ordered from me three of them for the castle."

"Larsen, do not pretend to say that those were melons from our garden."

"Really, I dare say as much," said the gardener, who went to the court-gardener and got from him a written certificate to the effect that the melons on the royal table were from the manor. That was certainly a great surprise to the family, and they did not keep the story to themselves. Melon seeds were sent far and wide, in the same way as had been done with the slips, which they were now hearing had begun to take, and to bear fruit of an excellent kind. The fruit was named after the manor, and the name was written in English, German, and French.

This was something they never had dreamed of.

"We are afraid that the gardener will come to think too much of himself," said they; but he looked on it in another way: what he wished was to get the reputation of being one of the best gardeners in the country, and to produce every year something exquisite out of all sorts of garden stuff, and that he did. But he often had to hear that the fruits which he first brought, the apples and pears, were after all the best. All other kinds of fruit were inferior to these. The melons, too, were very good, but they belonged to quite another species. His strawberries were very excellent, but by no means better than many others; and when it happened one year that his radishes did not succeed, they only spoke of them, and not of other good things he had made succeed.

It really seemed as if the family felt some relief in saying, "It won't turn out well this year, little Larsen!" They seemed quite glad when they could say, "It won't turn out well!"

The gardener used always twice a week to bring them fresh flowers, tastefully arranged, and the colours by his arrangements were brought out in stronger light.

"You have good taste, Larsen," said the owner, "but that is a gift from our Lord, not from yourself."

One day the gardener brought a great crystal vase with a floating leaf of a white water-lily, upon which was laid, with its long thick stalk descending into the water, a sparkling blue flower, as large as a sunflower.

"The sacred lotos of Hindostan!" exclaimed the family. They had never seen such a flower; it was placed every day in the sunshine, and in the evening under artificial light. Every one who saw it found it wonderfully beautiful and rare; and that said the most noble young lady in the country, the wise and kind-hearted princess. The lord of the manor deemed it an honour to present her with the flower, and the princess took it with her to the castle. Now the master of the house went down to the garden to pluck another flower of the same sort, but he could not find any. So he sent for the gardener, and asked him where he kept the blue lotos. "I have been looking for it in vain," said he. "I went into the conservatory, and round about the flower-garden."

"No, it is not there," said the gardener. "It is nothing else than a common flower from the kitchen-garden, but do you not find it beautiful? It looks as if it was the blue cactus, and yet it is only a kitchen-herb. It is the flower of the artichoke."

"You should have told us that at the time," said the master. "We supposed, of course, that it was a strange and rare flower. You have made us ridiculous in the eyes of the young princess! She saw the flower in our house and thought it beautiful. She did not know the flower, and she is versed in botany, too, but then that has nothing to do with kitchen-herbs. How could you take it into your head, my good

Larsen, to put such a flower up in our drawing-room? It makes us ridiculous."

And the magnificent blue flower from the kitchen-garden was turned out of the drawing-room, which was not at all the place for it. The master made his apology to the princess, telling her that it was only a kitchen-herb which the gardener had taken into his head to exhibit, but that he had been well reprimanded for it.

"That was a pity," said the princess, "for he has really opened our eyes to see the beauty of a flower in a place where we should not have thought of looking for it. Our gardener shall every day, as long as the artichoke is in bloom, bring one of them up into the drawing-room."

Then the master told his gardener that he might again bring them a fresh artichoke-flower. "It is, after all, a very nice flower," said he, "and a truly remarkable one." And so the gardener was praised again. "Larsen likes that," said the master; "he is a spoiled child."

In the autumn there came up a great gale, which increased so violently in the night that several large trees in the outskirts of the wood were torn up by the roots; and to the great grief of the household, but to the gardener's delight, the two big trees blew down, with all their birds'-nests on them. In the manor-house they heard during the storm the screaming of rooks and crows, beating their wings against the windows.

"Now I suppose you are happy, Larsen," said the master: "the storm has felled the trees, and the birds have gone off to the woods; there is nothing left from the good old days; it is all gone, and we are very sorry for it."

The gardener said nothing, but he thought of what he long had turned over in his mind, how he could make that pretty sunny spot very useful, so that it could become an ornament to the garden and a pride to the family. The great trees which had been blown down had shattered the venerable hedge of box, that was cut into fanciful shapes.

Here he set out a multitude of plants that were not to be seen in other gardens. He made an earthen wall, on which he planted all sorts of native flowers from the fields and woods. What no other gardener had ever thought of planting in the manor-garden he planted, giving each its appropriate soil, and the plants were in sunlight or shadow, according as each species required. He cared tenderly for them, and they grew up finely. The juniper-tree from the heaths of Jutland rose in shape and colour like the Italian cypress; the shining, thorny Christ-thorn, as green in the winter's cold as in the summer's sun, was splendid to see. In the foreground grew ferns of various species; some of them looked as if they were children of the palm-tree; others, as if they were parents of the pretty plants called "Venus's golden locks" or "Maiden-hair." Here stood the despised burdock, which is so beautiful in its freshness that it looks well even in a bouquet. The burdock stood in a dry place, but below, in the moist soil, grew the colt's-foot, also a despised plant, but yet most picturesque, with its tall stem and large leaf. Like a candelabrum with a multitude of branches six feet high, and with flower over against flower, rose the mullein, a mere field plant. Here stood the woodroof and the lily of the valley, the wild calla and the fine three-leaved wood-sorrel. It was a wonder to see all this beauty.

In the front grew in rows very small pear-trees from French soil, trained on wires. By plenty of sun and good care they soon bore as juicy fruits as in their own country. Instead of the two old leafless trees was placed a tall flag-staff, where the flag of Dannebrog was displayed; and near by stood another pole, where the hop-tendril in summer or harvest-time wound its fragrant flowers; but in winter time, after ancient custom, oat-sheaves were fastened to it, that the birds of the air might find here a good meal in the happy Christmas-time.

"Our good Larsen is growing sentimental as he grows old," said the family; "but he is faithful, and quite attached to us."

In one of the illustrated papers there was a picture at New Years of the old manor, with the flag-staff and the oat-sheaves for the birds of the air, and the paper said that the old manor had preserved that beautiful old custom, and deserved great credit for it.

"They beat the drum for all Larsen's doings," said the family. "He is a lucky fellow, and we may almost be proud of having such a man in our service."

But they were not a bit proud of it. They were very well aware that they were the lords of the manor; they could give Larsen warning, in fact, but they did not. They were good people, and fortunate it is for every Mr. Larsen that there are so many good people like them.

Yes, that is the story of the Gardener of the Manor. Now you may think a little about it.

FABLES.

[Johann Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, born at Karmentz, Upper Lusatia, 1729; died, 1781. Critic, philosopher, and miscellaneous writer. *Laocoon, or the Limits of Painting and Poetry*, is regarded as a masterpiece of German criticism; and *Emilia Galotti* takes a prominent place in German tragedy. It was said of Lessing that "His style is the style of Roman architecture—the greatest solidity with the greatest simplicity."]

ZEUS AND THE SHEEP.

The sheep was doomed to suffer much from all the animals. She came to Zeus and prayed him to lighten her misery. Zeus appeared willing, and said to the sheep: I see indeed, my good creature, I have made thee too defenceless. Now choose in what way I may best remedy this defect. Shall I furnish thy mouth with terrible teeth and thy feet with claws.

Ah! no, said the sheep, I do not wish to have anything in common with the beasts of prey.

Or, continued Zeus, shall I infuse poison into thy spittle.

Alas! replied the sheep; the poisonous serpents are so hated.

What then shall I do? I will plant horns in thy forehead, and give strength to thy neck.

Not so, kind Father! I might be disposed to butt like the he-goat.

And yet, said Zeus, thou must thyself be able to injure others, if others are to beware of injuring thee.

Must I? sighed the sheep. O! then, kind Father, let me be as I am. For the ability to injure will excite, I fear, the desire. And it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.

Zeus blessed the good sheep, and from that time forth she forgot to complain.

THE BLIND HEN.

A hen which had become blind continued to scratch for food as she had been used. What availed it the industrious fool? Another hen, that could see, but wished to spare her tender feet, never forsook the side of the former, and without scratching enjoyed the fruit of scratching. For as often as the blind hen turned up a corn, the seeing one devoured it.

The laborious German compiles the *collectanea* which the witty Frenchman uses.

THE WOLF ON HIS DEATH-BED.

A wolf lay at the last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. It is true, said he, I am a sinner, but yet, I hope, not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb that had strayed from the flock came so near to me that I might easily have throttled it, but I did it no harm. At the same time I listened with the most astonishing indifference to the gibes and scoffs of a sheep, although I had nothing to fear from protecting dogs.

I can testify to all that, said his friend the fox, who was helping him prepare for death. I remember perfectly all the circumstances. It was just at the time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone, which the good-natured crane afterwards drew out of your throat.

ÆSOP AND THE ASS.

Said the ass to Æsop: The next time you tell a story about me, let me say something that is right rational and ingenious.

You something ingenious! said Æsop; what propriety would there be in that? Would not the people say you were the moralist and I the ass?

HERCULES.

When Hercules was received into heaven he paid his respects to Juno before all the other divinities. The whole heaven and Juno were astonished. Dost thou show such preference to thine enemy? Yes, replied Hercules, even to her. It was her persecution alone that furnished the occasion of those exploits with which I have earned heaven.

Olympus approved the answer of the new god, and Juno was reconciled.

THE BOY AND THE SERPENT.

A boy played with a tame serpent. My dear little animal, said the boy, I would not be so familiar with thee had not thy poison been taken from thee. You serpents are the most malicious and ungrateful of all animals. I have read how it fared with a poor countryman who, in his compassion, took up a serpent—perhaps it was one of thy ancestors—which he found half-frozen under a hedge, and put it into his bosom to warm it. Scarcely had the wicked creature begun to revive, when it bit its benefactor; and the poor, kind countryman was doomed to die.

I am amazed, said the serpent. How partial your historians must be! Ours relate the affair very differently. Thy kind man thought the serpent was actually frozen, and, because it was one of the variegated sort, he put it into

his bosom, in order, when he reached home, to strip off its beautiful skin. Was that right?

Ah! be still! replied the boy. When was there ever an ingrate who did not know how to justify himself?

True, my son, said his father, who had listened to the conversation. Nevertheless, when you hear of an extraordinary instance of ingratitude, be sure to examine carefully all the circumstances before you brand a human being with so detestable a fault. Real benefactors have seldom had ungrateful debtors;—no! I will hope, for the honour of humanity—never. But benefactors with petty, interested motives—they, my son, deserve to reap ingratitude instead of acknowledgments.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

[**Edmund Spenser**, born in London, 1552; died in Westminster, 16th January, 1599. Educated at Cambridge; proceeded to Dublin in 1580 as private secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton; in the year following, he was appointed Clerk of Degrees and Recognizances in the Irish Court of Chancery, and also received a grant of land in Enniscorthy. In 1588 he became clerk to the council of Munster; resided some years at Kilcolman, in Cork, a ruined castle of the Earls of Desmond, whence he had to flee with his family during the insurrection of 1598. He made his way to London, and there died in straitened circumstances. The first part of the *Fairy Queen* was published in 1590, and the second in 1595. Hallam says: "Spenser is still the third name in the poetical literature of our country, and he has not been surpassed, except by Dante, in any other." Scott says: "Spenser I could have read forever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies, and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense; and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society." Keble calls him "pre-eminently the sacred poet of his country." [1]]

UNA AND THE LION.

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtily betrayd
Through that late vision which th'Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse;
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse.
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O, how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,

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[1] In a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser explained the purpose of his poem:

"In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene (Elizabeth), and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphœbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia, (Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette

Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

After various adventures Una finds the Redcross knight, and proceeds with him to the rescue of her parents:

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.'

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake:
"Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take!

"Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle;
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowmed make
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake."

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," (said she)
"The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,

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forth magnificence in particular, which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contayn three.

"The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the methode of a Poet historical is not such as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all.

"The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes; uppon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure."

This legend is the subject of one of the latest written of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*—namely, *Gareth and Lynette.*

Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
That, (O my Parents!) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

Then badd the knight his Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde.
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dame,
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name;

O! gently come into my feeble brest;
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;
And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

Fayre Goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore;

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse bee harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare:
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfoldes,
And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysse all ravin fell.

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke, and sulphure seare,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give that enimies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade:
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dreadfull shade.

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare;
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right.
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest;
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;
Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethril.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
When Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd;
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment:
Death better were; death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

It fortuned, (as fayre it then befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;
When that infernall Monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Gan high advaunce his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre;
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enimy.

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enimy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

I wote not whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew;
For till that stownd could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clefte;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then, fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the gripped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid:
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine:
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames that dimmed all the hevens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stench and heven with horror choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backeward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backeward, in the mire
His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over-all were redd;
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill. O mournfull memory!
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And al that life preserved did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

The joyous day gan early to appeare;
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With merry note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare:
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundacion waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread which she misdeemd;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

FLOWERS.

Where are now the dreaming flowers,
Which of old were wont to lie,
Looking upwards at the Hours,
In the pale blue sky?

Where's the once red regal rose?
And the lily love-enchanted?
And the pensee, which arose
Like a thought earth-planted?

Some are wither'd—some are dead,
Others now have no perfume;
This doth hang its sullen head,
That hath lost its bloom.

Passions, such as nourish strife
In our blood, and quick decay,
Hang upon the flower's life,
Till it fades away.

THAT GENTLEMAN.

[Eliza Leslie, born in Philadelphia, 15th November, 1787; died in Gloucester, New Jersey 2d January, 1858. Descended from a Scotch family. She was sister of the painter Charles Robert Leslie, R.A. She wrote and edited numerous works which obtained popularity; amongst them several cookery books. *The Young American; Atlantic Tales; Amelia, or a Young Lady's Vicissitudes; Althea Vernon; Henrietta Robinson;* and three series of *Pencil Sketches*—from which we quote—are her chief works. Professor Hart said: "Her writings are distinguished for vivacity and ease of expression, strong common sense, and right principle."]

On the third day, we were enabled to lay our course with a fair wind and a clear sky: the coast of Cornwall looking like a succession of low white clouds ranged along the edge of the northern horizon. Towards evening we passed the Lizard, to see land no more till we should descry it on the other side of the Atlantic. As Mr. Fenton and myself leaned over the taffrail, and saw the last point of England fade dimly from our view, we thought with regret of the shore we were leaving behind us, and of much that we had seen, and known, and enjoyed in that country of which all that remained to our lingering gaze was a dark spot so distant and so small as to be scarcely perceptible. Soon we could discern it no longer: and nothing of Europe was now left to us but the indelible recollections that it has impressed upon our minds. We turned towards the region of the descending sun—

"To where his setting splendours burn
Upon the western sea-maid's urn,"

and we vainly endeavoured to direct all our thoughts and feelings towards our home beyond the ocean—our beloved American home.

Our passengers were not too numerous. The lesser cabin was appropriated to three other ladies and myself. It formed our drawing-room; the gentlemen being admitted only as visitors. One of the ladies was Mrs. Calcott, an amiable and intelligent woman, who was returning with her husband from a long residence in England. Another was Miss Harriet Audley, a very pretty and very lively young lady from Virginia, who had been visiting a married sister in London, and was now on her way home under the care of the captain, expecting to meet her father in New York. We were much amused during the voyage with the coquetry of our fair Virginian as she aimed her arrows at nearly all the single gentlemen in turn, and with her frankness in openly talking of her designs and animadverting on their good

or ill success. The gentlemen, with the usual vanity of their sex, always believed Miss Audley's attacks on their hearts to be made in earnest, and that she was deeply smitten with each of them in succession; notwithstanding that the smile in her eye was far more frequent than the blush on her cheek; and notwithstanding that rumour had asserted the existence of a certain cavalier in the neighbourhood of Richmond, whose constancy it was supposed she would eventually reward with her hand, as he might be considered, in every sense of the term, an excellent match.

Our fourth female passenger was Mrs. Cummings, a plump, rosy-faced old lady of remarkably limited ideas, who had literally passed her whole life in the city of London. Having been recently left a widow, she had broken up housekeeping, and was now on her way to join a son established in New York, who had very kindly sent for her to come over and live with him. The rest of the world was almost a sealed book to her, but she talked a great deal of the Minories, the Poultry, the Old Jewry, Cheapside, Long Acre, Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without, and other streets and places with appellations equally expressive.

The majority of the male passengers were pleasant and companionable—and we thought we had seen them all in the course of the first three days—but on the fourth, we heard the captain say to one of the waiters, "Juba, ask that gentleman if I shall have the pleasure of taking wine with him." My eyes now involuntarily followed the direction of Juba's movements, feeling some curiosity to know who "that gentleman" was, as I now recollected having frequently heard the epithet within the last few days. For instance, when almost every one was confined by sea-sickness to their state-rooms, I had seen the captain despatch a servant to inquire of that gentleman if he would have anything sent to him from the table. Also, I had heard Hamilton, the steward, call out—"There, boys, don't you hear that gentleman ring his bell—why don't you run spontaneously—jump, one of you, to number eleventeen." I was puzzled for a moment to divine which state-room bore the designation of eleventeen, but concluded it to be one of the many unmeaning terms that characterize the phraseology of our coloured people. Once or twice I wondered who that gentleman could be, but something else happened immediately to divert my attention.

Now when I heard Captain Santlow propose taking wine with him, I concluded that, of course, that gentleman must be visible *in propria persona*, and casting my eyes towards the lower end of the table, I perceived a genteel-looking man whom I had not seen before. He was apparently of no particular age, and there was nothing in his face that could lead any one to guess at his country. He might have been English, Scotch, Irish, or American; but he had none of the characteristic marks of either nation. He filled his glass, and bowing his head to Captain Santlow, who congratulated him on his recovery, he swallowed his wine in silence. There was an animated conversation going on near the head of the table, between Miss Audley and two of her beaux, and we thought no more of him.

At the close of the dessert, we happened to know that he had quitted the table and gone on deck, by one of the waiters coming down, and requesting Mr. Overslaugh (who was sitting atilt, while discussing his walnuts, with his chair balanced on one leg, and his head leaning against the wainscot) to let him pass for a moment, while he went into No. eleventeen for that gentleman's overcoat. I now found that the servants had converted No. 13 into eleventeen. By-the-bye, that gentleman had a state-room all to himself, sometimes occupying the upper and sometimes the under berth.

"Captain Santlow," said Mr. Fenton, "allow me to ask you the name of that gentleman."

"Oh! I don't know," replied the captain, trying to suppress a smile, "at least I have forgotten it—some English name; for he is an Englishman—he came on board at Plymouth, and his indisposition commenced immediately. Mrs. Cummings, shall I have the pleasure of peeling an orange for you?"

I now recollected a little incident which had set me laughing soon after we left Plymouth, and when we were beating down the coast of Devonshire. I had been trying to write at the table in the ladies' cabin, but it was one of those days when

> "Our paper, pen and ink, and we
> Roll up and down our ships at sea."

And all I could do was to take refuge in my berth, and endeavour to read, leaving the door open for light and air. My attention, however, was continually withdrawn from my book by the sound of something that was dislodged from its place, sliding or falling, and frequently suffering destruction; though sometimes miraculously escaping unhurt.

While I was watching the progress of two pitchers that had been tossed out of the washing-stand, and after deluging the floor with

water, had met in the ladies' cabin, and were rolling amicably side by side, without happening to break each other, I saw a barrel of flour start from the steward's pantry, and running across the dining-room, stop at a gentleman that lay extended in a lower berth with his room-door open, and pour out its contents upon him, completely enveloping him in a fog of meal. I heard the steward, who was busily engaged in mopping up the water that had flowed from the pitchers, call out, "Run, boys, run, that gentleman's smothering up in flour —go take the barrel off him—jump, I tell you."

How that gentleman acted while hidden in the cloud of flour, I could not perceive, and immediately the closing of the folding doors shut out the scene.

For a few days after he appeared among us, there was some speculation with regard to this nameless stranger, whose taciturnity seemed his chief characteristic. One morning while we were looking at the gambols of a shoal of porpoises that were tumbling through the waves and sometimes leaping out of them, my husband made some remark on the clumsy antics of this unsightly fish, addressing himself, for the first time, to the unknown Englishman, who happened to be standing near him. That gentleman smiled affably, but made no reply. Mr. Fenton pursued the subject—and that gentleman smiled still more affably, and walked away.

Nevertheless, he was neither deaf nor dumb, nor melancholy, but had only "a great talent for silence," and as is usually the case with persons whose genius lies that way, he was soon left entirely to himself, no one thinking it worth while to take the trouble of extracting words from him. In truth, he was so impracticable, and at the same time so evidently insignificant, and so totally uninteresting, that his fellow-passengers tacitly conveyed him to Coventry; and in Coventry he seemed perfectly satisfied to dwell. Once or twice Captain Santlow was asked again if he recollected the name of that gentleman; but he always replied with a sort of smile, "I cannot say I do—not exactly, at least—but I'll look at my manifest and see"—and he never failed to turn the conversation to something else.

The only person that persisted in occasionally talking to that gentleman, was old Mrs. Cummings; and she confided to him her perpetual alarms at "the perils of the sea," considering him a good hearer, as he never made any reply, and was always disengaged, and sitting and standing about, apparently at leisure, while the other gentlemen were occupied in reading, writing, playing chess, walking the deck, &c.

Whenever the ship was struck by a heavy sea, and after quivering with the shock, remained motionless for a moment before she recovered herself and rolled the other way, poor Mrs. Cummings supposed that we had run against a rock, and could not be convinced that rocks were not dispersed everywhere about the open ocean. And as that gentleman never attempted to undeceive her on this or any other subject, but merely listened with a placid smile, she believed that he always thought precisely as she did. She not unfrequently discussed to him, in an under tone, the obstinacy and incivility of the captain, who, she averred, with truth, had never in any one instance had the politeness to stop the ship, often as she had requested, nay, implored him to do so, even when she was suffering with sea-sickness, and actually tossed out of her berth by the violence of the storm, though she was holding on with both hands. . . .

In less than a fortnight after we left the English Channel we were off the banks of Newfoundland; and, as is frequently the case in their vicinity, we met with cold foggy weather. It cleared a little about seven in the morning, and we then discovered no less than three icebergs to leeward. One of them, whose distance from us was perhaps a mile, appeared higher than the main-mast head, and as the top shot up into a tall column, it looked like a vast rock with a lighthouse on its pinnacle. As the cold and watery sunbeams gleamed fitfully upon it, it exhibited in some places the rainbow tints of a prism—other parts were of a dazzling white, while its sharp angular projections seemed like masses of diamonds glittering upon snow.

The fog soon became so dense that in looking over the side of the ship we could not discern the sea. Fortunately, it was so calm that we scarcely moved, or the danger of driving on the icebergs would have been terrific. We had now no other means of ascertaining our distance from them, but by trying the temperature of the water with a thermometer.

In the afternoon the fog gathered still more thickly round us, and dripped from the rigging, so that the sailors were continually swabbing the deck. I had gone with Mr. Fenton to the round-house, and looked a while from its windows on the comfortless scene without. The only persons then on the main-deck were the captain and the first mate. They were wrapped in their watch-coats, their hair and whiskers dripping with the fog dew. Most of the pas-

sengers went to bed at an early hour, and soon all was awfully still; Mrs. Cummings being really too much frightened to talk, only that she sometimes wished herself in Shoreditch, and sometimes in Houndsditch. It was a night of real danger. The captain remained on deck till morning, and several of the gentlemen bore him company, being too anxious to stay below.

About day-break, a heavy shower of rain dispersed the fog—"the conscious vessel waked as from a trance"—a breeze sprung up that carried us out of danger from the icebergs, which were soon diminished to three specks on the horizon, and the sun rose bright and cheerfully.

Towards noon, the ladies recollected that none of them had seen that gentleman during the last twenty-four hours, and some apprehension was expressed lest he should have walked overboard in the fog. No one could give any account of him, or remember his last appearance; and Miss Audley professed much regret that now in all probability we should never be able to ascertain his name, as, most likely, he had "died and made no sign." To our shames be it spoken, not one of us could cry a tear at his possible fate. The captain had turned into his berth, and was reposing himself after the fatigue of last night; so we could make no inquiry of him on the subject of our missing fellow-passenger.

Mrs. Cummings called the steward, and asked him how long it was since he had seen anything of that gentleman. "I really can't tell, madam," replied Hamilton; "I can't pretend to charge my memory with such things. But I conclude he must have been seen yesterday—at least I rather expect he was."

The waiter Juba was now appealed to. "I believe, madam," said Juba—"I remember something of handing that gentleman the bread-basket yesterday at dinner—but I would not be qualified as to whether the thing took place or not, my mind being a good deal engaged at the time."

Solomon, the third waiter, disclaimed all positive knowledge of this or any other fact, but sagely remarked, "that it was very likely that gentleman had been about all yesterday as usual; yet still it was just as likely he might not; and there was only one thing certain, which was, that if he was not nowhere, he must, of course, be somewhere."

"I have a misgiving," said Mrs. Cummings, "that he will never be found again."

"I'll tell you what I can do, madam," exclaimed the steward, looking as if suddenly struck with a bright thought—"I can examine into No. eleventeen, and see if I can perceive him there." And softly opening the door of the state-room in question, he stepped back and said with a triumphant flourish of his hand —"There he is, ladies, there he is, in the upper berth, fast asleep in his double cashmere dressing-gown. I opinionate that he was one of the gentlemen that stayed on deck all night, because they were afraid to go to sleep on account of the icebergers—of course nobody noticed him — but there he is now, safe enough."

Instantly we proceeded *en masse* towards No. eleventeen, to convince ourselves: and there indeed we saw that gentleman lying asleep in his double cashmere dressing-gown. He opened his eyes, and seemed surprised, as well he might, at seeing all the ladies and all the servants ranged before the door of his room, and gazing in at him: and then we all stole off, looking foolish enough.

"Well," said Mrs. Cummings, "he is not dead, however,—so we have yet a chance of knowing his name from himself, if we choose to ask him. But I'm determined I'll make the captain tell it me, as soon as he gets up. It's all nonsense, this making a secret of a man's name." . . .

After crossing the Banks we seemed to feel ourselves on American ground, or rather on American sea. As our interest increased on approaching the land of our destination, that gentleman was proportionally overlooked and forgotten. He "kept the even tenor of his way," and we had become scarcely conscious that he was still among us: till one day when there was rather a hard gale, and the waves were running high, we were startled, as we surrounded the luncheon table, by a tremendous noise on the cabin staircase, and the sudden bursting open of the door at its foot. We all looked up, and saw that gentleman falling down-stairs, with both arms extended, as he held in one hand a tall cane-stool, and in the other the captain's barometer, which had hung just within the upper door; he having involuntarily caught hold of both these articles, with a view of saving himself. "While his head, as he tumbled, went nicketty nock," his countenance, for once, assumed a new expression, and the change from its usual unvarying sameness was so striking, that, combined with his ludicrous attitude, it set us all to laughing. The waiters ran forward and assisted him to rise; and it was then found that the stool and the barometer had been the greatest sufferers; one having lost a leg, and the other being so shattered that the stair-carpet was covered with

globules of quicksilver. However, he retired to his state-room, and whether or not he was seen again before next morning, I cannot positively undertake to say.

Next day we continued to proceed rapidly, with a fair wind, which we knew would soon bring us to the end of our voyage. The ladies' cabin was now littered with trunks and boxes, brought from the baggage room that we might select from them such articles as we thought we should require when we went on shore.

Near one o'clock I heard a voice announcing the light on the island of Neversink, and in a short time all the gentlemen were on deck. At daybreak Mr. Fenton came to ask me if I would rise and see the morning dawn upon our own country. We had taken a pilot on board at two o'clock, had a fine fair breeze to carry us into the Bay of New York, and there was every probability of our being on shore in a few hours.

Soon after sunrise we were visited by a news-boat, when there was an exchange of papers, and much to inquire and much to tell.

We were going rapidly through the Narrows, when the bell rung for breakfast, which Captain Santlow had ordered at an early hour, as we had all been up before daylight. Chancing to look towards his accustomed seat, I missed that gentleman, and inquired after him of the captain. "Oh!" he replied, "that gentleman went on shore in the news-boat; did you not see him depart? He bowed all round before he went down the side."

"No," was the general reply, "we did not see him go." In truth we had all been too much interested in hearing, reading, and talking of the news brought by the boat.

"Then he is gone for ever," exclaimed Mrs. Cummings, "and we shall never know his name."

"Come, Captain Santlow," said Mr. Fenton, "try to recollect it. 'Let it not,' as Grumio says, 'die in oblivion, while we return to our graves inexperienced in it.'"

Captain Santlow smiled, and remained silent. "Now, captain," said Miss Audley, "I will not quit the ship till you tell me that gentleman's name.—I cannot hold out a greater threat to you, as I know you have had a weary time of it since I have been under your charge. Come, I set not my foot on shore till I know the name of that gentleman, and also why you cannot refrain from smiling whenever you are asked about it."

"Well, then," replied Captain Santlow, "though his name is a very pretty one when you get it said, there is a little awkwardness in speaking it. So I thought I would save myself and my passengers the trouble. And partly for that reason, and partly to teaze you all, I have withheld it from your knowledge during the voyage. But I can assure you he is a baronet."

"A baronet!" cried Miss Audley—"I wish I had known that before, I should certainly have made a dead set at him. A baronet would have been far better worth the trouble of a flirtation than you Mr. Williams, or you Mr. Sutton, or you Mr. Belfield, or any of the other gentlemen that I have been amusing myself with during the voyage."

"A baronet!" exclaimed Mrs. Cummings, "well, really—and have I been four weeks in the same ship with a baronet—and sitting at the same table with him,—and often talking to him face to face.—I wonder what Mrs. Thimbleby of Threadneedle Street would say if she knew that I am now acquainted with a baronet?"

"But what is his name, captain?" said Mr. Fenton; "still you do not tell us."

"His name," answered the captain, "is Sir St. John St. Ledger."

"Sir St. John St. Ledger!" was repeated by each of the company.

"Yes," resumed Captain Santlow—"and you see how difficult it is to say it smoothly. There is more sibilation in it than in any name I know.—Was I not right in keeping it from you till the voyage was over, and thus sparing you the trouble of articulating it, and myself the annoyance of hearing it? See, here it is in writing."

The captain then took his manifest out of his pocket-book, and showed us the words, "Sir St. John St. Ledger, of Sevenoaks, Kent."

"Pho!" said Mrs. Cummings, "Where's the trouble in speaking that name, if you only knew the right way—I have heard it a hundred times—and even seen it in the newspapers. This must be the very gentleman that my cousin George's wife is always talking about. She has a brother that lives near his estate, a topping apothecary. Why, 'tis easy enough to say his name, if you say it as we do in England."

"And how is that?" asked the captain; "what can you make of Sir St. John St. Ledger?"

"Why, Sir Singeon Sillinger, to be sure;" replied Mrs. Cummings—"I am confident he would have answered to that name. Sir Singeon Sillinger of Sunnock—cousin George's wife's brother lives close by Sunnock in a yellow house with a red door."

"And have I," said the captain laughing, "so carefully kept his name to myself, during the whole passage, for fear we should have had

to call him Sir St. John St. Ledger, when all the while we might have said Sir Singeon Sillinger!"

"To be sure you might," replied Mrs. Cummings, looking proud of the opportunity of displaying her superior knowledge of something. "With all your striving after sense you Americans are very ignorant people, particularly of the right way of speaking English. Since I have been on board, I have heard you all say the oddest things—though I thought there would be no use in trying to set you right. The other day there was Mr. Williams talking of the church of St. Mary le bon—instead of saying Marrow bone. Then Mr. Belfield says, Lord Cholmondeley, instead of Lord Chumley, and Col. Sinclair instead of Col. Sinkler; and Mr. Sutton says Lady Beauchamp, instead of Lady Beachum; and you all say Birmingham instead of Brummagem. The truth is, you know nothing about English names. Now that name, Trollope, that you all sneer at so much, and think so very low, why Trollope is quite genteel in England, and so is Hussey. The Trollopes and Husseys belong to great families. But I have no doubt of finding many things that are very elegant in England counted quite vulgar in America, owing to the ignorance of your people. For my part, I was particularly brought up to despise all manner of ignorance."

In a short time a steamboat came alongside, into which we removed ourselves, accompanied by the captain and the letter-bags; and we proceeded up to the city, where Mr. Fenton and myself were met on the wharf, I need not tell how, and by whom.

THE FOREIGN LAND.

A woman is a foreign land,
  Of which, though there he settle young,
A man will ne'er quite understand
  The customs, politics, and tongue.
The foolish hie them post-haste through,
  See fashions odd, and prospects fair,
Learn of the language, "How d'ye do,"
  And go and brag that they've been there.
The most for leave to trade apply,
  For once, at Empire's seat, her heart,
Then get what knowledge ear and eye
  Glean chancewise in the life-long mart.
And certain others, few and fit,
  Attach them to the Court, and see
The Country's best, its accent hit,
  And partly sound its polity.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE BLESSING.

[Rev. Thomas Brydson, was sometime minister of Levern Church, Renfrewshire, and wrote numerous minor poems.]

Dark is the sky with thunder-clouds,
  While breathes that aged one
His fervent gratitude to Heaven,
  Amid the mountains lone,
For the mercy of the present hour,
  And for the mercies shown
To him and his continually,
  In the seasons that are gone.

His little grandson calmly views
  The tempest gathering round;
For though the words cannot be heard,
  Yet, in their whisper'd sound,
The boy a heart-felt safety finds,
  And it seems holy ground
To his young eye, where they two sit
  On the gray rocky mound.

Not oft in crowded scenes of life,
  When the richest feasts are spread,
Does such accepted prayer arise
  As o'er the peasant's bread,
Who, at the close of every day,
  Rests a toil-wearied head,
Soothed by the hope that heaven remains
  When mortal life is fled.

A WARNING TO YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

BY THEODORE HOOK.[1]

My readers may know that to all the editions of Entick's *Dictionary*, commonly used in schools, there is prefixed "a table of words that are alike, or nearly alike, in sound, but different in spelling and signification." It must be evident that this table is neither more nor less than an early provocation to punning; the whole mystery of which vain art consists in the use of words, the sound and sense of which are at variance. In order, if possible, to check any disposition to punning in youth, which may be fostered by this manual, I have thrown together the following adaptation of Entick's hints to young beginners, hoping thereby to afford a warning, and exhibit a deformity to

[1] From *The Christmas Box*, edited by T. Crofton Croker, 1828.

be avoided, rather than an example to be followed; and at the same time showing the caution children should observe in using words which have more than one meaning.

PUNNING.

"My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun:
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence
It is, to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

"For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill,
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.
Or if to France your *bark* you steer, at Dover, it may be,
A *peer appears* upon the *pier*, who, blind, still goes to *sea*.

"Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends accept our greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should eat their *meat* when meeting.
Brawn on the board's no *bore* indeed, although from *boar* prepared;
Nor can the *fowl*, on which we feed, *foul* feeding be declared.

"Thus *one* ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and yet be *pared* again,
And still be *one*, which seemeth rare until we do explain.
It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample care:
For who, however fond of game, would choose to swallow *hair*?

"A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who has no *gate* to close:
The farmer sitting on his *style* no *stylish* person knows:
Perfumers men of *scents* must be; some *Scilly* men are bright;
A *brown* man oft deep *read* we see, a *black* a wicked *wight*.

"Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they;
And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they *play:*
So poets can't the *baize* obtain, unless their tailors choose;
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening seek the *Mews*.

"The *dyer* who by *dying* lives, a *dire* life maintains;
The glazier, it is known, receives—his profits from his *panes:*
By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when spring is in its prime;
But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*.

"Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun;
A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously shun.
The fault admits of no defence; for wheresoe'er 'tis found,
You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense:* the sense is never *sound*.

"So let your words and actions too, one single meaning prove,
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love:
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task is done;
But parents ne'er should let ye go unpunish'd for a *pun!*"

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

[Joseph Addison, born at Milston, near Amesbury, Wiltshire, 1st May, 1672; died at Holland House, Kensington, 17th June, 1719. He was the eldest son of Lancelot Addison, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. He was educated at the Charter House, where Richard Steele was his fellow-pupil, and afterwards at Oxford. His works are: *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*, in 1701–3; *The Campaign*, a poem; *The Five Whig Examiners*, 1712; *Cato*, a tragedy, 1713; *Poems; The Drummer, or the Haunted House; Dissertations on the most Celebrated Roman Poets; Notes upon the Twelve Books of Paradise Lost*—collected from the *Spectator; On the Evidences of the Christian Religion*, &c. Macaulay said: "Addison is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety." Thackeray said: "If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame, and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name."[1]]

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, and implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her look. Her name was *Fancy*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came laden with his crimes, but upon searching into his bundle I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

[1] Addison contributed altogether 369 papers to the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian;* Steele contributed 510.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortune for those of another person.

I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows: though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage, had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

HELEN'S TOMB.

At morn a dew-bathed rose I past,
All lovely on its native stalk,
Unmindful of the noon-day blast,
That strew'd it on my evening's walk.

So, when the morn of life awoke,
My hopes sat bright on fancy's bloom,
Forgetful of the death-aimed stroke,
That laid them in my Helen's tomb.

Watch there, my hopes! watch Helen sleep,
Nor more with sweet-lipped Fancy rave,
But with the long grass sigh, and weep
At dewy eve by Helen's grave.

ROBERT POLLOK.

THE FISHER-MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"If I were a noble lady,
And he a peasant born,
With nothing but his good right hand
'Twixt him and the world's scorn—
Oh, I would speak so humble,
And I would smile so meek,
And cool with tears this fierce hot flush
He left upon my cheek.
Sing heigh, sing ho, my bonnie, bonnie boat,
Let's watch the anchor weighed:
For he is a great sea-captain,
And I a fisher-maid.

"If I were a royal princess,
And he a captive poor,
I would cast down these steadfast eyes,
Unbar this bolted door,
And walking brave in all men's sight,
Low at his feet would fall:
Sceptre and crown and womanhood,
My love should take them all!
Sing heigh, sing ho, my bonnie, bonnie boat,
Alone with sea and sky,
For he is a bold sea-captain,
A fisher-maiden I.

"If I were a saint in heaven,
And he a sinner pale,
Whom good men passed with face avert,
And left him to his bale,
Mine eyes they should weep rivers,
My voice reach that great Throne,
Beseeching—'Oh, be merciful!
Make Thou mine own, Thine own!'
Sing heigh, sing ho, my bonnie, bonnie boat,
Love only cannot fade:
Though he is a bold sea-captain,
And I a fisher-maid."

Close stood the young sea-captain,
His tears fell fast as rain,
"If I have sinned, I'll sin no more—
God judge between us twain!"
The gold ring flashed in sunshine,
The small waves laughing curled—
"Our ship rocks at the harbour bar,
Away to the under world."—
"Farewell, farewell, my bonnie, bonnie boat!
Now Heaven us bless and aid,
For my lord is a great sea-captain,
And I was a fisher-maid."

Poems, 1872.

ELLEN.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Charlotte and Ellen Page were the twin daughters of the rector of N., a small town in Dorsetshire. They were his only children, having lost their mother shortly after their birth; and as their father was highly connected, and still more highly accomplished, and possessed good church-preferment with a considerable private fortune, they were reared and educated in the most liberal and expensive style. Whilst mere infants, they had been uncommonly beautiful, and as remarkably alike, as occasionally happens with twin sisters, distinguished only by some ornament of dress. Their very nurse, as she used to boast, could hardly tell her pretty "couplets" apart, so exactly alike were the soft blue eyes, the rosy cheeks, the cherry lips, and the curly light hair. Change the turquoise necklace for the coral, and nurse herself would not know Charlotte from Ellen. This pretty puzzle, this inconvenience, of which mammas and aunts and grandmammas love to complain, did not last long. Either from a concealed fall, or from original delicacy of habit, the little Ellen faded and drooped almost into deformity. There was no visible defect in her shape, except a slight and almost imperceptible lameness when in quick motion; but there was the marked and peculiar look in the features, the languor and debility, and above all, the distressing consciousness attendant upon imperfect formation; and, at the age of twenty years, the contrast between the sisters was even more striking than the likeness had been at two.

Charlotte was a fine, robust, noble-looking girl, rather above the middle height; her eyes and complexion sparkled and glowed with life and health, her rosy lips seemed to be made for smiles, and her glossy brown hair played in natural ringlets round her dimpled face. Her manner was a happy mixture of the playful and the gentle; frank, innocent, and fearless, she relied with a sweet confidence on everybody's kindness, was ready to be pleased, and secure of pleasing. Her artlessness and *naïveté* had great success in society, especially as they were united with the most perfect good breeding, and considerable quickness and talent. Her musical powers were of the most delightful kind; she sang exquisitely, joining to great taste and science a life, and freedom, and buoyancy quite unusual in that artificial personage, a young lady. Her clear and ringing notes had the effect of a milk-maid's song, as if a mere ebullition of animal spirits; there was no resisting the contagion of Charlotte's glee, She was a general favourite, and above all, a favourite at home,—the apple of her father's eye, the pride and ornament of his house, and the delight and comfort of his life. The two children had been so much alike, and born so nearly together, that the precedence in age had never been definitely settled; but that point seemed very early to decide itself. Unintentionally, as it were, Charlotte took the lead, gave invitations, received visitors, sat at the head of the table, became in fact and in name Miss Page, while her sister continued Miss Ellen.

Poor Ellen! she was short and thin, and sickly, and pale, with no personal charm but the tender expression of her blue eyes and the timid sweetness of her countenance. The resemblance to her sister had vanished altogether, except when, very rarely, some strong emotion of pleasure, a word of praise, or a look of kindness from her father, would bring a smile and a blush at once into her face, and lighten it up like a sunbeam. Then, for a passing moment, she was like Charlotte, and even prettier,—there was so much of mind, of soul, in the transitory beauty. In manner she was unchangeably gentle and distressingly shy, shy even to awkwardness. Shame and fear clung to her like her shadow. In company she could neither sing nor play nor speak without trembling, especially when her father was present. Her awe of him was inexpressible. Mr. Page was a man of considerable talent and acquirement, of polished and elegant manners, and great conversational power—quick, ready, and sarcastic. He never condescended to scold; but there was something very formidable in the keen glance and the cutting jest, to which poor Ellen's want of presence of mind frequently exposed her—something from which she shrank into the very earth. He was a good man, too, and a kind father—at least he meant to be so—attentive to her health and comfort, strictly impartial in favours and presents, in pocket-money and amusements, making no difference between the twins, except that which he could not help, the difference in his love. But to an apprehensive temper and an affectionate heart, that was everything; and whilst Charlotte flourished and blossomed like a rose in the sunshine, Ellen sickened and withered like the same plant in the shade.

Mr. Page lost much enjoyment by this unfortunate partiality; for he had taste enough to have particularly valued the high endowments which formed the delight of the few

friends to whom his daughter was intimately known. To them not only her varied and accurate acquirements, but her singular richness of mind, her grace and propriety of expression, and fertility of idea, joined to the most perfect ignorance of her own superiority, rendered her an object of as much admiration as interest. In poetry especially, her justness of taste and quickness of feeling were almost unrivalled. She was no poetess herself, never, I believe, even ventured to compose a sonnet; and her enjoyment of high literature was certainly the keener for that wise abstinence from a vain competition. Her admiration was really worth having. The tears would come into her eyes, the book would fall from her hand, and she would sit lost in ecstasy over some noble passage, till praise, worthy of the theme, would burst in unconscious eloquence from her lips.

But the real charm of Ellen Page lay in the softness of her heart and the generosity of her character: no human being was ever so free from selfishness, in all its varied and clinging forms. She literally forgot herself in her pure and ardent sympathy with all whom she loved, or all to whom she could be useful. There were no limits to her indulgence, no bounds to her candour. Shy and timid as she was, she forgot her fears to plead for the innocent, or the penitent, or even the guilty. She was the excuser-general of the neighbourhood, turned every speech and action the sunny side without, and often in her good-natured acuteness hit on the real principle of action, when the cunning, and the worldly-wise, and the cynical, and such as look only for bad motives, had failed. She had, too, that rare quality, a genuine sympathy not only with the sorrowful (there is a pride in that feeling, a superiority —we have all plenty of that), but with the happy. She could smile with those who smiled, as well as weep with those who wept, and rejoice in a success to which she had not contributed, protected from every touch of envy no less by her noble spirit than by her pure humility; she never thought of herself.

So constituted, it may be imagined that she was, to all who really knew her, an object of intense admiration and love. Servants, children, poor people, all adored Miss Ellen. She had other friends in her own rank of life who had found her out—many; but her chief friend, her principal admirer, she who loved her with the most entire affection, and looked up to her with the most devoted respect, was her sister. Never was the strong and lovely tie of twin sisterhood more closely knit than in these two charming young women. Ellen looked on her favoured sister with a pure and unjealous delight that made its own happiness, a spirit of candour and of justice that never permitted her to cast a shade of blame on the sweet object of her father's partiality: she never indeed blamed him, it seemed to her so natural that every one should prefer her sister. Charlotte, on the other hand, used all her influence for Ellen, protected and defended her, and was half tempted to murmur at an affection which she would have valued more, if shared equally with that dear friend. Thus they lived in peace and harmony, Charlotte's bolder temper and higher spirits leading and guiding in all common points, whilst on the more important, she implicitly yielded to Ellen's judgment. But when they had reached their twenty-first year a great evil threatened one of the sisters, arising (strange to say) from the other's happiness. Charlotte, the reigning *belle* of an extensive and affluent neighbourhood, had had almost as many suitors as Penelope; but, light-hearted, happy at home, constantly busy and gay, she had taken no thought of love, and always struck me as a very likely subject for an old maid; yet her time came at last. A young man, the very reverse of herself, pale, thoughtful, and gentlemanlike, and melancholy, wooed and won our fair Euphrosyne. He was the second son of a noble house, and bred to the church; and it was agreed between the fathers that as soon as he should be ordained (for he still wanted some months of the necessary age), and settled in a family-living held for him by a friend, the young couple should be married.

In the meanwhile Mr. Page, who had recently succeeded to some property in Ireland, found it necessary to go thither for a short time; and unwilling to take his daughters with him, as his estate lay in the disturbed districts, he indulged us with their company during his absence. They came to us in the bursting spring-time, on the very same day with the nightingale; the country was new to them, and they were delighted with the scenery and with our cottage life. We, on our part, were enchanted with our young guests. Charlotte was certainly the most amiable of enamoured damsels, for love with her was but a more sparkling and smiling form of happiness; all that there was of care and fear in this attachment fell to Ellen's lot; but even she, though sighing at the thought of parting, could not be very miserable whilst her sister was so happy.

A few days after their arrival we happened

to dine with our accomplished neighbours, Colonel Falkner and his sister. Our young friends of course accompanied us; and a similarity of age, of liveliness, and of musical talent speedily recommended Charlotte and Miss Falkner to each other. They became immediately intimate, and were soon almost inseparable. Ellen at first hung back. "The house was too gay, too full of shifting company, of titles, and of strange faces. Miss Falkner was very kind; but she took too much notice of her, introduced her to lords and ladies, talked of her drawings, and pressed her to sing; she would rather, if I pleased, stay with me, and walk in the coppice, or sit in the arbour, and one might read Spenser whilst the other worked —that would be best of all. Might she stay?"

"O, surely! but Colonel Falkner, Ellen, I thought you would have liked him?"

"Yes!——"

"That *yes* sounds exceedingly like *no.*"

"Why, is he not almost too clever, too elegant, too grand a man? Too mannered, as it were? Too much like what one fancies of a prince—of George IV. for instance—too high and too condescending? These are strange faults," continued she laughing; "and it is a curious injustice that I should dislike a man merely because he is so graceful that he makes me feel doubly awkward—so tall, that I am in his presence a conscious dwarf—so alive and eloquent in conversation that I feel more than ever puzzled and unready. But so it is. To say the truth, I am more afraid of him than of any human being in the world, except one. I may stay with you—may I not? and read of Una and of Britomart—that prettiest scene where her old nurse soothes her to sleep? I may stay?"

And for two or three mornings she did stay with me; but Charlotte's influence and Miss Falkner's kindness speedily drew her to Holly-grove, at first shyly and reluctantly, yet soon with an evident though quiet enjoyment; and we, sure that our young visitors could gain nothing but good in such society, were pleased that they should so vary the humble home-scene.

Colonel Falkner was a man in the very prime of life, of that happy age which unites the grace and spirit of youth with the firmness and vigour of manhood. The heir of a large fortune, he had served in the Peninsular War, fought in Spain and France, and at Waterloo, and, quitting the army at the peace, had loitered about Germany and Italy and Greece, and only returned on the death of his father, two or three years back, to reside on the family estate, where he had won "golden opinions from all sorts of people." He was, as Ellen truly described him, tall and graceful, and well-bred almost to a fault; reminding her of that *beau ideal* of courtly elegance, George IV., and me, (pray reader, do not tell!) me, a little, a very little, the least in the world, of Sir Charles Grandison. He certainly did excel rather too much in the mere forms of politeness, in cloakings and bowings, and handings down stairs; but then he was, like both his prototypes, thoroughly imbued with its finer essence—considerate, attentive, kind, in the most comprehensive sense of that comprehensive word. I have certainly known men of deeper learning and more original genius, but never any one whose powers were better adapted to conversation, who could blend more happily the most varied and extensive knowledge with the most playful wit and the most interesting and amiable character. *Fascinating* was the word that seemed made for him. His conversation was entirely free from trickery and display—the charm was (or seemed to be) perfectly natural; he was an excellent listener; and when he was speaking to any eminent person—orator, artist, or poet—I have sometimes seen a slight hesitation, a momentary diffidence, as attractive as it was unexpected. It was this astonishing evidence of fellow-feeling, joined to the gentleness of his tone, the sweetness of his smile, and his studied avoidance of all particular notice or attention, that first reconciled Ellen to Colonel Falkner. His sister, too, a charming young woman, as like him as Viola to Sebastian, began to understand the sensitive properties of this shrinking and delicate flower, which, left to itself, repaid their kind neglect by unfolding in a manner that surprised and delighted us all. Before the spring had glided into summer, Ellen was as much at home at Holly-grove as with us; talked and laughed and played and sang as freely as Charlotte. She would indeed break off, if visibly listened to, either when speaking or singing; but still the ice was broken; that rich, low, mellow voice, unrivalled in pathos and sweetness, might be heard every evening, even by the colonel, with little more precaution, not to disturb her by praise or notice, than would be used with her fellow-warbler the nightingale.

She was happy at Holly-grove, and we were delighted; but so shifting and various are human feelings and wishes, that as the summer wore on, before the hay-making was over in its beautiful park, whilst the bees were still in its lime-trees, and the golden beetle lurked in its white rose, I began to lament that she had

ever seen Holly-grove or known its master. It was clear to me, that, unintentionally on his part, unwittingly on hers, her heart was gone, and considering the merit of the unconscious possessor, probably gone for ever. She had all the pretty marks of love at that happy moment when the name and nature of the passion are alike unsuspected by the victim. To her there was but one object in the whole world, and that one was Colonel Falkner: she lived only in his presence; hung on his words; was restless, she knew not why, in his absence; adopted his tastes and opinions, which differed from hers as those of clever men so frequently do from those of clever women; read the books he praised, and praised them too, deserting our old idols, Spenser and Fletcher, for his favourites, Dryden and Pope; sang the songs he loved as she walked about the house; drew his features instead of Milton's, in a portrait which she was copying for me of our great poet—and finally wrote his name on the margin. She moved as in a dream—a dream as innocent as it was delicious!—but oh, the sad, sad waking! It made my heart ache to think of the misery to which that fine and sensitive mind seemed to be reserved. Ellen was formed for constancy and suffering—it was her first love, and it would be her last. I had no hope that her affection was returned. Young men, talk as they may of mental attractions, are commonly the slaves of personal charms. Colonel Falkner, especially, was a professed admirer of beauty. I had even sometimes fancied that he was caught by Charlotte's, and had therefore taken an opportunity to communicate her engagement to his sister. Certainly he paid our fair and blooming guest extraordinary attention; anything of gallantry or compliment was always addressed to her, and so for the most part was his gay and captivating conversation; whilst his manner to Ellen, though exquisitely soft and kind, seemed rather that of an affectionate brother. I had no hopes.

Affairs were in this posture when I was at once grieved and relieved by the unexpected recall of our young visitors. Their father had completed his business in Ireland, and was eager to return to his dear home, and his dear children; Charlotte's lover, too, was ordained, and was impatient to possess his promised treasure. The intended bridegroom was to arrive the same evening to escort the fair sisters, and the journey was to take place the next day. Imagine the revulsion of feeling produced by a short note, a bit of folded paper—the natural and redoubled ecstasy of Charlotte, the mingled emotions of Ellen. She wept bitterly; at first she called it joy—joy that she should again see her dear father; then it was grief to lose her Charlotte; grief to part from me; but, when she threw herself in a farewell embrace on the neck of Miss Falkner, whose brother happened to be absent for a few days on business, the truth appeared to burst upon her at once in a gush of agony that seemed likely to break her heart. Miss Falkner was deeply affected; begged her to write to her often, very often; loaded her with the gifts of little price, the valueless tokens which affection holds so dear, and stole one of her fair ringlets in return.

"This is the curl which William used to admire," said she; "have you no message for poor William?"

Poor Ellen! her blushes spoke, and the tears which dropped from her downcast eyes; but she had no utterance. Charlotte, however, came to her relief with a profusion of thanks and compliments; and Ellen, weeping with a violence that would not be controlled, at last left Holly-grove.

The next day we, too, lost our dear young friends. Oh, what a sad day it was! how much we missed Charlotte's bright smile, and Ellen's sweet complacency! We walked about desolate and forlorn, with the painful sense of want and insufficiency, and of that vacancy in our home, and at our board, which the departure of a cherished guest is sure to occasion. To lament the absence of Charlotte, the dear Charlotte, the happiest of the happy, was pure selfishness; but of the aching heart of Ellen, my dearer Ellen, I could not bear to think—and yet I could think of nothing else, could call up no other image than her pale and trembling form, weeping and sobbing as I had seen her at Holly-grove; she haunted even my dreams.

Early the ensuing morning I was called down to the colonel, and found him in the garden. He apologized for his unseasonable intrusion; talked of the weather, then of the loss which our society had sustained; blushed and hesitated; had again recourse to the weather; and at last by a mighty effort, after two or three sentences began and unfinished, contrived, with an embarrassment more graceful and becoming than all his polished readiness, to ask me to furnish him with a letter to Mr. Page.

"You must have seen," said he, colouring and smiling, "that I was captivated by your beautiful friend; and I hope—I could have wished to have spoken first to herself, to have made an interest—but still if her affections are disengaged—tell me, you who must know, you who are always my friend, have I any chance? Is she disengaged?"

"Alas! I have sometimes feared this: but I thought you had heard—your sister at least was aware."

"Of what? It was but this very morning—aware of what?"

"Of Charlotte's engagement."

"Charlotte!—it is of Ellen, not her sister, that I speak and think! Of Ellen, the pure, the delicate, the divine! That whitest and sweetest of flowers, the jassmine, the myrtle, the tuberose among women," continued he, elucidating his similes by gathering a sprig of each plant, as he paced quickly up and down the garden walk—"Ellen, the fairest and the best; your darling and mine! Will you give me a letter to her father? And will you wish me success?"

"Will I! O how sincerely! My dear colonel, I beg a thousand pardons for undervaluing your taste—for suspecting you of preferring a damask rose to a blossomed myrtle; I should have known you better." And then we talked of Ellen, dear Ellen, talked and praised till even the lover's heart was satisfied. I am convinced that he went away that morning, persuaded that I was one of the cleverest women, and the best judges of character that ever lived.

And now my story is over. What need to say that the letter was written with the warmest zeal, and received with the most cordial graciousness—or that Ellen, though shedding sweet tears, bore the shock of joy better than the shock of grief—or that the twin sisters were married on the same day, at the same altar, each to the man of her heart, and each with every prospect of more than common felicity.

MY LADY'S PRAISE.

I would from truth my lady's praise supply,
Resembling her to lily and to rose;
Brighter than morning's lucid star she shows,
And fair as that which fairest is on high.
To the blue wave, I liken her, and sky,
All colour that with pink and crimson glows,
Gold, silver and rich stones: nay lovelier grows
E'en love himself, when she is standing by.
She passeth on so gracious and so mild,
One's pride is quench'd, and one of sick is well:
And they believe, who from the faith did err;
And none may near her come by harm defiled.
A mightier virtue have I yet to tell;
No man may think of evil, seeing her.

GUIDO GUINICELLI (died 1276).

WOMAN'S LOVE.

[Lady Caroline Lamb, born 1785; died 1828. She was a daughter of the Earl of Besborough, and the wife of William Lamb, Lord Melbourne. She wrote a number of verses and three novels: *Glenarvon* (the hero of this novel was supposed to represent Lord Byron), *Graham Hamilton*, and *Ada Reis*. A romantic passion for Lord Byron embittered her latter years.]

Did ever man a woman love
And listen to her flattery,
Who did not soon his folly prove,
And mourning rue her treachery?

For were she fair as orient beams,
That gild the cloudless summer skies,
Or innocent as virgin's dreams,
Or melting as true lovers' eyes,

Or were she pure as falling dews,
That deck the blossoms of the spring,
Still, man, thy love she would misuse,
And from thy breast contentment wring.

Then trust her not though fair and young,
Man has so many true hearts grieved,
That woman thinks she does no wrong,
When she is false and he deceived.

OF THE TRUTH OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

[Johann Caspar Lavater, born at Zurich, 14th November, 1741; died there, 2d February, 1801. Theologian and poet, but most widely known by his works on physiognomy.]

All countenances, all forms, all created beings, are not only different from each other in their classes, races, and kinds, but are also individually distinct.

Each being differs from every other being of its species. However generally known, it is a truth the most important to our purpose, and necessary to repeat, that, "There is no rose perfectly similar to another rose, no egg to an egg, no eel to an eel, no lion to a lion, no eagle to an eagle, no man to a man."

Confining this proposition to man only, it is the first, the most profound, most secure, and unshaken foundation-stone of physiognomy that, however intimate the analogy and similarity of the innumerable forms of men, no two men can be found who, brought together, and accurately compared, will not appear to be very remarkably different.

Nor is it less incontrovertible that it is equally impossible to find two minds, as two countenances, which perfectly resemble each other.

This consideration alone will be sufficient to make it received as a truth, not requiring farther demonstration, that there must be a certain native analogy between the external varieties of the countenance and form, and the internal varieties of the mind. Shall it be denied that this acknowledged internal variety among all men is the cause of the external variety of their forms and countenances? Shall it be affirmed that the mind does not influence the body, or that the body does not influence the mind?

Anger renders the muscles protuberant; and shall not therefore an angry mind and protuberant muscles be considered as cause and effect?

After repeated observation that an active and vivid eye and an active and acute wit are frequently found in the same person, shall it be supposed that there is no relation between the active eye and the active mind? Is this the effect of accident? Of accident! Ought it not rather to be considered as sympathy, an interchangeable and instantaneous effect, when we perceive that, at the very moment the understanding is most acute and penetrating and the wit the most lively, the motion and fire of the eye undergo, at that moment, the most visible change?

Shall the open, friendly, and unsuspecting eye and the open, friendly, and unsuspecting heart be united in a thousand instances, and shall we say the one is not the cause, the other the effect?

Shall nature discover wisdom and order in all things; shall corresponding causes and effects be everywhere united; shall this be the most clear, the most indubitable of truths; and in the first, the most noble of the works of nature, shall she act arbitrarily, without design, without law? The human countenance, that mirror of the Divinity, that noblest of the works of the Creator,—shall not motive and action, shall not the correspondence between the interior and the exterior, the visible and the invisible, the cause and the effect, be there apparent?

Yet this is all denied by those who oppose the truth of the science of physiognomy.

Truth, according to them, is ever at variance with itself. Eternal order is degraded to a juggler, whose purpose it is to deceive.

Calm reason revolts at the supposition that Newton or Leibnitz ever could have the countenance and appearance of an idiot, incapable of a firm step, a meditating eye; of comprehending the least difficult of abstract propositions, or of expressing himself so as to be understood; that one of these in the brain of a Laplander conceived his Theodica; and that the other in the head of an Esquimaux, who wants the power to number farther than six, and affirms all beyond to be innumerable, had dissected the rays of light, and weighed worlds.

Calm reason revolts when it is asserted that the strong man may appear perfectly like the weak, the man in full health like another in the last stage of a consumption, or that the rash and irascible may resemble the cold and phlegmatic. It revolts to hear it affirmed that joy and grief, pleasure and pain, love and hatred, all exhibit themselves under the same traits; that is to say, under no traits whatever, on the exterior of man. Yet such are the assertions of those who maintain physiognomy to be a chimerical science. They overturn all that order and combination by which eternal wisdom so highly astonishes and delights the understanding. It cannot be too emphatically repeated, that blind chance and arbitrary disorder constitute the philosophy of fools; and that they are the bane of natural knowledge, philosophy, and religion. Entirely to banish such a system is the duty of the true inquirer, the sage, and the divine.

All men (this is indisputable), absolutely all men, estimate all things whatever by their physiognomy, their exterior, temporary superficies. By viewing these on every occasion, they draw their conclusions concerning their internal properties.

What merchant, if he be unacquainted with the person of whom he purchases, does not estimate his wares by the physiognomy or appearance of those wares? If he purchase of a distant correspondent, what other means does he use in judging whether they are or are not equal to his expectation? Is not his judgment determined by the colour, the fineness, the superficies, the exterior, the physiognomy! Does he not judge money by its physiognomy! Why does he take one guinea and reject another? Why weigh a third in his hand? Does he not determine according to its colour, or impression; its outside, its physiognomy? If a stranger enter his shop, as a buyer or seller, will he not observe him? Will he not draw conclusions from his countenance? Will he not, almost before he is out of hearing, pronounce some opinion upon him, and say: "This man has an honest look," "That man has a pleasing, or forbidding, countenance?" What is it to the

purpose whether his judgment be right or wrong? He judges. Though not wholly, he depends in part upon the exterior form, and thence draws inferences concerning the mind.

How does the farmer, walking through his grounds, regulate his future expectations by the colour, the size, the growth, the exterior; that is to say, by the physiognomy of the bloom, the stalk, or the ear of his corn; the stem, and shoots of his vine-tree? "This ear of corn is blighted," "That wood is full of sap; this will grow, that not," affirms he, at the first or second glance. "Though these vine-shoots look well, they will bear but few grapes." And wherefore? He remarks, in their appearance, as the physiognomist in the countenances of shallow men, the want of native energy. Does not he judge by the exterior?

Does not the physician pay more attention to the physiognomy of the sick than to all the accounts that are brought him concerning his patient? Zimmermann, among the living, may be brought as a proof of the great perfection at which this kind of judgment has arrived; and among the dead, Kempf, whose son has written a treatise on Temperament.

The painter —— Yet of him I will say nothing; his art too evidently reproves the childish and arrogant prejudices of those who pretend to disbelieve physiognomy.

The traveller, the philanthropist, the misanthrope, the lover, (and who not?) all act according to their feelings and decisions, true or false, confused or clear, concerning physiognomy. These feelings, these decisions, excite compassion, disgust, joy, love, hatred, suspicion, confidence, reserve, or benevolence.

Do we not daily judge of the sky by its physiognomy? No food, not a glass of wine or beer, not a cup of coffee or tea comes to table which is not judged by its physiognomy, its exterior, and of which we do not thence deduce some conclusion respecting its interior, good or bad properties.

Is not all nature physiognomy, superficies and contents; body, and spirit; exterior effect and internal power; invisible beginning and visible ending?

What knowledge is there, of which man is capable, that is not founded on the exterior; the relation that exists between visible and invisible, the perceptible and the imperceptible?

Physiognomy, whether understood in its most extensive or confined signification, is the origin of all human decisions, efforts, actions, expectations, fears, and hopes; of all pleasing and unpleasing sensations, which are occasioned by external objects.

From the cradle to the grave, in all conditions and ages, throughout all nations, from Adam to the last existing man, from the worm we tread on to the most sublime of philosophers, (and why not to the angel, why not to the Mediator Christ?) physiognomy is the origin of all we do and suffer.

Each insect is acquainted with its friend and its foe; each child loves and fears, although it knows not why. Physiognomy is the cause; nor is there a man to be found on earth who is not daily influenced by physiognomy; not a man who cannot figure to himself a countenance which shall to him appear exceedingly lovely, or exceedingly hateful; not a man who does not more or less, the first time he is in company with a stranger, observe, estimate, compare, and judge him, according to appearances, although he might never have heard of the word or thing called physiognomy; not a man who does not judge of all things that pass through his hands, by their physiognomy; that is, of their internal worth by their external appearance.

The art of dissimulation itself, which is adduced as so insuperable an objection to the truth of physiognomy, is founded on physiognomy. Why does the hypocrite assume the appearance of an honest man, but because that he is convinced, though not perhaps from any systematic reflection, that all eyes are acquainted with the characteristic marks of honesty.

What judge, wise or unwise, whether he confess or deny the fact, does not sometimes in this sense decide from appearances? Who can, is, or ought to be, absolutely indifferent to the exterior of persons brought before him to be judged?[1] What king would choose a minister without examining his exterior, secretly at least, and to a certain extent? An officer will not enlist a soldier without thus examining his appearance, his height out of the question. What master or mistress of a family will choose a servant without considering the exterior, no matter whether their judgment be or be not just, or whether it be exercised unconsciously?

I am wearied of citing instances so numerous, and so continually before our eyes, to prove that men, tacitly and unanimously, confess the influence which physiognomy has over their sensations and actions. I feel disgust at being obliged to write thus, in order to convince the learned of truths with which every child is or may be acquainted.

[1] Franciscus Valesius says—Sed legibus etiam civilibus, in quibus iniquum sit censere esse aliquid futile aut varium, cautum est; ut si duo homines inciderent in criminis suspicionem, is primum torqueatur qui sit aspectu deformior

He that hath eyes to see, let him see; but should the light, by being brought too close to his eyes, produce frenzy, he may burn himself by endeavouring to extinguish the torch of truth. I use such expressions unwillingly, but I dare do my duty, and my duty is boldly to declare that I believe myself certain of what I now and hereafter shall affirm; and that I think myself capable of convincing all real lovers of truth, by principles which are in themselves incontrovertible. It is also necessary to confute the pretensions of certain literary despots, and to compel them to be more cautious in their decisions. It is therefore proved, not because I say it, but because it is an eternal and manifest truth, and would have been equally truth, had it never been said, that, whether they are or are not sensible of it, all men are daily influenced by physiognomy; that, as Sultzer has affirmed, every man, consciously or unconsciously, understands something of physiognomy; nay, that there is not a living being that does not, at least after its manner, draw some inferences from the external to the internal; that does not judge concerning that which is not, by that which is apparent to the senses.

This universal, though tacit confession, that the exterior, the visible, the superficies of objects, indicates their nature, their properties, and that every outward sign is the symbol of some inherent quality, I hold to be equally certain and important to the science of physiognomy.

LOVE CEREMONIOUS.

Keep your undrest, familiar style
  For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
  Is and asks honour without end.
'Tis found, and needs it must so be,
  That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
  In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Let love make home a gracious Court;
  There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashion'd to a loftier port,
  And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
  Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear,
  None treading on another's train.
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
  And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
  Befitting our immortal life.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE BRIGAND'S WIFE.

The following incident was related by the wife of one of the notorious brothers Vardarelli:[1]—

"Yes, it is a sad life for us women; and yet

[1] "These three brothers were natives of the province of Abruzzo, but had of late years selected Apulia as the theatre best adapted to their system of depredation; its vast unenclosed plains, occasionally interspersed with patches of underwood, but in no part offering obstacles to the rapidity of their movements, the rare occurrence of large towns, the magnitude of the farms, or *masseria*, where they were sure to find provisions, forage, and booty united; all these circumstances combining with their local knowledge of the country, and the terror which they had impressed on its inhabitants, had rendered their power sufficiently formidable to resist, or at least elude, the means pursued by government for their destruction. Well armed and accoutred, and excellently mounted, their troop, in number exceeding forty, was also trained to the most rigid discipline; and Don Gaetano, the elder of the three brothers, as well as commander of the band, displayed an activity and skill worthy of a nobler profession. It should be observed that they seldom attacked travellers; and their outrages were generally unsullied by cruelty, except in some cases of revenge for breach of promise; but this false glare of generosity and forbearance, as well as the ample rewards which they bestowed on their spies and abettors, and the acts of charity by which they endeavoured to propitiate the feelings of the poorer class, rendered them only a more destructive scourge to the community at large. A person who had been a severe sufferer by their misdeeds, very justly observed to me, that it was very easy to give a hundred ducats to the poor out of a thousand stolen from the rich; and as their generosity could be estimated by this rule only, the motives of it may be duly appreciated. . . .

"Their marches, generally performed in the nighttime, were so incredibly rapid, that the terror they inspired was equalled only by the astonishment created by operations apparently supernatural; and they have been known to have remained two or three days in one of these farms before the inmates of those adjoining have been aware of their proximity. During this time they usually feasted on whatever the premises afforded, always obliging their inhabitants to partake of whatever fare was prepared for them, through fear of poison. On one occasion of this nature, when the principal agents of the farm excused themselves from eating meat because it was a fast-day, Don Gaetano approved their forbearance, which, he assured them, quite agreed with his practice in general; but alleged his mode of life and the uncertainty of his dinner hour as an apology for the infraction of it. On removing from the scene of action, they always took with them what money could be collected, and as much grain as their horses could carry."—*A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples*, by the Hon Richard Keppel Craven. The Vardarelli band, after serving for a time under the government as a sort of mountain police, was ultimately destroyed by the soldiers, in consequence of some misunderstanding. A few escaped, and returned to their old ways.

we are gay enough at times, when our masters are in good humour, rejoicing over the success of some expedition. In youth we admire the strength of our lovers, and listen with delight to the stories of their exploits, of their triumphs over the soldiers. We never see them as criminals: to us they appear only as men oppressed by bad laws, and bravely asserting their independence at the hazard of their lives. They are heroes to us, not criminals. But by-and-by, as we grow older and have husbands, perhaps children, in the band, we learn what fear is. When we feel that we are hunted from pass to pass, sheltering in caves, or encamping on the bare mountain—then we begin to understand that we belong to an outcast race, and we tremble at every halloo lest it prove the intimation of a surprise which may mean death to all. When we find wild revels followed by days of hunger; when we find our husbands so haunted by the dread of treachery that they suspect us and each other, then we know that there is no home, no rest anywhere for us, and we envy the happy lot of the wives of the poor shepherds.

"Our men have less time than us to think of these things, and so, no doubt, they are less sensible of the miserable condition in which we live. I am grateful to the holy mother that no children were given to me, and yet I love children: their happy ignorance of the crime and danger which surround us sometimes helps me to forget them too. No, these tears are not for one lost, but for one saved; if regret makes my eyes dim, my heart is full of joy. The child whose memory I cherish was a stranger's; but he became very precious to me.

"The band had been absent two days; we women had been commanded to await them in one of our most secure hiding-places—a huge long cavern which had two outlets. The men returned laden with booty taken from the carriage of a rich nobleman. Gaetano came last.

"'A prize for you, wife!' he said, and flung a trembling child into my arms.

"'Mother!' sobbed the little one, and I shuddered, thinking that his one word told a cruel story. But it was not so bad as I feared. I looked at Gaetano, and he, understanding me, answered,

"'No, there has been no one much hurt; it was a nurse who was with him, and she has been sent back to Naples to demand ransom for the little signor. A pretty little fellow, is he not?—he quite takes to you—and worth a pretty sum.'

"I was relieved. The child clung to my neck as if he felt sure of protection from me. He had been much frightened and much fatigued by the journey to the cavern. A shout from the men, who were by this time busy feasting at the farther end of the cave, startled him, and he looked over my shoulder trembling. I kissed him and coaxed him to sit down on a box beside me, telling him that he would soon be with his mother again. His little head fell back on my knee, and he slept peacefully.

"Gaetano threw down the papers he had been examining, and stretching himself upon a pile of wrappers, looked with smiling satisfaction at the child. He had demanded a high ransom, knowing that the mother would be ready to give anything for the recovery of her son, and he felt sure that all he had asked would be granted.

"Some days passed and little Elio was beginning to feel at ease in his strange home, although he could not be persuaded to leave my side. I loved the child; and that was why he so soon became contented in the cavern. The message from Naples was delivered to Gaetano, and I saw that he was angry and disappointed. The message told him that the boy Elio was not the son of the rich nobleman but of one of his servants, and that the amount required to ransom him was too large.

"The band refused to believe this story, and declared that it was a trick to gain time in order to attack them. They were ready and resolved to take the usual horrible means of asserting their power: the little one was doomed. I looked to Gaetano; but he could not help me; chief as he was he dare not break the law of the band. I turned to the men. I do not know what were my words, but I held up the poor child and implored them in the name of the dear Virgin to spare him; but they would not yield. Then I spoke wildly, and promised them a greater reward than that they had expected if they would only be merciful and give me time to go myself to Naples. I suppose they pitied me, and perhaps—Heaven grant that it was so—they were moved by the sweet face of the child; at anyrate they agreed. Gaetano would have had me give up all thought of what seemed to be a useless journey; but he too consented at length when he saw how earnest was my determination.

"I had no fears for myself; the only dread which haunted me was that any harm done to me would be the signal for the destruction of Elio. But Heaven was very kind. I was per-

mitted to see the nobleman and he listened to me. He was pleased to say that he admired me for what I had done; and that for my sake he would do much to rescue Elio. He assured me that the child, although a great pet of the family, was the offspring of a faithful servant now dead. But he agreed to pay half the ransom demanded, and to obtain for the Vardarelli band a free pardon on condition that they should take service under the government. Oh, how brave and light my heart was then. My wild promise was fulfilled, and I brought to the band a greater reward than they could ever have expected; for by the tiny hands of the child they had spared, they were themselves saved."

PEACE.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

I could believe that sorrow ne'er sojourned
Within the circle of these sunny hills;
That this small lake, beneath the morning light,
Now lying so serenely beautiful,
Ne'er felt one passing storm, but on its breast
Retained for aye the silent imagery
Of those untroubled heavens.

How still yon isle,
Scarcely distinguished from its glimmering shadow
In the water pure as air! Yon little flock
How snow-white! lying on the pastoral mount,
Basking in the sunshine. That lone fisherman,
Who draws his net so slowly to the shore,
How calm an image of secluded life!
While the boat moving with its twinkling oars,
On its short voyage to yon verdant point
Fringed with wild birch-wood, leaves a shining track
Connecting by a pure and silvery line
The quiet of both shores.

So deep the calm
I hear the solitary stock dove's voice
Moaning across the lake, from the dark bosom
Of yon old pine-grove. Hark, the village clock
Tolls soberly! And, 'mid the tufted elms,
Reveals the spire still pointing up to heaven.
I travel on unto the noisy city,
And on this sunny bank mine hour of rest
Stream-like has murmured by—yet shall the music
Oft rise again—the lake, hills, wood, and grove,
And that calm House of God. Sweet Vale, Farewell!

ITALIAN BANDITTI.

[Charlotte A. Waldie, born 1788; died 1859. Her grandfather was a schoolfellow of Sir Walter Scott at Kelso. Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, mentions the work from which the following extract is made:—"I remember the pleasure with which he [Sir Walter] read, late in life, *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, an ingenious work produced by one of Mr. Waldie's grand-daughters, and how comically he depicted the alarm with which his ancient friend would have perused some of its delineations of the high-places of Popery." Miss Waldie also wrote, *At Home and Abroad*, *Three Days in Belgium*, and other sketches of travel. In 1822 she married Mr. Eaton, banker, Stamford. Her sister, Miss E. A. Waldie (who became the wife of Admiral Watts), was the authoress of several similar works, but she obtained repute chiefly by her paintings in oil and water colours.]

Frascati, Nov. 11, 1818.

Consternation fills this little peaceful town. Yesterday evening Lucien Buonaparte's villa was entered by a gang of banditti;—but I must tell you the story in order as it happened.

About four in the afternoon *Monsignore* (as the old priest of the family is through courtesy called) set out to take his accustomed walk; and, unluckily for himself, directed his steps up the hill to the ruins of ancient Tusculum; when, suddenly from the bushes which shade the cavity of the amphitheatre, two armed robbers sprang out, dragged him among the thickets, where four others were lying in ambush; and having stripped him of his watch, money, and clothes, they tied his hands behind his back, and gave him notice, that the first moment he attempted to speak or make the smallest noise would be the last of his life. They kept him prisoner there till after sunset, when they crept through the wood to the house, and made a halt among the thick laurels and shrubs close to it. In the meantime the dinner-bell rang, the family sat down to table, but as Monsignore was not to be found, a servant was sent into the pleasure-ground in search of him, who left the house door unfastened. The banditti softly made their approaches. Five of them entered unseen and unheard, and the sixth stayed to guard the door. Monsignore seized this moment to betake himself to his heels, and gained a remote outhouse, where he buried himself overhead among straw, and was found many hours after more dead than alive.

In the meantime the five robbers, with their fire-arms presented, cautiously advanced into the house; but they were soon descried by the servants, whose shrieks they stilled in a moment by the menace of instant death if they moved a step or uttered a sound. One maid-

servant, however, escaped, and gave the alarm to the party in the dining-room, who all fled in different directions to conceal themselves, excepting the unfortunate secretary, who had previously left the room to inquire into the cause of the tumult, and was seized on his way down stairs by the robbers, who mistook him for the prince; and, in spite of his protestations, was carried off, together with the head butler, and a poor *Facchino*,[1] whom they encountered on the grounds, to the mountain above Velletri, a distance of seven miles, without stopping.

This morning the captured *Facchino*, like another Regulus, has been sent as ambassador, or *charge d'affaires*, from the banditti to the prince, to propose terms which are, to deliver up their prisoners on the payment of a ransom of 4000 crowns; or, on the non-payment of it within four-and-twenty hours, to shoot them. Lucien Buonaparte sent back one half of their demand in money, and an order on his banker for the rest. The robbers sent back the order torn through the middle, with a further demand of 4000 crowns in hard money, besides the 2000 they had already received, under pain of the immediate death of their prisoners. The prince received this insolent mandate in his palace at Rome, where he took refuge this morning, and has been obliged to obey it.

I wonder the government do not feel ashamed that such outrages should be perpetrated within ten miles of Rome, and that they should be obliged to admit delegates from banditti into the very seat of government—the capital itself. A detachment of troops, and about two hundred armed peasants, levied by Lucien Buonaparte, are ready for the pursuit of the villains the moment their captives are released—but till then they dare not move; for the *eyrie* on which they have perched themselves commands a view of the whole country in every direction, and they have sworn to put the prisoners to death the moment they see the approach of an armed man. The Pope's soldiers, indeed, it would seem, are not much to be depended upon themselves, for it is not long since the guard from the Trinita de Monti, and the Porta del Popolo, at Rome, walked off one fine moonlight night, with their arms and accoutrements, to the hills, and joined a party of banditti.

It was the intention of the banditti who entered Lucien Buonaparte's villa to have seized both him and his daughter, who had been betrothed that very day to Prince Ercolani, a young Bolognese nobleman; and had they succeeded, their demands would have had no bounds.

[1] Porter or out-door labourer.

Frascati, Nov. 29.

After a captivity of two days and a half the prisoners returned, and the troops and armed peasantry instantly began the pursuit. The mountain on which they were stationed, it is said, was previously completely surrounded with guards, and every part of it has been searched, an immense reward has been offered for the apprehension even of one of them—but all in vain. No traces of them have been discovered; and Lucien Buonaparte, in addition to the ransom, has had to pay an immense sum to the peasantry he hired, without the satisfaction of bringing the offenders to justice.

The unfortunate secretary has been confined to bed ever since, partly from the effects of fright, fatigue, and cold, and partly from a wound he received in his forehead in the scuffle, when he was first taken prisoner. The captured butler and Facchino, whom I have seen, say that the robbers did not treat them ill, and gave them plenty of food; more, indeed, than they could eat; for, it may be supposed, that in such a situation their appetite could not be very keen. Neither could they enjoy much repose, surrounded with cocked carabines. The captain of those banditti, who was a remarkably little man, used to say to them, with great politeness, "We shall really be sorry to murder you, gentlemen; but if the prince does not send the money, we must do it—our *honour* is engaged."

They knew, indeed, too well, he would keep his word; for it is not long since a poor young woman was carried off between Velletri and Terracina, and the ransom they required not being paid, she was murdered, and her body left on the mountains.

Nor is this the only exploit of the sort in this neighbourhood. A few weeks ago, a Roman gentleman and his daughters were taking a walk after mass on a Sunday, close to the town of Palestrina, when a party of banditti rushed upon them and carried them off to the mountains. The poor old man, who was asthmatic, and unable to keep pace with the rapidity of the flight, was brutally murdered before the eyes of his unfortunate daughters, whose ransom enriched these monsters with the wealth of the man they had slain.

About two months ago, a bride, on the day of her nuptials, was carried off from a villa near Albano, while sitting at table surrounded by her husband and relations, and after passing a night on the mountain, she was liberated on the payment of a heavy ransom, without insult or injury.

RINGAN AND MAY.

BY JAMES HOGG.

I heard a laverock singing with glee,
And oh but the bird sang cheerilye;
Then I askit at my true love Ringan,
If he kend what the bonnie bird was singing?
Now, my love Ringan is blithe and young,
But he has a fair and flattering tongue;
And oh, I'm fear'd I like ower weel
His tales of love, though kind and leal!
So I said to him, in scornful ways,
"You ken nae word that wee burd says!"
Then my love he turn'd about to me,
And there was a smile in his pawky ee;
And he says, "My May, my dawtied dow,
I ken that strain far better nor you;
For that little fairy that lilts so loud,
And hangs on the fringe of the sunny cloud,
Is telling the tale, in chants and chimes,
I have told to thee a thousand times.
I will let thee hear how our strains accord,
And the laverock's sweet sang, word for word:

INTERPRETATION OF THE LARK'S SONG.

"'Oh, my love is bonnie and mild to see,
As sweetly she sits on her dewy lea,
And turns up her cheek and clear gray eye,
To list what's saying within the sky!
For she thinks my morning hymn so sweet,
Wi' the streamers of heaven aneath my feet,
Where the proud goshawk could never won,
Between the gray cloud and the sun—
And she thinks her love a thing of the skies,
Sent down from the holy paradise,
To sing to the world, at morn and even,
The sweet love songs in the bowers of heaven.
"'Oh, my love is bonnie, and young, and chaste,
As sweetly she sits in her mossy nest!
And she deems the birds on bush and tree,
As nothing but dust and droul to me.
Though the robin warble his waesome churl,
And the merle gar all the greenwood dirl,
And the storm-cock touts on his towering pine,
She trows their songs a mock to mine;
The linty's cheip a ditty tame,
And the shilfa's everlasting rhame;
The plover's whew a solo drear,
And the whilly-whaup's ane shame to hear;
And, whenever a lover comes in view,
She cowers beneath her screen of dew.
"'Oh, my love is bonnie! her virgin breast
Is sweeter to me nor the dawning east;
And well do I like at the gloaming still,
To dreep from the lift or the lowering hill,
And press her nest as white as milk,
And her breast as soft as the downy silk.'"

Now when my love Ringan had warbled away
To this base part of the laverock's lay,
My heart was like to burst in twain,
And the tears flow'd from mine eyne like rain;
At length he said, with a sigh full lang,
"What ails my love at the laverock's sang?"
Says I, "He's ane base and wicked bird,
As ever rose from the dewy yird;
It's a shame to mount on his morning wing,
At the yetts of heaven sic sangs to sing;
And all to win with his amorous din,
A sweet little virgin bird to sin,
And wreck, with flattery and song combined,
His dear little maiden's peace of mind!
O, were I her, I would let him see
His songs should all be lost on me!"
Then my love took me in his arms,
And 'gan to laud my leifou charms;
But I would not so much as let him speak,
Nor stroke my chin, nor kiss my cheek:
For I fear'd my heart was going wrang,
It was so mov'd at the laverock's sang.
Yet still I lay with an upcast ee,
And still he was singing sae bonnilye,
That, though with my mind I had great strife,
I could not forbear it for my life,
But, as he hung on the heaven's brow,
I said, I kea not why, nor how,
"What's that little deevil saying now?"
Then my love Ringan, he was so glad,
He leugh till his folly pat me mad;
And he said, "My love, I will tell you true,
He seems to sing that strain to you;
For it says, 'I will range the yird and air
To feed my love with the finest fare;
And when she looks from her bed to me,
With the yearning love of a mother's ee,
O, then I will come, and draw her nearer,
And watch her closer, and love her dearer,
And we never shall part till our dying day,
But love and love on for ever and aye!'"
Then my heart it bled with a thrilling pleasure
When it learn'd the laverock's closing measure,
And it rose, and rose, and would not rest,
And would hardly bide within my breast.
Then up I rose, and away I sprung,
And said to my love with scornful tongue,
That it was ane big and burning shame;
That he and the lark were both to blame;
For there were some lays so soft and bland
That breast of maiden could not stand;
And if he lay in the wood his lane,
Quhill I came back to list the strain
Of an amorous bird amang the broom,
Then he might lie quhill the day of doom!
But for all the sturt and strife I made;
For all I did, and all I said,
Alas! I fear it will be lang
Or I forget that wee burd's sang!
And langer still or I can flee
The lad that told that sang to me!

AMERICAN NOVELS.

BY T. S. PERRY.

We have often wondered that the people who raise the outcry for the "Great American Novel" did not see that, so far from being of any assistance to our fellow-countryman who is trying to win fame by writing fiction, they have rather stood in his way by setting up before him a false aim for his art, and by giving the critical reader a defective standard by which to judge his work. Whenever this so-longed-for novel does appear, we may be sure that our first impression will not be that it is American. It may be American, without a doubt, but it will not be ostentatiously so; that will not be its chief merit. If it is written in this country and about this country, there will be of course a flavour of the soil, which is to be desired, but the epicure does not want his coffee muddy. There is an American nature, but then there is human nature underlying it, and to that the novel must be true before anything else. That is what is of importance; it is that alone which makes the novel great, which causes it to be read in all times and in all countries. If the author so far forgets this, his first duty, as to imagine that the simple rehearsal of the barrenest external phenomena of life and nature in this country can be of any real interest to the reader, he makes as great a mistake as would an actor who should fancy that nothing more was needed for representing Hamlet than to dress in black, wear a light wig, and to powder his cheeks to look pale. It is the bane of realism, as of all *isms*, to forget that it represents only one important side of truth, and to content itself, as complacently as an advocate, with seeing its own rules obeyed, and, generally, with the narrowest construction of the law. By insisting above all things on the novel being American, we mistake the means for the end; we have a perfect right to demand accuracy in the writer,—in spite of Mrs. Spofford we cannot read about castles in New England,—but we should not regard it as anything but the merest machinery, the least part of a novel; it is a *sine qua non*, to be sure, but so in man is the spinal marrow; we think no more of a friend on account of his having a spinal marrow. So long as we over-estimate the value of his formal accuracy, it will be possible for any one to prove to his own satisfaction and to ours that such and such a novel is the best. "See here," he will say, "So-and-so makes the Connecticut River two hundred and fifty miles long, while 'Civis Americanus' gives it its proper length; and then 'Geographicus' says on page 343, just before the Boston horse-car conductor declares his love to the Nova Scotia servant of the selectman, that Vermont has thirty-five inhabitants to the square mile; he was thinking of New Hampshire: he's no novelist." No one fancies a novel that can be proved to be better than another, like a manual of geometry. Nor do we care for one that loses its value at every census. It may be well that novels should be of temporary interest, but they should at least outlast the year's almanac.

It might not be amiss to pause for a moment to consider the origin of this expression, "The great American novel." Critics would differ about the great English novel or the great French novel; why should America have one? Nevertheless, novelists have striven for this prize, genial critics have imperilled their reputations by rashly awarding it to various writers, who have as rapidly faded into oblivion, and we are as far from unanimity about it as we ever were. We imagine that it is a term that has come down to us from the time, a generation or two ago, when, America having an army and navy, consideration in the eyes of Europe for its material strength and future importance, the absence of a fully developed literature was keenly felt. Literature, too, was considered a branch of manufactures, and not a thing of growth. We were to have an American Byron; possibly, with good Presidents and a proper tariff, an American Shakspeare; and then the public, detecting the great differences between the society of Europe and that of this country, cried aloud for the novel that should do for us what Fielding had already, and Thackeray has since, done for England. That this should be done is indeed desirable; but our hopes will be vain unless our writers, with keener vision than the public, see the uselessness of a mere outside resemblance to their models.

That a novel is not good by simply being un-American, one can see by recalling a by no means unreadable story—*Miss Van Kortland*—that appeared about four or five years ago. The effect of reading to excess the modern English novel was here clearly seen. There was the general air of English country life barely disguised by American names. Congress was made exactly like Parliament. It was an English bottom sailing under American colours. Of the elaborate Americanism of *Lady Judith* we need not speak. The

reader could not help being reminded of the Yankees in *Punch's* caricatures, who would be arrested as suspicious characters in the backwoods of Maine, nor could their apt use of "old hoss" save them. Such hybrids we may trust will be soon forgotten; but in vastly the greater number of the American novels of the present day we find perhaps equally damaging faults, although of a different kind. Let us take, for example, Mr. De Forest's novels. In his writings we find a great deal that is American, but not so much that goes to the making of a really great novel. His stories have certain undeniable merits, and if the great American novel needed only to be American, he would easily bear off the palm. *Miss Ravenel's Conversion; Overland; Kate Beaumont*, are three novels that could have been written in no other country; but such geographical criticism wholly leaves their real value out of the question, as if Charles Reade were to be exalted for having written the "great Australian novel," *Never Too Late to Mend*, or De Foe for his "great Juan Fernandez novel." In the true novel the scene, the incidents, are subordinated to the sufferings, actions, and qualities of the characters. They are for the time living beings, and our greatest sympathy is necessarily given to those who deserve it from some internal reason, not from the number of miles they may have travelled, or the number of times they have been shot at in the dark. Such incidents lend an interest, it is true, but it is not of the highest kind. The geology, the botany, the ethnography, may be accurate to date, the reader may be in perpetual shivers from the urgency of the dangers that threaten every one in the novel, but the real story lies beneath the hats and bonnets of those concerned, not in the distant cataracts that wet them, nor the bullets that scar them. It would seem as if the author had contented himself too readily with but one side, and that not the most valuable, of the novelist's work. He should retain the skill that he now possesses and use it, not as a thing of lasting value in itself, but as aid to the representation of what is more genuine art. We should be sorry, however, if we did not do justice to the vividness with which he has drawn many of his side-characters, especially in his latest novels and in many of his less ambitious magazine sketches. As a simple narrator he is deserving of much praise; he can draw admirably the less important personages, so that one only notices more sharply his smaller degree of success when he undertakes to represent the more difficult character, a man under the influence of some all-controlling passion. What he can see he can write down for our reading, and that is certainly a rare gift, but his eye is stronger than his imagination. It is when he comes to this more delicate part of his work that the reader is disappointed, and all the more, as we have said, from his skill elsewhere.

Of the society novel this is the more common form. One takes the manly A and represents some possible complications of his "heart-agony," and that of the lovely C, from the persecution of flinty-hearted parents, loss of money, jealousy, &c. One would be averse to saying that his own country cannot supply as good material for such novels as any other. There are here pretty women and good men. In spite of our race for wealth, our early marriages, our bolting our meals and consequent dyspepsia, the devious course of what is strangely called the tender passion may still be observed by those who watch their kind. Lovers languish and rejoice, hearts threaten to break and then grow indifferent, as truly here as in any German village, where the full moon shines every night of the year. But can any one name a good American love-story? With the exception of *Esmond* it might be hard to find one in the language; but let us consider America alone. What are the American novels of society, in which we might suppose love-making would have full sway? Those of Mrs. Stowe suggest themselves at once. We cannot believe that her great popularity is due entirely to her wonderful success with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. To her youngest readers that book must be already a thing of the past; but we fancy that is because she has succeeded in catching certain traits of American life that she is so widely read. Besides, with all her faults, she is a humourist, and is often entertaining enough; but what could be more ignoble than her last two novels of society, *Pink and White Tyranny* and *My Wife and I*. It is profound criticism to call Thackeray a cynic; perhaps Mrs. Stowe is one in disguise, but no man would dare to show his head in a drawing-room after describing such a character as the heroine of the last of these novels. One would have to be disappointed in love a great many times before young ladies made upon him such an impression of furbelowed, curled, food-despising, thin-voiced flirts as one finds here. The men are the infant heroes of Mrs. Sherwood's tales grown up. As for the manners of these people, their giggling, their love-

making, it is what one imagines to be the romance of a "calico and neck-tie ball." For example we find in chapter xxx. of *My Wife and I*:—

"'O you know!—this inextricable puzzle,—what does ail a certain person? Now he didn't come at all last night, and when I asked Jim Fellows where his friend was (one must pass the compliment of inquiring, you know), he said, "Henderson had grown dumpy lately," and he couldn't get him out anywhere.'

"'Well, Eva, I'm sure I can't throw any light on the subject. I know no more than you.'

"'Now, Ida, let me tell you, this afternoon when we stopped in the park, I went into that great rustic arbour on the top of the hill there, and just as we came in on one side, I saw him in all haste hurrying out on the other, as if he were afraid to meet me.'

"'How very odd!'

"'Odd! well, I should think it was; but what was worse, he went and stationed himself on a bench under a tree where he could hear and see us, and there my lord sat—perhaps he thought I didn't see him, but I did.'

"'Lillie and Belle Forester and Wat Jerrold were with me, and we were having such a laugh! I don't know when I have had such a frolic, and how silly it was of him to sit there glowering like an owl in an ivy-bush, when he might have come out and joined us, and had a good time! I'm quite out of patience with the creature, it's so vexatious to have him act so!'"

Further on we find:—

(*Enter* ALICE *with empressement.*)

"'Girls, what do you think? Wat Sydney come back and going to give a great croquet party out at Clairmont, and of course we are all invited with notes in the most resplendent style, with crest and coat of arms, and everything—perfectly "*mag.*" There's to be a steamboat, with a band of music, to take the guests up, and no end of splendid doings: *marquées* and tents and illuminations and fireworks, and to return by moonlight after all's over; isn't it lovely? I do think Wat Sydney's perfectly splendid, and it's all on your account, Eva, I know it is,'" &c. &c.

And so they artlessly prattle on. This is by no means an extract, which, taken away from its context, seems unduly ridiculous; far from it, it is a very good specimen of the whole tone of the book. Be these the manners of good society? Is there nothing nobler in life than a horse-car flirtation? Is it necessary that society novels should be like fashion plates, with the same jaunty ease and simpering gentility that mark those illustrations of the happy life of the rich and great? If the people are tawdrily dressed, if their talk is empty enough to shame the silliest schoolgirl that ever chattered until she gasped for breath, if their manners are either rude or pompously haughty, how can one take a genuine interest in the story? Let their manners be as bad as possible, their clothes and grammar in tatters, provided they have one trait, one quality, be it one that makes or mars human beings, and then we can read the story. To be interested in characters in fiction, as with human beings in life, our sympathy must be aroused; for beings who simply giggle and pout, indifference is kindness.

Most American writers are afraid of their heroes and heroines. They give them homes by the side of imaginary rivers, in impossible cities. They are as shy of fairly introducing their characters as if we were all strangers at a watering-place hotel, and were very nervous about tainting our tender gentility. That this is the result of attempting to represent in this country, with its changing, uncertain classes, what in England is clear enough from its fixed social laws, is highly probable. But a novel to be good may well let good society alone. The best that Mrs. Stowe has done leaves the dancing master out entirely. For the English novel the task is greatly simplified by the fact that every man in that country is much more closely connected with the whole social system than is the case with us. In their novels we are introduced to distinct characters, say to a barrister, an officer, a young lord. Besides, whatever personal characteristics may belong to each of these persons, they all stand in a certain definite relation to society at large. Each carries a certain atmosphere with him. With us when we read about a lawyer in one of our stories, nothing more is told us than if we were informed that he always wore Roman scarfs, perhaps not so much. We have all sorts of lawyers; no one man is a representative of the class. Occasionally we find that a good word is given to an omniscient professor who sits by a lamp and dabbles in Sanskrit, botany, metaphysics, chemistry, anatomy, zoology, &c. &c. He generally wears a long beard, has acquired patience by his severe studies, and is especially remarkable for the unexpected way in which he makes an offer of marriage after nourishing an untold and unsuspected love for a long time, while he pre-

tended to be looking out words in the dictionary. Occasionally, we say, this representative of the quiet ideal appears in fiction, but he is an uncertain and artificial creation. In spite of the young girl's rapture over hops at West Point, an officer is not always an entrancing lover in fiction. There is, possibly, a vague Bohemian glamour around the artist, but even that is by no means certain. Since in general this deficiency exists, the task of the writer is rendered more difficult. Our Democracy certainly equalizes us: it enlists us, as it were, into a vast army, but a peaceful, unheroic army; and to make any fictitious person interesting the author is put to the greater task of distinctly drawing his character as a man: he gets no aid from his surroundings. One would say that the natural tendency of the American novelist would be toward romance; that the very uniformity of our social life would offer nothing tempting to the writer, unless, indeed, to the satirist, who should turn to ridicule the shallowness, greedy pretence, and emptiness which he might see about him. In spite of the contumely that is thrown upon the frivolities of fashion in *Pink and White Tyranny* and in *My Wife and I*, it may be said that it is not given to every one to be a satirist. No satire is keener than that which tells the truth. One is only tender about his favourite vice. To call a selfish man a murderer, or a pirate, would be as idle as to write odes in praise of an honest clerk. And so in these stories Mrs. Stowe has overshot her mark by caricaturing what only needed to be shown in its real dulness to appear worthless. To her, and to many others, American society seems frivolous, but it is only exalted when a writer wastes his powder by attacking it as he would a dangerously false religion.

While the American writer finds these difficulties in the way of the "novel of society," it may be just that those tales should be considered that take up man from some other point of view than that which controls the respectable matron who is making out a list of invitations for her daughter's party. There are the dry-humoured Yankees, the Yankee-despising, self-praising Westerners, and the lordly Southrons, who hate both. What has been done with such characters as these?

In hardly any book do we get more of the Yankee than in the novel *Margaret*, by Sylvester Judd. It is a story of life in New England nearly a hundred years ago, and although it stands in about the same relation to most novels that Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* does to ordinary manuals of anatomy, it has a certain interest of its own. This is, to be sure, hardly great enough to beguile the reader to the reading of the book, which is written in defiance of every rule of literary composition; but yet, in spite of a crabbed style, as rough as a corduroy road, of tedious and impossible conversations, of great delays in the telling of the story, the reader can readily see a sincerity in the writer that is often much less evident in the works of much cleverer writers. As an example of its artistic crudeness we quote the following conversation:—

"Another day Mr. Evelyn came to the Pond. Margaret watched his approach with composure, and returned his greeting without confusion. 'You have been at the Head,' said she, 'and I must take you to other places to-day. First the Maples.'

"'This is a fine mineralogical region,' said he, as they entered the spot. 'I wish I had a hammer.'

"'I will get one,' said she. 'Let me go for it.'

"'You are not in health, you told me, and you do not look very strong. I must go by all means. I will be back in a trice. You will have quite as much walking as you can master before the day is through.'

"'I fear I shall be more tired wandering than in going.'

"'See this,' said he, exposing a hollow stone filled with rare crystals which he found and broke during her absence.

"'I thank you, I thank you,' she replied. 'The master has given me an inkling of geology, but I never imagined such beauty was hidden here.'

"'With definite forms and brilliant texture these gems vegetate in the centre of his rough rusty stone.'

"'Incomparable mystery! New anagogics! I begin to be in love with what I understand not.'

"'Humanity is like that.'

"'What is humanity?"

"'It is only another name for the world that you asked me about.'

"'I am perplexed by the duplicity of words. He is humane who helps the needy.'

"'That is one form of humanity. I use the term as expressing all men collectively viewed in their better light. Much depends upon this light phase, or aspect, what subjectively to us is by the Germans called standpoint. Indian's Head, in one position, resembles a human face; in another, quite as much a fish's tail. Man, like this stone, is

geodic,—such stones, you know, are called geodes.'

"'Have you the skill to discover them?'

"'It is more difficult to break than to find them. Yet if I could crack any man as I do this stone, I should open to crystals.'

"'Any man?'

"'All men.'

"'Passing wonderful! I would run a thousand miles for the hammer! I have been straining after the stars, how much there is in the stones! Most divine earth, henceforth I will worship thee! Geodic Androids! What will the master say?'

"'I see traces of more gems in these large rocks. Let me rap here, and lo! a beryl; there is an agate, yonder is a growth of garnets.'

"'Let me cease to be astonished, and only learn to love.'

"'An important lesson, and one not too well-learned.'

"'Under this tree I will erect a temple to the god of rocks. Was there any such? Certes, I remember none.'

"'The god of rocks is God.'

"'You sport enigmas. Let us to Diana's Walk.'"

We will not follow them. Their talk flows on as easily and naturally as in the extract given above, closely resembling the conversations in the chapters in the phrase-book for advanced pupils. But with all these obvious faults, and an almost impossible plot, the writer shows a genuine love of nature, and an appreciation of character that is really poetical. It is a book that is good in spite of itself, but yet it is barely readable. Its merits are those that are hardly evident enough to tempt the ordinary reader, who, naturally enough, wishes the way made easy before him. He takes a novel as he takes a walk, for amusement; he does not care for ruggedness,—that wearies him, every day life gives him that,—any more than he does for an afternoon stroll through the thicket of the untrodden forest.

In Dr. Holmes' novels,—if we can call them novels,—in spite of his way of treating his characters like pathological or anatomical specimens, and in Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's *Norwood*, we find the humorous Yankee admirably given. But, while *Elsie Venner* is in its way a well constructed romance, and Hiram in *Norwood* is an amusingly and accurately drawn character, neither novel deserves the highest praise. They are both very clever attempts by men who are not novelists. Sam Lawson, in Mrs. Stowe's *Old Town Stories*, is an extremely amusing person. This lady has certainly, to a remarkable extent, the power of detecting the humorous side of what she sees, and of representing it. The Yankee in her writings is an admirable copy of an original that can be found in almost every New England village,—a man, namely, of greater or less worthlessness, but with a wisdom, or rather shrewdness, that makes him far superior to the ordinary people around him. It is part of the novelist's work to introduce just such characters. They are, so to speak, picturesque, and yet true to nature. Of the immense superiority of a story that contains one personage that is really a human being, it would be needless to speak. Most novels leave as shadowy an impression of the genuineness of their heroes and heroines upon the minds of their readers, as does the pictured Quaker of the advertisements of the soundness of his religious views. But the introduction of a character that is only of dramatic importance, that is to say, who is more truly drawn as a representative of a class than as a human being, does not of itself make a good novel. The reader is more easily satisfied with a superficial sketch in the former case than he would be in the latter. A man may be well drawn as a village loafer, he may give us the very impression that the genuine idler makes upon us, and to do this is no light task; it is one for which a writer deserves high praise, and this no one would deny to Mrs. Stowe. But there is beyond this a feeling in the reader's mind that he has a right to expect a solution of more difficult characters, a representation not only of one or two persons, but also of some probable and well-connected incidents. In the better sort of novels we get some human beings, but we also demand a story, a plot that shall be probable and interesting. One character, no matter if very life-like, in an awkwardly constructed story is as out of place as would be a poet on a desert island. But still it cannot be denied that it is the drawing of a character which is the most difficult part of the novelist's task, and if he succeeds he has thereby the surest hold upon his readers. If he fails in this, he fails indeed, for even the most imaginative are cold to the dangers that threaten even the most carefully dressed puppets. But a well-drawn character, one which we feel to be an accurate representation of what a human being might be, one who seems to us not merely what we fancy fellow-travellers, for instance, are, but who is a consistent creation, moved by passion, with feelings of his own, and his own special temptations, who may differ entirely

from ourselves, but yet of the truth of whose delineation every one can instinctively be sure, is a rare person in fiction. For creating him there are no infallible rules, any more than there are for painting a good portrait in oils. It all depends upon the writer's brains. But if he is successful, if he creates a character with whom we can feel any sympathy, although the feeling may not be one of admiration, we are sure that the writer has done something of which he may well be proud.

The great novel is yet unwritten. We hope that he who shall attempt to write it will see the simplicity, the singleness of the problem that lies before him. The surer he is of this, the better will be his work. The less conscious he is of trying to be American, the more truly will he succeed in being so. Self-consciousness does not make a strong character, and so it is with this quality of the novelist. Lay the scene on the limitless prairie or in limited Fifth Avenue, but let the story rise above its geographical boundaries; let the characters be treated as human beings, not simply as inhabitants of such or such a place, with nothing to distinguish them from the beasts that perish, except certain peculiarities of dress and language. They must dwell somewhere, but they must be something besides citizens. Fantastic creatures dwelling in pure ether are not what the reader demands, but beings true, not to fashion, but to those higher laws and passions that alone are real, that exist above all the petty, accidental caprice of time and place. The real novelist, he who is to write the "great American novel," must be a poet; he must look at life, not as the statistician, not as the census taker, nor yet as the newspaper reporter, but with an eye that sees, through temporary disguises, the animating principles, good or bad, that direct human existence; these he must set before us, to be sure, under probable conditions, but yet without mistaking the conditions for the principles. He must idealize. The idealizing novelist will be the real novelist. All truth does not lie in facts. —*North American Review.*

AUTHORITY.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the brave submit.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

[**Jorge Manrique**, a Spanish poet of the 15th century, whose principal poems were written between 1450 and 1474. In the *Edinburgh Review* the late George Moir said that the following poem "is surpassed by nothing in the Spanish language, except the odes of Luis de Leon."]

O! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life with its glories glides away,
And the stern footstep of decay
Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight,—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall:
The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our steps at last are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;

Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake
Ye disappear.

Long ere the damps of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away:
Youth smiled, and all was heav'nly fair,
Age came and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where are the strength that mocked decay,
The step that rose so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?—
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When age comes on.
Translated by George Moir.

THE FOUNTAIN OF BEAUTY.

[Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, born in Medford, Massachusetts, 11th February, 1802. One of the most earnest and successful advocates of the anti-slavery cause, and the author of numerous tales and sketches. Her chief works are: *Hobomok*, a tale of early times; *The Rebels: The Frugal Housewife; The History of Woman; Biographies of Good Wives; Philothea*, a novel; *Looking Towards Sunset;* and numerous works on the slave question. She died in 1880.]

In ancient times two little princesses lived in Scotland, one of whom was extremely beautiful, the other dwarfish, dark-coloured, and deformed. One was named Rose, and the other Marion. The sisters did not live happily together. Marian hated Rose, because she was handsome, and everybody praised her. She scowled and her face absolutely grew black when anybody asked her how her pretty little sister Rose did; and once she was so wicked as to cut off all her glossy, golden hair, and throw it into the fire. Poor Rose cried bitterly about it, but she did not scold or strike her sister; for she was an amiable, gentle little being as ever lived. No wonder all the family and all the neighbourhood disliked Marion; and no wonder her face grew uglier and uglier every day. The Scots used to be a very superstitious people, and they believed the infant Rose had been blessed by the fairies, to whom she owed her extraordinary beauty and exceeding goodness.

Not far from the castle where the princesses resided was a deep grotto, said to lead to the Palace of Beauty, where the Queen of the Fairies held her court. Some said Rose had fallen asleep there one day when she had grown tired of chasing a butterfly, and that the Queen had dipped her in an immortal fountain, from which she had risen with the beauty of an angel.[1] Marion often asked questions about this story, but Rose always replied that she had been forbidden to speak of it. When she saw any uncommonly brilliant bird or butterfly, she would sometimes exclaim, "Oh how much that looks like fairyland!" But when asked what she knew about fairyland, she blushed and would not answer.

Marion thought a great deal about this. "Why cannot I go to the Palace of Beauty?" thought she; "and why may I not bathe in the Immortal Fountain!"

One summer's noon, when all was still save the faint twittering of the birds, and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered the deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets; and with a sound of far-off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber. When she awoke it was evening; and she found herself in a small hall, where opal pillars supported a rainbow roof, the bright reflection of which rested on crystal walls, and a golden floor inlaid with pearls. All around between the opal pillars stood the tiniest vases of pure alabaster, in which grew a multitude of brilliant and fragrant flowers; some of them, twining around the pillars, were lost in the floating rainbow above. The whole of this scene of beauty was lighted up by millions of fire-flies, glittering about like wandering stars. While Marion was wondering at all this, a little figure of rare loveliness stood before her. Her robe was of green and gold; her flowing gossamer mantle was caught up on one shoulder with a pearl, and in her hair was a solitary star composed of five diamonds, each no bigger than a pin's point. And thus she sung:—

"The Fairy Queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould,
Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.
Mortal, all thou see'st is fair,
Quick thy purposes declare!

As she concluded, the song was taken up and thrice repeated by a multitude of soft voices in the distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined the chorus—the clear voice of the thrush was distinctly heard; the cricket kept time with his tiny cymbal; and ever and anon,

[1] There was a superstition that whoever slept on fairy ground was carried away by the fairies.

between the pauses, the sound of a distant cascade was heard, whose waters fell in music.

All these delightful sounds died away, and the Queen of the Fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said, "Will it please your majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?" The Queen smiled: "I will grant your request," she said, "if you will promise to fulfil all the conditions I impose. Marion eagerly promised that she would. "The Immortal Fountain," replied the Queen, "is on the top of a high, steep hill; at four different places fairies are stationed around it, who guard it with their wands; none can pass them except those who obey my orders. Go home now: for one week speak no ungentle word to your sister—at the end of that time come again to the grotto."

Marion went home light of heart. Rose was in the garden watering the flowers; and the first thing Marion observed was that her sister's sunny hair had suddenly grown as long and beautiful as it had ever been. The sight made her angry, and she was just about to snatch the water-pot from her hand with an angry expression; but she remembered the fairy, and passed into the castle in silence. The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto. The Queen was feasting when she entered the hall. The bees brought honeycomb and deposited it on the small rose-coloured shells which adorned the crystal table; gaudy butterflies floated about the head of the queen, and fanned her with their wings; the cucullo and the lantern-fly stood at her side to afford her light; a large diamond beetle formed her splendid footstool, and when she had supped, a dew-drop, on the petal of a violet, was brought for her royal fingers.

When Marion entered, the diamond sparkles on the wings of the fairies faded, as they always did in the presence of anything not perfectly good; and in a few moments all the Queen's attendants vanished away, singing as they went—

> "The Fairy Queen
> Hath rarely seen
> Creature of earthly mould,
> Within her door,
> On pearly floor,
> Inlaid with shining gold."

"Mortal! hast thou fulfilled thy promise?" asked the Queen. "I have," replied the maiden. "Then follow me." Marion did as she was directed, and away they went, over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds warbled above their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a refreshing sound. Presently they came to the hill on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed to bar the ascent. The Queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away. The hill was steep; and far, far up they went, and the air became more and more fragrant, and more and more distinctly they heard the sound of the waters falling in music. At length they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed. "Here," said the Queen, "our journey must end. You can go no farther until you shall have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now; for one month do by your sister in all respects as you would wish to have her do by you, were you Rose and she Marion." Marion promised, and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. She could help speaking, but when Rose asked for any of her playthings she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along; when Rose talked to her she wanted to go away in silence; and when a pocket mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she did the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful that she did as she would be done by.

All the household remarked how Marion had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose, "she is good and amiable." "So do I," and "So do I," said a dozen voices. Marion blushed, and her eye sparkled with pleasure. "How pleasant it is to be loved," thought she.

At the end of the month she went to the grotto. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands, and flew away. They travelled on; the path grew steeper and steeper, but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled, and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. Their course was stayed by a troop of fairies in rainbow robes and silver wands tipped with gold. In face and form they were far more beautiful than anything Marion had yet seen. "Here we must pause," said the Queen; "this boundary you cannot yet pass." "Why not?" asked the impatient Marion. "Because those must be very pure who pass the rainbow fairies," replied the Queen. "Am I not very pure?" said Marion; "all the folks at the Castle tell me how good I have grown."

"Mortal eyes see only the outside," answered the Queen; "but those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought as well as in action. Return home—for three months never indulge an envious or wicked thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain." Marion was sad at heart; for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

At the end of the three months she again visited the Palace of Beauty. The Queen did not smile when she saw her, but in silence led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The green fairies and the blue fairies flew away as they approached, but the rainbow fairies bowed low to the Queen, and kept their gold-tipped wands firmly crossed. Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim, and she burst into tears. "I knew," said the Queen, "that you could not pass this boundary. Envy has been in your heart, and you have not driven it away. Your sister has been ill, and in your heart you wished that she might die, or rise from the bed of sickness deprived of her beauty. But be not discouraged; you have been several years indulging wrong feelings, and you must not wonder that it takes many years to drive them away."

Marion was sad as she wended her way homeward. When Rose asked her what was the matter, she told her that she wanted to be very good, but she could not. "When I want to be good I read my Bible and pray," said Rose; "and I find God helps me to be good." Then Marion prayed that God would help her to be pure in thought; and when wicked feelings rose in her heart she read her Bible, and they went away.

When she again visited the Palace of Beauty the Queen smiled, and touched her playfully with her wand, then led the way to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright as she approached them, and they lowered their wands and sung as they flew away—

"Mortal, pass on,
Till the goal is won,—
For such I ween
Is the will of our Queen—
Pass on! Pass on!"

And now every footstep was on flowers that yielded beneath their feet, as if their pathway had been upon a cloud. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, yet it did not oppress the senses with its heaviness; and loud, clear, and liquid came the sound of the waters as they fell in music. And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks; a rainbow arch rests above it, like a perpetual halo; the spray falls in pearls, and forms fantastic foliage about the margin of the fountain. It has touched the webs woven among the grass, and they have become pearl-embroidered cloaks for the Fairy Queen. Deep and silent, below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain! Its amber-coloured waves flow over a golden bed; and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds in their hair glance like sunbeams on the waters.

"Oh let me bathe in the fountain!" cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight. "Not yet," said the Queen. "Behold the purple fairies with golden wands that guard its brink!" Marion looked, and saw beings far lovelier than any her eye had ever rested on. "You cannot pass them yet," said the Queen. "Go home; for one year drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in the fountain, but because goodness is lovely and desirable for its own sake. Purify the inward motive, and your work is done."

This was the hardest task of all. For she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but because she had wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left it in tears; for the golden specks grew dim at her approach, and the golden wands were still crossed, to shut her from the Immortal Fountain. The fourth time she prevailed. The purple fairies lowered their wands, singing,

"Thou hast scaled the mountain,
Go bathe in the fountain,
Rise fair to the sight
As an angel of light,—
Go bathe in the fountain!"

Marion was about to plunge in, but the Queen touched her, saying, "Look into the mirror of the waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart can wish?"

Marion looked at herself, and she saw that her eye sparkled with new lustre, that a bright colour shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth. "I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning in surprise to the Queen. "True," replied the Queen; "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and clean conscience are the only Immortal Fountain of Beauty."

When Marion returned, Rose clasped her to her bosom, and kissed her fervently. "I know all," said she; "though I have not asked you a question. I have been in fairyland, dis-

guised as a bird, and I have watched all your steps. When you first went to the grotto I begged the Queen to grant your wish."

Ever after that the sisters lived lovingly together. It was the remark of every one, "How handsome Marion has grown. The ugly scowl has departed from her face, and the light of her eye is so mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that to my taste, I declare, she is as handsome as Rose."

THE LOVERS.

[Robert Pollok, A.M., born at Muirhouse, Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, 1799; died near Southampton, 15th September, 1827. Educated at the Glasgow University for the ministry; licensed to preach in 1827; but only appeared once in the pulpit. He died on his way to Italy in search of health. Besides his poem he wrote three tales of the Covenanters—*Helen of the Glen; The Persecuted Family;* and *Ralph Gemmell.* Professor Wilson said: "*The Course of Time* for so young a man was a vast achievement. . . . He had much to learn in composition, and, had he lived, would have looked almost with humiliation on much that is at present eulogized by his devoted admirers. But the soul of poetry is there." The poem was received with remarkable favour here and in America. The seventy-eighth thousand was published by Blackwood in 1868. The following is from the fifth book.]

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood;
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand,
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth,
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the Moon,
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer,
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour, far
Beyond the wave: and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
Her lover's safety and his quick return.
In holy humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr sighs
On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the Moon looked steadfastly; the Stars,
That circle nightly round the eternal Throne,
Glanced down, well-pleased; and Everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

O had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not; for ofttimes Providence,
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapt in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
But sweeter still, the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat, embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God, approving, blest the holy joy!

A QUESTION OF GRAVITY.

BY W. M. PRAED.

The advancement of knowledge is the triumph of truth, and, as such, is the eventual interest of mankind; inasmuch as the extension of reason is by its very definition the necessary object of rational beings. Timid theologians have trembled on the confines of some topics which might lead to dangerous discovery; forgetful that religion and truth, if not identical, are at least inseparable. Some nice and sensitive chemists have forborne the search of the *ne plus ultra* in alchemy, dreading that as gold is the great fountain of wickedness on earth, the indefinite increase of that metal might be the unlimited multiplication of human evil: but forgetting that in all human affairs, from fluids

up to theories, there is a specific gravity in all things which keeps constant the level of terrestrial operations, and prevents the restless brain of man from raising any edifice, in brick or discovery, high enough to be the ruin of his own species. To me, however, the one consideration, that the eternal search of knowledge and truth is the very object of our faculties, has been the main-spring of my life, and although my individual sufferings have been far from light, yet at their present distance the contemplation gives me pleasure, and I have the satisfaction to reflect that I am now in possession of an art which is continually employed, day and night, for the benefit of the present generation and of ages yet to come.

I was born in the Semlainogorod of Moscow; and for ten years applied intensely to chemistry. I confess the failure of many eminent predecessors prevented my attempting the philosopher's stone; my whole thoughts were engaged on the contemplation of gravity—on that mysterious invisible agent which pervaded the whole universe—which made my pen drop from my fingers—the planets move round the sun—and the very sun itself, with its planets, moons, and satellites, revolve for ever, with myriads of others, round the final centre of universal gravity—that mysterious spot, perhaps the residence of those particular emanations of Providence which regard created beings. At length I discovered the actual ingredients of this omnipresent agent. It is little more than a combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; but the proportions of these constituent parts had long baffled me, and I still withhold them from my species for obvious reasons.

Knowledge is power,—and the next easy step from the discovery of the elements was the decomposition of gravity, and the neutralization of its parts in any substance at my pleasure. I was more like a lunatic than a rational chemist;—a burning furor drove me to an immediate essay of my art, and stripped me of the power and will to calculate on consequences. Imagine me in my laboratory. I constructed a gravitation-pump—applied it to my body—turned the awful engine, and stood in an instant the first of all created beings—devoid of weight! Up sprung my hair—my arms swung from my sides above the level of my shoulders, by the involuntary action of the muscles; which were no longer curbed by the re-action of their weight. I laughed like a fool or a fiend, closed my arms carefully to my side, compressed or concealed my bristling hair under my cap, and walked forth from my study to seek some retired spot in the city where I might make instant experiment of a jump. With the greatest difficulty I preserved a decent gait; I walked with the uncasy unsteady motion of a man in water whose toes might barely reach the bottom: conscious as I was of my security, I felt every instant apprehensive of a fall. Nothing could have reconciled me to the disagreeable sensation I experienced, but the anticipation of vaulting unfettered into the air. I stood behind the cathedral of the Seven Towers; nobody was near—I looked hurriedly around, and made the spring! I rose with a slow, uniform motion,—but, gracious Heaven! imagine my horror and distress when I found that nothing but the mere resistance of the air opposed my progress; and when at last it stopped my flight, I found myself many hundred feet above the city—motionless, and destitute of every means of descent. I tore my hair, and cursed myself, for overlooking so obvious a result. My screams drew thousands to the singular sight. I stretched my arms towards the earth and implored assistance. Poor fool! I knew it was impracticable.

But conceive the astonishment of the people! I was too high to be personally known;—they called to me and I answered; but they were unable to catch the import, for sound, like myself, rises better than it falls. I heard myself called an angel, a ghost, a dragon, a unicorn, and a devil. I saw a procession of priests come under me to exorcise me; but had Satan himself been free of gravity, he had been as unable to descend at their bidding as myself. At length the fickle mob began to jeer me—the boys threw stones at me, and a clever marksman actually struck me on the side with a bullet; it was too high to penetrate—it merely gave me considerable pain, drove me a few feet higher, and sunk again to the ground. Alas! I thought, would that it had pierced me, for even the weight of that little ball would have dragged me back to earth. At length the shades of evening hid the city from my sight; the murmur of the crowd gradually died away, and there I still was, cold, terrified, and motionless—nearer to heaven than such a fool could merit to rise again. What was to be the end of this! I must starve and be stared at!

Imagine my joy when a breeze sprung up, and I felt myself floating in darkness over the town: but even now new horrors seized me;—I might be driven downwards into the Moskwa and drowned; I might be dashed against the cathedral and crushed. Just as I thought on this my head struck violently against the great bell of Boris Godunuff;—the blow and the deep

intonation of the bell deprived me for some minutes of life and recollection. When I revived, I found I was lying gently pressed by the breeze against the balustrades: I pulled myself carefully along the church, pushed myself down the last column, and run as straight as my light substance would permit me to my house.. With far greater joy than when I had been disrobed of it, I speedily applied a proper condensation of gravity to my body, fell on my knees to thank Heaven for my deliverance, and slunk into bed, thoroughly ashamed of my day's performance. The next day, to escape suspicion, I joined the re-assembled crowd, looking upward as serious as the rest, gazed about for yesterday's phenomenon, and I daresay was the only one who felt no disappointment in its disappearance.

Any one would imagine that, after this trial, I should have burned my pump and left gravity to its own operations. But no! I felt I was reserved for great things;—such a discovery was no every-day occurrence, and I would work up every energy of my soul rather than relinquish this most singular, though frightful, field of experiment.

I was too cautious to deprive myself again entirely of gravity. In fact, in my late experiment, as in others, when I talk of extracting my gravity *entirely*, I mean just enough to leave me of the same weight as the atmosphere. Had I been lighter than that, I should have risen involuntarily upward like an air-bubble in a bucket. Even as it was, I found myself inclined to rise and fall with every variation of the atmosphere, and I had serious thoughts of offering myself to the university as a barometer, that, by a moderate salary, I might pass the remainder of my days in tranquillity and honour. My object now was merely to render myself as light as occasion required: besides, I found that by continual contact with the earth and atmosphere I always imbibed gradually a certain portion of weight, though by extremely slow and imperceptible degrees; for the constituent parts of gravity which I have mentioned enter largely, as every chemist knows, into the composition of all earths and airs: thus, in my late essay, I should certainly have eventually descended to earth without the intervention of the breeze; indeed, I should probably have been starved first, though my body would have at last sunk down for the gratification of my friends.

Three furred coats and a pair of skates I gained by leaping at fairs in the Sloboda, and subsistence for three weeks by my inimitable performance on the tight-rope; but when at last I stood barefoot on a single needle, and balanced myself head downwards on a bodkin, all Moscow rung with applause. But the great object of all my earthly hopes was to gain the affections of a young widow in the Kremlin, whose heart I hoped to move by the unrivalled effects of my despair. I jumped head-foremost from a chair on the hard floor; twice I sprung into a well, and once I actually threw myself from the highest spire in Moscow. I always lay senseless after my falls, screamed at my revival, and counterfeited severe contusions. But in vain! I found my person or pretensions disagreeable to her. The truth is, it did not escape the notice of the people that I was destitute of weight; and although I took care to show myself publicly with a proper gravity, even with an additional stone weight, strange stories and whispers went forth about me; and when my feats of agility, and frightful, though not fatal, falls were recollected, it became generally believed that I had either sold myself to the devil, or was myself that celebrated individual. I now began to prepare myself for immediate escape, in case I should be legally prosecuted. I had hitherto been unable, when suspended in the air, to lower myself at my pleasure; for I was unable to make my pump act upon itself, and therefore, when I endeavoured to take it with me, its own weight always prevented my making any considerable rise. I have since recollected, indeed, that had I made two pumps, and extracted the weight from one by means of the other, I might have carried the light one up with me, and filled myself by its means with gravity when I wished to descend. However, this plan, as I said, having escaped my reflection, I set painfully about devising some method of carrying about gravity with me in a neutralized state, and giving it operation and energy when it should suit my convenience. After long labour and expensive experiments, I hit upon the following simple method:—

You will readily imagine that this subtle fluid, call it gravitation, or weight, or attraction, or what you will, pervading as it does every body in nature, impalpable and invisible, would occupy an extremely small space when packed in its pure and unmixed state. I found, after decomposing it, that besides the gases I mentioned before, there always remained a slight residuum, incombustible and insoluble. This was evidently a pure element, which I have called by a termination common among chemists, "gravium." When I admitted to it the other gases, except the azote of the atmosphere, it assumed a creamy consistence, which

might be called "essential oil of gravitation;" and finally, when it was placed in contact with the atmosphere, it imbibed azote rapidly, became immediately invisible, and formed pure weight. I procured a very small elastic Indian-rubber bottle, into which I infused as much oil of gravity as I could extract from myself, carefully closed it, and squeezed it flat; and I found that by placing over the orifice an extremely fine gauze and admitting the atmosphere through it (like the celebrated English Davy lamp), as the bottle opened by its own elasticity, the oil became weight; and when I squeezed it again the azote receded through the gauze and left the weightless oil. I was now in possession of the ultimatum of my inquiries, the means of jumping into the air without any weight, and the power of assuming it when I wished to descend. What I feared came to pass: I was indicted as a sorcerer and condemned to be hung; I concealed my bottle under my arm, ascended the scaffold, avowed my innocence, and was turned off. I counterfeited violent convulsions, but was careful to retain just weight enough to keep the rope tight. In the evening, when the populace had retired, I gently extricated my neck, walked home, and prepared to leave my country.

At Petersburg I heard that Captain Khark of Voronetz was about to sail to India to bombard a British fortress. I demanded an interview.

"Sir," said I, "I am an unhappy man, whose misfortunes have compelled him to renounce his country. I am in possession of an art by which I can give you accurate intelligence of everything going on in the fortress you are to attack; and I offer you my services, provided you will give me a passage and keep my secret."

I saw by his countenance he considered me an impostor.

"Sir," I said, "promise me secrecy, and you shall behold a specimen of my art."

He assented. I squeezed the little bottle under my arm, sprung upward, and played along the ceiling, to his great amaze. He was a man of honour, and kept his promise; and in six months we arrived off the coast of Coromandel. Here I made one of the greatest mistakes in my life. I had frequently practised my art during the first part of the voyage for the amusement of the sailors; and instead of carrying my gravity-bottle with me, I used to divest myself of just sufficient gravity to leap mast-high, and descend gently on the deck; and by habit I knew the exact quantity which was requisite in northern climes. But when I had ascended to view the fortress near the equator, I found too late that I had extracted far too much, and for this reason:—If you hold an orange at its head and stalk by the forefinger and thumb, and spin it with velocity, you will see that small bodies would be thrown with rapidity from those parts which lie midway between the finger and thumb, while those that are nearer are far less affected by the rotatory motion. It was just so with me. I had been used to descend in the northern climates with a very slight weight; but I now found that in the equatorial regions I was thrown upward with considerable strength. A strong sea-breeze was blowing. I was borne rapidly away from the astonished crew, passed over the fortress, narrowly escaped being shot, and found myself passing in the noblest manner over the whole extent of India. Habit had entirely divested me of fear, and I experienced the most exquisite delight in viewing that fine country spread out like a map beneath me. I recognized the scenes of historical interest. *There* rolled the Hydaspes by the very spot where Porus met Alexander. *There* lay the track of Mahmoud the great Gaznevide. I left the beautiful Kashmir on the right. I passed over the head-quarters of Persia in her different ages, Herat, Ispahan, Kamadan. Then came Arbela on my right, where a nation, long cooped up in a country scarce larger than Candia, had overthrown the children of the great Cyrus, and crushed a dynasty whose sway reached uninterrupted for 2000 miles. I saw the tomb of Gordian on the extreme frontier of his empire—a noble spot for the head of a nation of warriors. I skimmed along the plain where Crassus and Galerius, at the interval of three hundred years, had learned on the same unhappy field that Rome could bleed. A strong puff from the Levant whirled me to the northward, and dropped me at length on a ridge of Mount Caucasus, fatigued and hungry. I assuaged my hunger with mountain mosses, and slept a few hours as well as the extreme cold would permit me. On waking, the hoplessness of my situation distressed me much. After passing over so many hot countries, where the exhalations from the earth had enabled my body to imbibe gravitation more rapidly than usual, I had gradually moved northward, where the centrifugal force of the earth had much decreased.

From these two causes, and in this wild country, without the means of chemically assisting myself, I now found my body too heavy to trust again to the winds—intrenched as I

was between the Black Sea and the Caspian, but without weight to give firmness to my step; without the lightness of a fowl I had all its awkward weakness in water. The savage natives cast lots for me, and I became a slave. My strange lightness was a source of mirth to all, even to my fellow-servants; and I found, by experience, how little weight a man bears in society who has lost his gravity. When I attempted to dig, I rose without effect on my spade. Sometimes when I bore a load of wood on my shoulders it felt so top-heavy, that upon the slightest wind I was sure to tumble over—and then I was chastised: my mistress one day hoisted me three miles by a single kick on the breech. But however powerless against lateral pressure, it was observed with amaze how easily I raised the vast weights under which the most powerful men in the country sunk; for, in fact, my legs being formed to the usual capabilities of mankind, had now little or no weight of body to support; I was therefore enabled to carry ten or twelve stone in addition to a common burden. It was this strength that enabled me to throw several feet from the earth a native who had attacked me. He was stunned by the fall, but, on rising, with one blow he drove me a hundred yards before him. I took to my heels, determined, if possible, to escape this wretched life. The whole country was on foot to pursue me, for I had doubly deserved death; I had bruised a freeman, and was a fugitive slave. But notwithstanding the incredible agility of these people in their native crags, their exact knowledge of the clefts in the hills, the only passes between the eternal snows, and my own ignorance, I utterly baffled their pursuit by my want of weight, and the energy which despair supplied me. Sometimes when they pressed hardest on me I would leap up a perpendicular crag twenty feet high, or drop down a hundred. I bent my steps towards the Black Sea, determined, if I could reach the coast, to seek a passage to some port in Cathenoslaw, and retire where I might pass the remainder of my life under a feigned name, with at least the satisfaction of dying in the dominions of my legitimate sovereign, Alexander.

Exhausted and emaciated I arrived at a straggling village, the site of the ancient Pityus. This was the last boundary of the Roman power on the Euxine, and to this wretched place state exiles were frequently doomed. The name became proverbial; and, I understand, has been so far adopted by the English that the word "Pityus" is, to this day, most adapted to the lips of the banished. In a small vessel we sailed for Azof; but when we came off the Straits of Caffa, where the waters of the Don are poured into the Euxine, a strong current drove us on a rock, and in a fresh gale the ship went speedily to pieces. I gave myself up for lost, and heard the crew, one after the other, gurgle in the waves and scream their last, while I lay struggling and buffeting for life. But after the first hurry for existence I found I had exhausted myself uselessly, for my specific gravity being so trifling I was enabled to lie on the surface of the billows without any exertion, and even to sit upon the wave as securely as a couch. I loosened my neckcloth, and spreading it wide with my hands and teeth, I trusted myself to the same winds that had so often pelted me at their mercy, and always spared me. In this way I traversed the Euxine. I fed on the scraps that floated on the surface—sometimes dead fish, and once or twice on some inquisitive stragglers whose curiosity brought them from the deep to contemplate the strange sail. Two days I floated in misery, and a sleepless night; by night I dared not close my eyes for fear of falling backward—and by day I frequently passed objects that filled me with despair — fragments of wrecks; and then I looked on my own sorry craft: once I struck my feet against a drowned sailor, and it put me in mind of myself. At last I landed safe on the beach between Odessa and Otchacow, traversed the Ukraine, and by selling the little curiosities I had picked up on my passage, I have purchased permission to reside for the rest of my days unknown and unseen in a large forest near Minsk. Here, within the gray crumbling walls of a castle that fell with the independence of this unhappy country, I await my end. I have left little to regret at my native Moscow; neither friends, nor reputation, nor lawful life; and I had failed in a love which was dearer to me than reputation—than life—than gravity itself. I have established an apparatus on improved principles to operate on gravity; and I am now employed, day and night, for the benefit, not more of the present generation than of all mankind that are to come. In fact, I am laboriously and unceasingly extracting the gravitation from the earth in order to bring it nearer the sun; and though by thus diminishing the earth's orbit, I fear I shall confuse the astronomical tables and calculations, I am confident I shall improve the temperature of the globe. How far I have succeeded may be guessed from the recent errors in the almanacs about the eclipses, and from the late mild winters.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

[William Shenstone, born at the Leasowes, Hales Owen, Shropshire, 1714; died there, 1763. His rural tastes rendered the gardens of the Leasowes even more famous than the proprietor's poetry. His poems chiefly relate to ideal shepherds, and are marked by many affectations; but *The Schoolmistress*, from which we quote, will preserve his memory by its simple fidelity to nature. Goldsmith said of it: "This poem is one of those happinesses in which a poet excels himself, as there is nothing in all Shenstone which anyway approaches it in merit."]

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
Embow'red in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe,
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low,
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenements betray,
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snowe,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own:
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare,
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same:
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish biting infant's tongue,
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found,
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driv'n from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.

O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning ev'ry string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elphins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
And tortious death was trué Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord! forfend thilk days should ere return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate, and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise,
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

. . . . . .

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may fly.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boist'rous revel rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bow'rs.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs;
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

AN ITALIAN LOVE-STORY.

BY SCIPIONE BARGAGLI.

Among other families, gentle ladies, that in times gone by are known to have ornamented our native city, one of the most noble, perhaps, was the Saracini; a house which still preserves unsullied its ancient worth and splendour. In the long list of names that constituted its different branches, we find mention of one Ippolito, the sole surviving heir of a distinguished cavalier. At the period we are about to refer to, he numbered no more than eighteen years, was extremely graceful and handsome in his person, of elevated mind and intellect, and much esteemed by his friends and fellow-citizens for the vivacity and courtesy of his manners. Now it fell out, as is most frequently the case with youths of a fine temperament, that he became deeply enamoured of one of the most beautiful and attractive girls in all the city, whose surpassing charms and accomplishments were celebrated wherever she had been seen. Her name was Gangenova, the youngest of three daughters left to the care of a widowed mother, the relict of Messer Reame Salimbeni, whose family ranked among the first in Sienna, for numerous services rendered to the republic in periods of the greatest peril, though now, along with its arms and palaces, become altogether extinct; nothing of its past grandeur remaining but the name. The delight of all her relations, as well as of the society in which she moved, it was no wonder then that the fair Gangenova should so far have enthralled the soul of young Ippolito, that, by frequent contemplation of her beauties and accomplishments, he resolved to run all hazards in order to win her love. Nor had he, in the few opportunities permitted him of conversing with her, any reason for despair, since he rightly interpreted the tones and looks with which she occasionally

addressed him. But in consequence of the very strict superintendence of her mother, which was exercised with greater severity over Gangenova than over her elder sisters, the interviews of the lovers were very rare; a system of intolerance so little in accordance with the open and ardent character of Ippolito, that, despising the very particular forms and ceremonies which it exacted, he was apt to grow impatient for the enjoyment of a more unconstrained society with the object he adored. With this view he made known his wishes to the young lady's mother, leaving the terms of their future union, in the most liberal manner, wholly to her, and beseeching her only to grant him a little more of the society of her he loved. What was his surprise to receive a direct refusal, on the ground that it was the lady's duty, as a mother, to attend first to the disposal of her two elder sisters! an answer that threw the young lover into a paroxysm of mingled rage and despair.

The grief of Gangenova was little less than his own, and her affection, gathering strength by opposition, was indulged with double freedom upon receiving the sanction of such an offer. Aware at the same time that her lover's conduct, in attempting to obtain an interview, added only to the jealous caution of her mother, she was at a loss in what way to proceed, being so closely watched as scarcely to be allowed to breathe the air, much less to partake of the innocent sports and amusements to which young persons of her age are attached. It was impossible, however, to preserve so strict a watch as to deprive them of all kind of mutual intelligence; and Ippolito became acquainted with her unhappy situation. She even entreated of him, in pity to her, that he would discontinue his assiduous attentions, and either absent himself, or feign absence, during a short period, from the city, as she grew fearful of the extremities to which her friends in their anger might proceed. At the same time, she besought him to consider this as a proof of regard, not of coldness or indifference, as she would ever endeavour to show herself grateful, and worthy of the high opinion that he had so kindly and nobly avowed for her.

These tidings served at once to increase the passion that Ippolito already entertained, and the unhappiness he felt in being the unwilling cause of the least portion of suffering to her he loved, when he felt as if he could gladly have sacrificed his life to her happiness and repose. Still he exulted in the idea that she returned his affection, and he tried to flatter himself with the prospect of brighter days to come. And in order to convince her of the purity and disinterestedness of his attachment, he resolved, however difficult the task, to obey her wishes, and to leave for a while his native place, giving out that he was gone upon a pilgrimage to the shrine of San Jacomo of Galicia. He was moreover desirous of thus proving the sincerity of the affection of her he loved, and of ascertaining whether her regard was likely to increase or diminish by distance; and with this view, having arranged his affairs, and bid adieu to all his friends, as if on the eve of a long voyage, he assumed his pilgrim's dress, and, to the surprise and grief of all his acquaintance, left the city. When the unhappy maiden heard of his departure, she shed many tears, regretting that she had ever proposed so harsh and trying an alternative, and upbraided herself as the sole cause of every sinister event that might chance to follow, never having imagined it possible that he would venture upon so painful and hazardous a journey. And in this she reasoned well, for when Ippolito had pursued his way until about sunset, he abandoned the great road, and, striking into one of the thickest woods near at hand, he there deposited his pilgrim's mantle, cowl, and staff; then retracing his steps in another dress, he entered, about the hour when the gates were closed, without observation, into Sienna. Proceeding direct to the abode of an old nurse, the only person whom he had admitted into his secret counsel, he there provided himself with everything requisite for his purpose.

Now near the church of San Lorenzo, was a little country seat, with a small orchard attached, belonging to Ippolito; both of which he had presented to his aged nurse, who, on her side, had always felt the same affection for him as for an only child. Next to this little tenement lay a spacious and beautiful garden, the property of the mother of the fair Gangenova, Ippolito's beloved mistress; and here with her daughters she was often accustomed to take the air, and enjoy the fragrance of the new-blown flowers. "Surely," thought the gentle and enamoured boy, "here at least we shall hardly be suspected; nobody will believe me bold enough to seek her under her mother's very wing; let us only find an opportunity of conversing with each other, and I cannot fail to discover some means of bringing our difficulties to a happy termination." And solely for this object did he keep himself concealed, like a bird that shuns the eye of day, within the bounds of his little cottage ground; never venturing forth except late in the evening, when, scaling a lofty wall, he descended into

the garden of his beloved Gangenova, and approached close under her chamber windows. Up the side of these there chanced to flourish a lofty and lovely mulberry-tree, one of whose spacious branches overshadowed the apartment in which she lay, and where her mother kept her, as being the youngest of her charges, constant company by night. Under its shade, likewise, Ippolito was wont to take his evening station, eager to avail himself of any opportunity of beholding or discovering himself to the object of his attachment. In this way he was soon convinced that the sole chance he had of profiting by his situation was about the hour of sunrise, when he observed the fair girl appear on the balcony overlooking the garden, on which were placed a number of beautiful plants, interspersed with lilies and violets, from which she would cull some of the sweetest to deck her lovely breast and hair. There too he observed her amuse herself with a pretty linnet which had nested itself in the noble tree, and which, won by her sweet encouragement, would hop into the window and nestle in her bosom; and it was then his delight to watch her thousand gentle looks and motions, and to imagine how delicious it would be to appropriate to himself the whole of those kisses and caresses. Often had he been on the point of accosting her, however great the risk, when her mother, her sisters, or some one in attendance, suddenly appearing, would dash all his hopes, and compel him to be doubly cautious, lest a discovery should be the cause of fresh restraints over his beloved. He next resolved to avail himself of the assistance of his kind old nurse, who, under a variety of pretences, obtained admission into the mother's house, of which she took advantage to gain the ear of the young lady, and inform her of all that her lover had done for her sake; of his passionate attachment and devotion, so well worthy a return, and his extreme desire of beholding her once more. Finding her equally delighted and surprised with what she had already heard, the nurse ventured to reveal to Gangenova the place of her Ippolito's concealment; and the pleasure she experienced on finding that he was so near became almost too much for her to support. "Has he not, indeed, deserted me then? is he not really journeying far away, over seas, and in a foreign land, on my account? Oh, dear nurse, tell him that his image is engraven on my soul; that I am too blessed, too happy, and never more would give him reason to complain!" Upon hearing these words, the good old dame, thinking that she had happily succeeded in her mission, returned as fast as she could, in order not to forget the least portion of the message, which she well knew would carry such joy to the soul of the young lover.

Ippolito preserved the utmost caution in his proceedings, and it was not long before fortune seemed to favour his wishes; for keeping watch one evening very assiduously, he saw the arrival of a messenger, bearing tidings that the wife of one of the old lady's brothers was taken suddenly ill, and entreated to see the mother of Gangenova without a moment's delay. She was thus compelled to set out, and leave her precious charge, for one night at least, to her own discretion; and Ippolito believed that he had at length an opportunity of convincing himself of the reality of his beloved girl's affection for him, by inducing her to embrace the long-wished occasion, and to secure their happiness by flying together, and uniting their fate in one. Fired with the hope, he hastened to his usual station, underneath the mulberry-tree that overspread her chamber windows; and in order better to attract her attention, he shook some of its boughs, imagining that her beloved bird, if nestling there, would fly to her, and by its little cries and flutterings, lead her to appear on the balcony. Not succeeding, however, in this, he hastily ascended the tree, when soon the affrighted bird, flying with timid cries into some neighbouring shrubs, uttered such loud and sorrowful tones as to startle the gentle girl out of her slumber, who fearing some sad accident had befallen it, hastily ran to the window. With a simple veil thrown over her neck and bosom, and her fine bright tresses carelessly yet gracefully arranged, she appeared in the eyes of her enchanted lover rather like a vision than a creature of mortal beauty, while a mingled look of anxiety and tenderness was impressed upon her countenance. Solicitous for the fate of her little companion, she cast her eyes eagerly on all sides, when, instead of her pretty linnet, the accents of Ippolito, eager to dissipate her alarm, met her ears. The next moment she beheld him nearly at her side, and he succeeded almost in reaching her chamber window, while he attempted to prevent her crying out by addressing her in the lowest and sweetest tone: "Fear not, my gentle Gangenova; it is your Ippolito who speaks; fear not, either for yourself or your little favourite, for soon he will resume his blithesome notes, secure and happy as before. But mine, alas, how different a fate! though far more fond, a thousand times more passionately devoted to you, serving you so long and faithfully. Had you the heart then, my sweetest, to think I

was now taking my woful pilgrimage far from thee, through remote and strange parts; perhaps gone upon my everlasting journey? Oh, no, no, I knew you had not, and I have been near you day and night, ever since the period when I left my friends to go upon my feigned pilgrimage. For, alas, when I cannot turn my thoughts from you for a moment, how could I wilfully bend my steps another way? how could I find a moment's repose till I had laid my wearied limbs and my burdened heart as near you as I could possibly venture, without quite breaking upon your hallowed rest? Hath not our poor nurse told you all I have done and suffered for your sake; my lonely days, and sorrowing, yet delicious nights, passed amidst the scenes you have loved, among the very trees, and fruits, and flowers where you have wandered? nay, in these lofty and verdant branches, that so richly and beauteously overshadow the sanctuary of my love? Often have I seen you, at the glimpse of dawn, gathering flowers, or caressing your bird; yet venturing not to intrude, afraid of calling down still further anger from your jealous guardians upon your innocent head. But my fond and unceasing vows have wearied Heaven at last: your mother is gone, and the hour arrived that is to repay us for a world of anxiety and dread; the fear of losing thee, and all that promised to make life sweet to me. Yet our time is precious, and I came to gather from thine own lips that thou dost indeed honour me with thy love; that thou wilt deign to receive my plighted vows and loyalty unto death. And this I would entreat in the name of all my anguish, all my fears for thee; by the horror of a rival's arms; and by thine own surpassing beauties, that amidst all our city's charms, have alone succeeded in rivetting my enchanted sight. Yet I know how all unworthy I am; how much better and longer thou deservest to be sought ere won. Still thou knowest my whole life and bearing, though thou canst not form an idea of the sighs and tears I have poured for thee. Pity me then; and with pity let love and reason, let all the heavenly gifts you possess, plead in my favour, and induce you to receive me as your favoured and honoured lord."

Here he ceased, waiting with eager and trembling looks for a reply: while the beautiful Gangenova, overpowered on her side by a thousand wild and sweet emotions, was almost unable to articulate a word. Having descended into the balcony, on her sudden alarm, to recover her favourite bird, she had attempted, on first hearing Ippolito's voice, to fly; yet surprise and terror chained her to the spot; for, having read the fabled metamorphoses of plants into mortals, and human beings into plants, on hearing a voice from the mulberry-tree her blood began to run cold, and her attempt to call out died away ere it passed her lips. Yet there was something in the tone that convinced her she need not fear, and gradually recovering her confidence, her heart seemed actually to swim in a tide of rapture, before her noble lover had concluded his passionate appeal. "Dear Ippolito," she at length replied, "it grieves me that we are so situated that it would be dangerous to tell all I have thought and felt since last we met and parted, much less the delight I have at finding you safe and near me once more. But, alas! this is no place for you; speed away, I beseech you, and think me neither hasty nor unkind, as indeed, I esteem all your love and goodness to me as tenderly as I ought. But I fear for you, my kind Ippolito, and I entreat you to bid me one adieu, and let me see you safely depart." At this moment hearing a noise in the antechamber, and fearful lest her sisters should approach, Gangenova hastily drew back, while Ippolito, imagining that it proceeded from her room, and hearing a rustling noise continue for some time, was seized with sudden suspicions of some rival being harboured there, either by her sisters or the fair Gangenova herself. Maddened by this idea he no longer remained master of himself, and in his attempt to reach her window from the tree, so as to obtain a view of what was passing, such was the hurry of his spirits, that, missing his footing, he fell to the ground.

Startled at the terrific sound, the fair girl again rushed forward, bending as far as possible over the balcony, and calling on the name of Ippolito in a subdued and gentle tone; but no longer did the sound reach his enraptured ear, where he lay deprived of sense upon the cold earth. Suspense and terror seized upon the heart of the tender girl when she received no answer; love urged her to afford him her immediate assistance, while fear of discovery restrained her steps. Unable, however, longer to control her fears for his safety, she hastily descended into the garden by a back staircase rarely made use of, having remained from ancient times as a retreat in seasons of trouble, and having its outlet at the extreme part of the garden. And there, alas! she found him stretched under the mulberry-tree, lying cold and pallid, apparently deprived not only of sense but of life itself.

Almost as insensible as he, she threw herself

at his side. Upon recovering her consciousness, showers of tears expressed the intensity of her sufferings; her cries would have moved rocks and beasts of prey to pity, such were the piteous tones in which these words were uttered: "Sweet heavens, what dreadful thing hath happened! What malignant star hath struck with death one of the best and noblest hearts that ever beat! O where is the soul that but now shone in thy face? Wretch that I am, shall I never behold it more! Art thou fled, for ever fled, sweet guardian of my honour, my love, and peace! But what will betide them now, when every tongue will be busy with my fame? Whither shall I turn for help, reduced to such sad extremities as I now am?" And while, abandoned to her woe, the hapless girl thus poured her lamentations to the night, she never ceased her endeavours to restore the object of them by every means in her power, rubbing his heart and temples, joining his hands and lips to her own, and trying to breathe her soul into his. Finding that he yet gave no signs of life, she sweetly folded him in her arms, and bathed his inanimate features with her tears. Ippolito's soul, just on the point of taking wing, seemed to welcome so much bliss; and suddenly recovering his suspended powers, he heard the sweet words she uttered, and found himself alive in her arms. It was then he felt himself amply repaid for all the trials he had undergone; the sweetness and ecstasy of the reward far surpassing all he had been able to conceive, in breathing his vows thus closely into her ear. The moment before she was about to transfix her breast with her lover's sword in a paroxysm of despair; the next she found herself pressed to his breathing bosom, receiving, as it were, the gift of two lives restored to her at once. For some time they both remained doubtful whether to believe that all was real, and gazed upon each other as if in a dream, until the fresh spirit of their joy being somewhat abated, they sat down by each other, side by side, with that serene and ineffable pleasure which the imagined certainty of their bliss inspired. But it was destined, alas, to be of short duration; a voice was heard calling upon the name of Gangenova, gradually approaching nearer and nearer, so that they were compelled to part almost without bidding each other adieu. The poor girl hastened trembling by the same path that she had left the house: she fancied, in the disorder of her spirits, that she suddenly heard the terrific howlings of wild beasts, accompanied by the most dismal screams and cries; and such was the impression they made upon her imagination, just after having taken leave of Ippolito, as to deprive her of the power of motion. It was long before she recovered even strength enough to regain her apartment, and with panting breast and dishevelled hair, she threw herself upon the couch, still unable to banish the terrific ideas that haunted her imagination.

In the meanwhile the sisters of Gangenova, being likewise freed from the superintendence of their mother, had been innocently enjoying themselves in their chamber, frequently calling the fair girl by her name to come and join in their diversion. Paying little heed to her silence, they continued for some time to amuse themselves with their games, until one of them, by way of adding a little novelty to the scene, crept forward in the dark, intending to surprise her in her own room. Still receiving no reply, she ran for a light, and on returning found her sister stretched upon the bed, resembling rather a lifeless statue than a breathing human form. Calling her second sister in great alarm, they made eager inquiries into the cause of her agitation, feeling assured that something extraordinary must have happened. The poor girl was equally unwilling and unable to reply, and her sisters, in some anxiety, despatched a messenger for their mother, who lost no time in returning to resume her maternal charge. With a little more authority, she insisted upon knowing the cause of her alarm, and upbraided her sisters severely for not keeping a more vigilant watch. Gangenova declared herself quite unable to account for the manner in which she had been affected, and the others professed equal ignorance as to the cause of her indisposition. In this dilemma her mother had recourse to the advice of the most expert physicians the city had to boast, which brought no alleviation however to her daughter's alarming symptoms; not one of them being able to discover that her illness was owing to some sudden surprise, while she, far more jealous of her fair fame than of her life, concealed from every one the real cause of her sufferings. Growing rapidly worse, she became extremely anxious to behold once more her beloved Ippolito; and recollecting the old nurse, she instantly sent for her, entreating that she would, as soon as possible, acquaint him with her situation, and find some means by which they might at least meet to take an eternal farewell.

Upon receiving these sad tidings Ippolito grew deadly pale and trembled, though at the same moment he hastened to comply with her wishes. He assumed the dress of a poor

traveller, with a false beard, so as to render it almost impossible to recognize him, and set out to beg alms at several houses adjacent to that of his beloved. As he approached the latter, the lady of the mansion herself made her appearance, half wild and distracted at the situation of her loveliest daughter. Informed of the occasion of her grief, the wily pilgrim, availing himself of the circumstance, bade her not despair, as the power of the Lord was infinite, and his goodness equal to his power. Moreover, with his aid, he had himself become skilled in all the virtues of almost all the plants under the sun, and had devoted his knowledge of herbs and juices to the relief of his unhappy fellow-creatures, besides possessing secrets adapted to every species of disease. The poor credulous old lady raised her hands to heaven in gratitude upon hearing such consolatory words, vowed that he had been peculiarly sent by Providence, and insisted that he should be instantly introduced to her unhappy girl.

The moment Ippolito beheld her he perceived that the tidings he had received were indeed too true. So much was he shocked, that he could with difficulty support his character; more particularly when he saw, from the brightening features of his beloved, that she instantly recognized him. Taking, then, the hand of the suffering girl within his own, as if to feel how fast her life-blood ebbed, he begged her attendants to stand apart, while he proceeded to try his secret prayers and charms in his own way. Ippolito was thus enabled to learn the real source of her illness from her own lips. Beholding him with a mixture of tenderness and pity, that added momentary lustre to her dying charms, she attempted, in those low soft tones he so much loved, to infuse balm into his wounded spirit. Painfully sensible of the extent of his loss, Ippolito from very grief was unable to utter a word, much less to ask the needful questions of his beloved. Wildly pressing his hand, she besought him never to forget the tender love he had borne her, and which she had seldom been happy enough to tell him how warmly and deeply she returned. "For joyful, oh, very joyful, my Ippolito," she continued, "would my departure have been to me before now, had not solicitude for your fate detained me. As it is, I die content, nay grateful, for two unexpected benefits: the one to have seen you thus, to hear you, and to feel your hand in mine; and the other, to know that I lived, and that I died, beloved by my most noble and faithful-hearted Ippolito!"

It was now that the latter attempted to console and encourage her, declaring it would be his only pride to fulfil her wishes in the minutest point; but here his voice failing him, through his fast-coming tears and sobs, he laid his aching head down by the side of his beloved's, and there remaining for a short time, as he breathed forth a soul-distracting adieu; he raised it again painfully, passed his hand over his eyes, and looking his last look, left the apartment. He then joined her weeping mother, and so far from holding out any hope, he said that pity for the sad and dying state in which he had found the poor patient had drawn scalding tears from his eyes. And he had not long been gone, before the gentle spirit of his love, as if unable to continue longer without him, prepared to take wing, and in a few hours actually fled, as if to prepare in some happier scene a mansion of rest for their divided loves. For the wretched Ippolito, though able to bear up long enough to behold the beloved one consigned to earth, had no sooner witnessed all the virtues and charms he had so fondly esteemed and loved for ever entombed in the vault of the Salimbeni, than just as the ceremony was about to close, he fell dead at the foot of her marble monument. So strange and sudden an event threw the surrounding company, by whom it was regarded as little less than a miracle, into the utmost surprise and confusion, all of them believing that Ippolito Saracini was then on his way to the shrine of San Giacomo of Galicia. His unhappy parents hearing of this his untimely end, hastened to join their tears with those of the mother of the beauteous Gangenova, by whose side the faithful Ippolito was laid.

CHANGE.

Youth's fairy-land recedes, and year by year
  Less brightly do sweet memories to the soul
Come o'er the widening interval so drear,
  Like gales o'er parched desert. The control
Of after customs in life's pilgrimage
  Takes from us, with the relish, the regret
  For what we deem'd we never should forget
To love:—Then strangely in extremest age
  The early past appears, and all between
Fades traceless from remembrance.—It is not,
As some might deem, a mockery in our lot
  That thus we change, just e'er death close the scene.
Oh, no! 'tis foretaste of the coming heav'n,
Where more than youthful joy will unto man be giv'n.

THOMAS BRYDSON.

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

[Thomas Hood, born in London, 1798; died 3d May, 1845. Humourist and novelist. He began the business of life as clerk in a counting-house; then proceeded to learn the art of engraving under his uncle, Robert Sands; and finally he adopted the profession of letters. Frequent ill-health marred his prospects, although his works rapidly obtained the popularity which they still possess. A pension of £100 a year was offered to him by government when too late to be of service to him personally; but at his request it was continued to his wife. He was sometime editor of the *London Magazine*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, and for one year of the *Gem*, an annual in which first appeared *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. To *Punch*, amongst other valuable contributions, he gave *The Song of the Shirt*. His chief works are: *Odes and Addresses to Great People; Whims and Oddities; Hood's Own; Hood's Comic Miscellany; Up the Rhine; Tylney Hall*, a novel; *Our Family*, a novel, not completed, &c. "Hood's verse, whether serious or comic, was ever pregnant with materials for thought. Well may we say, in the words of Tennyson, 'Would he could have stayed with us!' for never could it be more truly recorded of any one that, 'he was a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.'"—D. M. Moir.]

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!—
That iron age—which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought—
Is now all over-cast!

Ay—where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest,—
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest!

The bold king Arthur sleepeth sound,
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such eclat!
Oh, Time has pluck'd the plumy brow!
And none engage at Turneys now
But those that go to law!

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,
Orlando lies forlorn!—
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,
Those "early champions"—what are they
But "knights without a morn."

No Percy branch now perseveres
Like those of old in breaking spears—
The name is now a lie!—
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye!

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick!
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace:
Oh, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece!

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy wall!
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great *Saladin*,
But only grow the small!

Our *Cressys* too have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
Historic pens would scoff:
The only one we moderns had,
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off!

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partizans;
Their hauberks—jerkins—buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now—with powder puffs!

The curtal-axe is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends—to Fate,
'Tis gone—the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of death, upon the shaft!

The spear—the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear, is laid aside,
Oh, spits now domineer!
The coat of mail is left alone,—
And where is all chain armour gone?
Go ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,
Bestowing hand-cuffs with our fists,
A low and vulgar art!
No mounted man is overthrown!
A tilt! It is a thing unknown—
Except upon a cart!

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his chief in steely garb,
For warding steel's appliance!
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir!
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,
That bugles the "Defiance."

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
Alas, the *Casque* is out!

No iron crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place—
Though certain doctors still pretend,
A while, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant-squire, and knight!
Our coats and custom soften,—
To rise would only make you weep—
Sleep on, in rusty-iron sleep,
As in a safety-coffin!

ORATORY.

[Henry, Lord Brougham, born at Edinburgh, 19th September, 1778; died at Cannes, 7th May, 1868. He was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review* (1802); he distinguished himself at the bar—notably as the advocate of Queen Caroline; he won high repute in parliament; he became lord-chancellor in 1830; and he rendered important service to the cause of education by his share in the organization of mechanics' institutes, and in establishing the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. He wrote upon almost every subject, and wrote well. His *Works, Critical, Historical, Philosophical, Scientific, and Rhetorical*, have been published in ten volumes; and his *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review* have been issued in three volumes by Griffin & Co. The following extract is from his review of the works of Demosthenes, of which the French critic M. Villemain declared him to be "the best of modern interpreters." Brougham also wrote a novel, *Arthur Lunel*, which was not published until five years after his death.[1]]

We must be permitted to dwell yet a little upon a topic, in itself truly inexhaustible—the prodigious merit of the immortal original (works of Demosthenes). And we pursue this course the rather in these times, when a corrupt or a careless eloquence so greatly abounds, that there are but few public speakers who give any attention to their art, excepting those who debase it by the ornaments of a most vicious taste. Not, indeed, that the two defects are often kept apart; for some men appear to bestow but little pains upon the preparation of the vilest composition that ever offended a classical ear, although it displays an endless variety of far-fetched thoughts, forced metaphors, unnatural expressions, and violent perversions of ordinary language;—in a word, it is worthless without the poor merit of being elaborate; and affords a new instance how wide a departure may be made from nature with very little care, and how apt easy writing is to prove hard reading.

Among the sources of this corruption may clearly be distinguished as the most fruitful, the habit of extempore speaking, acquired rapidly by persons who frequent popular assemblies, and, beginning at the wrong end, attempt to speak before they have studied the art of oratory, or even duly stored their minds with the treasures of thought and of language, which can only be drawn from assiduous intercourse with the ancient and modern classics. The truth is, that a certain proficiency in public speaking may be attained with nearly infallible certainty by any person who chooses to give himself the trouble of frequently trying it, and can harden himself against the pain of frequent failures. Complete self-possession and perfect fluency are thus acquired, almost mechanically, and with little or no reference to the talents of him who becomes possessed of them. If he is a man of no capacity, his speeches will of course be very bad; but though he be a man of genius, they will not be eloquent. A sensible remark or a fine image may frequently occur; but the loose and slovenly and poor diction, the want of art in combining and disposing his ideas, the inability to bring out many of his thoughts, and the utter incompetency to present any of them in the best and most efficient form, will deprive such a speaker of all claims to the character of an orator, and reduce him to the level of an ordinary talker. The same man, had he never spoken in public, would have possessed the same powers of convincing or expounding, provided he were only called upon to exert them in conversation with one or two persons. Perhaps the habit of speaking may have taught him something of arrangement, and a few of the simplest methods of producing an impression; but beyond these first steps he cannot possibly proceed by this empirical process; and his diction is sure to be much worse than if he had never made the attempt—clumsy, redundant, incorrect, unlimited in quantity, but of no value. Such a speaker is never in want of a word, and hardly ever has one that is worth having.

It is a very common error to call this natural eloquence; it is the reverse; it is neither natural nor eloquence. A person under the influence of strong passions or feelings, and pouring forth all that fills his mind, produces a powerful effect on his hearers, and frequently attains, without any art, the highest beauties of rhetoric.

[1] A feeble denial of the authorship was raised in some quarters; but there appears to be little doubt that Brougham wrote the novel, although he kept it in manuscript whilst he lived.

The language of the passions flow easily; but it is concise and simple, and the opposite of that wordiness which we have been describing. The untaught speaker, who is also unpractised, and utters according to the dictates of his feelings, now and then succeeds perfectly; but, in those instances, he would not be the less successful for having studied the art; while that study would enable him to succeed equally in all that he delivers, and give him the same control over the feelings of others, whatever might be the state of his own. Herein, indeed, consists the value of the study; it enables a man to do at all times what nature only teaches upon rare occasions.

Now, we cannot imagine any better corrective to the faults of which we are complaining in the eloquence of modern times, than the habitual contemplation of those exquisite models which the ancients have left us; and especially the more chaste beauties of Greek composition. Its perfect success, both in moving the audience to whom it was addressed, and the readers in all ages who studied it, cannot be denied; its superiority to all that has ever been produced in other countries is confessed. There may be some use, therefore, in observing how certainly it was the result of intense labour—labour previously bestowed to acquire the power, and the utmost care used in almost every exercise of that power. Without somewhat both of this discipline and this sedulous attention, it would be as vain to think of emulating those divine originals, by dint of a habit of fluent speech attained through much careless practice, as to attempt painting like Raphael without having learned to draw, and by the help of some mechanical contrivance.

The extreme pains which the most illustrious of the Greeks bestowed upon their compositions, are evinced by all the accounts transmitted to us of the course of education deemed requisite to form an orator, and by the well-known anecdotes of the steps by which both Demosthenes, and, after his example, Cicero and some of his contemporaries, trained themselves to rhetorical habits. . . .

But let us come to Demosthenes himself. His extreme care in composing his orations is as well known as the sedulous discipline which he underwent to learn the art; and, notwithstanding the facility which he must have acquired, both by this preparation and by long and constant practice, he was averse, in an extraordinary degree, to extempore speaking. Plutarch relates this of him; and, notwithstanding the great excellence which is ascribed to his unpremeditated harangues in the same passage, there may be some suspicion that his reluctance to "trust his success to fortune," affected his execution upon certain occasions—perhaps in the memorable debate with Philip, of which the orator's illustrious rival has left us so lively and so cutting a description. His anxiety in preparing may, however, be further estimated by the circumstance of his having left a collection of exordia, or introductions, almost resembling that "*volumen proœmiorum*," which we know Cicero to have kept ready by him, from the pleasant mistake that he committed in sending one to Atticus as the beginning of his treatise *De Glorià*, when he had before used it for the *Third Book of the Academic Questions*.[1] It may justly be conceived that Demosthenes was not likely to have a book of introductions, so unconnected with any particular subject as to be applicable to any speech. This rather befitted Sallust, or Cicero himself, than the close reasoning, business-like Athenian. Yet in whatever way we account for it, and though we suppose that most of the exordia in question were written in the prospect of making some particular speech, when time was wanting to compose the whole, the fact of fifty-six of these pieces remaining, only two or three of which exist in their connection with any of his known orations, seems to prove, incontestably, the laborious nature of the process by which he reached and kept his vast pre-eminence in eloquence. . . .

From the detailed examination into which we have entered of these repetitions, two conclusions may be drawn, both highly illustrative of the degree in which oratory among the Greeks was considered as an art demanding the utmost care, and calculated to exhibit the mere display of skill, as well as to attain more important objects. In the first place, we find that the greatest of all orators never regarded the composition of any sentence worthy of him to deliver, as a thing of easy execution. Practised, as he was, and able surely, if any man ever was, by his mastery over language, to pour out his ideas with facility, he elaborated every passage with almost equal care. Having the same ideas to express, he did not, like our easy and fluent moderns, clothe them in different language for the sake of variety; but reflecting that he had, upon the fullest deliberation, adopted one form of expression as the best, and because every other must needs be

[1] He tells him, as soon as he discovers the mistake, to cancel the exordium, and prefix another, which he sends, taken from the same collection.—*Ep. ad Att.* xvi. 6.

worse, he used it again without any change, unless further labour and more trials had enabled him in any particular to improve the workmanship. They who speak or write with little or no labour to themselves, and proportionably small satisfaction to others, would, in similar circumstances, find it far easier to compose anew, than to recollect or go back to what they had finished on a former occasion. Not so the mighty Athenian, whom we find never disdaining even to make use of half a sentence which he had once happily wrought, and treasured up as complete; nay, to draw part of a sentence from one quarter and part from another, applying them by some slight change to the new occasion, and perhaps adding some new member—thus presenting the whole, in its last form, made of portions fabricated at three different periods, several years asunder. Nothing can more strikingly demonstrate how difficult, in the eyes of the first of all orators and writers, that composition was, which so many speakers and authors, in all after ages, have thought the easiest part of their task.

But another inference may be drawn from the comparisons into which we have entered. If they prove the extreme pains taken by the orator, they illustrate as strikingly the delicate sense of rhetorical excellence in the Athenian audience; and seem even to show that they enjoyed a speech as modern assemblies do a theatrical exhibition, a fine drama or piece of music, which, far from losing by repetition, can only produce its full effect after a first, or even a second representation has made it thoroughly understood. It seems hardly possible, on any other supposition, to account for many of the repetitions in Demosthenes. A single sentence, or even a passage of some length, if it contained nothing very striking, might be given twice to a court or a popular assembly in modern times after no great interval of time; but who could now venture upon making a speech, about two-thirds of which had been spoken at different times, and nearly half of it upon one occasion the very year before? This would be impossible, how little soever there might be of bold figures, and other passages of striking effect. But we find Demosthenes repeating, almost word for word, some of his most striking passages—those which must have been universally known, and the recurrence of which might have been foreseen by the context. It seems to modern readers hardly possible to conceive that the functions of the critic thus performed by the Athenians should not have interfered with the capacity of actors or judges, in which it was certainly the orator's business chiefly to address them; and that the warmth of feeling, arising from a sense of the reality of all they were hearing, should not sometimes have been cooled by the recollection of the very artificial display they were witnessing. Yet no fact in history is more unquestionable than the union of the two capacities in the Athenian audience—their exquisite discrimination and high relish of rhetorical beauties, with their susceptibility of the strongest emotions which the orator could desire to excite. The powers of the artist become, no doubt, all the more wonderful on this account; and no one can deny that he was an artist, and trusted as little to inspiration as Clairon and the other actors, of whose unconcern during the delivery of passages which were convulsing the audience so many striking anecdotes are preserved. In the whole range of criticism there is not, perhaps, a more sound remark than that of Quintilian, which has sometimes been deemed paradoxical, only because it is profound, in his celebrated comparison of the Greek and Roman masters—*Curæ plus in illo, in hoc naturæ.*

PROGRESS.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

"Give back my youth!" the poets cry,
"Give back my youth!"—so say not I.
Youth play'd its part with us; if we
Are losers, should we gainers be
By recommencing, with the same
Conditions, all the finish'd game?
If we see better now, we are
Already winners just so far,—
And merely ask to keep our winning,
Wipe out loss, for a new beginning!
This may come, in Heaven's good way,
How, no mortal man shall say;
But not by fresh-recover'd taste
For sugar-plums, or valentines,
Or conjuring back the brightest day
Which gave its gift and therefore shines.
Win or lose, possess or miss,
There cannot be a weaker waste
Of memory's privilege than this—
To dwell among cast-off designs,
Stages, larvæ of yourself,
And leave the true thing on the shelf,
The Present-Future, wherewith blend
Hours that hasten to their end.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[Samuel Richardson, born in Derbyshire, 1689; died in London, 4th July, 1761, and was buried in St. Bride's Church. He was the son of a joiner; his father intended him for the church, but finding the expense of education was too great, bound him apprentice to a printer in London. Having served his apprenticeship and worked several years as a journeyman, he set up as a master printer. His care and diligence earned success. He obtained the printing of the journals of the House of Commons; in 1754 he was chosen master of the Stationers' Company; and in 1760 he purchased a moiety of the patent of printer to the king, which added much to his revenue. From his youth he had been an active letter-writer, and his services in that capacity had been frequently required by his friends of both sexes; in his business he found it useful to be able to oblige the booksellers by writing for them prefaces and dedications. He was asked by two publishers to write a book of familiar letters "on the useful concerns in common life." He gave them *Pamela*, which appeared in 1740—the author being then fifty years of age. The work was received with enthusiasm. Eight years afterwards he issued *Clarissa Harlowe*, and five years later (1753) the *History of Sir Charles Grandison*. "This last production," Scott says, "has neither the simplicity of the two first volumes of *Pamela*, nor the deep and overwhelming interest of the inimitable *Clarissa*, and must, considering it as a whole, be ranked considerably beneath both these works." "The publication of *Clarissa* (eight volumes) raised the fame of the author to the height. And high as his reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany." The work is still regarded as one of the most important contributions to English fiction.]

[Clarissa was a young lady of high Christian principle, beloved by everybody. Her grandfather had bequeathed to her his fortune; and her avaricious brother and sister, fearing that their uncles John and Anthony Harlowe might also make her their heiress, were ready to find any means of bringing her into disgrace. She was commanded to marry a man she could not like; she refused, and this was attributed to her preference for an unprincipled fellow, Lovelace. She had been induced to correspond with the latter in order to prevent an encounter between him and her brother. Lovelace persuaded her to grant him a private interview, and he then succeeded in abducting her. He conveyed her to a vicious house in London, and there, after every other means had failed, she was rendered insensible by means of drugs. On recovering, she escaped from the place to the house of an honest tradesman. On her way to church she was discovered by some of Lovelace's agents, who, thinking to oblige their master, caused her to be arrested on pretence of debt; but Lovelace obtained her release the moment this new cruelty became known to him. She returned to her lodgings to die. Her only sin had been that of disobedience to her parents, but they would not hear her prayers for pardon and for a last blessing. Various circumstances rendered it impossible for her chief friend and correspondent, Miss Howe, to attend her, and she was therefore obliged to depend upon strangers. Whilst in the direst distress, her exalted ideas of virtue compelled her to refuse the hand of the man who had betrayed her, although his family joined their prayers to his that she would accept the only possible reparation for the wrong which had been done her. The writer of the following letters, Belford, had been a companion of Lovelace, but, impressed by the noble character of Clarissa, he had determined upon a new life. Colonel Morden, her cousin, had returned to England too late to save her.]

MR. BELFORD, TO ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

FRIDAY NOON, *July* 21.

This morning I was admitted, as soon as I sent up my name, into the presence of the divine lady. Such I may call her; as what I have to relate will fully prove.

She had had a tolerable night, and was much better in spirits, though weak in person; and visibly declining in looks.

Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith [the landlady] were with her; and accused her, in a gentle manner, of having applied herself too assiduously to her pen for her strength, having been up ever since five. She said she had rested better than she had done for many nights: she had found her spirits free, and her mind tolerably easy: and having, as she had reason to think, but a short time, and much to do in it, she must be a good housewife of her hours.

She had been writing, she said, a letter to her sister, but had not pleased herself in it; though she had made two or three essays: but that the last must go.

By hints I had dropped from time to time, she had reason, she said, to think that I knew everything that concerned her and her family; and if so, must be acquainted with the heavy curse her father had laid upon her; which had been dreadfully fulfilled in one part, as to her prospects in this life, and that in a very short time; which gave her great apprehensions of the other part. She had been applying herself to her sister, to obtain a revocation of it. "I hope my father will revoke it," said she, "or I shall be very miserable—Yet" (and she gasped as she spoke, with apprehension)—"I am ready to tremble at what the answer may be; for my sister is hard-hearted."

I said something reflecting upon her friends; as to what they would deserve to be thought of, if the unmerited imprecation were not withdrawn——Upon which she took me up, and talked in such a dutiful manner of her parents as must doubly condemn them (if they remain implacable) for their inhuman treatment of such a daughter.

She said, I must not blame her parents: it was her dear Miss Howe's fault to do so. But what an enormity was there in her crime, which could set the best of parents (they had been to her, till she disobliged them) in a bad light, for resenting the rashness of a child from whose education they had reason to expect better fruits! There were some hard circumstances in her case, it was true; but my *friend* could tell me, that no *one* person, throughout the whole fatal transaction, had acted out of character but *herself*. She submitted therefore to the penalty she had incurred. If they had any fault, it was only that they would not inform themselves of some circumstances which would alleviate a little her misdeed; and that supposing her a more guilty creature than she was, they punished her without a hearing.

Lord!—*I was going to curse thee, Lovelace! How every instance of excellence, in this all-excelling creature, condemns thee;—thou wilt have reason to think thyself of all men the most accursed, if she die!*

I then besought her, while she was capable of such glorious instances of generosity and forgiveness, to extend her goodness to a man whose heart bled in every vein of it for the injuries he had done her; and who would make it the study of his whole life to repair them.

The women would have withdrawn when the subject became so particular. But she would not permit them to go. She told me that if after this time I was for entering with so much earnestness into a subject so very disagreeable to *her*, my visits must not be repeated. Nor was there occasion, she said, for my friendly offices in your favour; since she had begun to write her whole mind upon that subject to Miss Howe, in answer to letters from her, in which Miss Howe urged the same arguments, in compliment to the wishes of your noble and worthy relations.

"Meantime, you may let him know," said she, "that I reject him with my whole heart:—yet, that, although I say this with such a determination as shall leave no room for doubt, I say it not, however, with passion. On the contrary, tell him that I am trying to bring my mind into such a frame as to be able to *pity* him [poor perjured wretch! what has he not to answer for!]; and that I shall not think myself qualified for the state I am aspiring to, if, after a few struggles more, I cannot *forgive* him too: and I hope," clasping her hands together, uplifted as were her eyes, "my dear *earthly* father will set me the example my *Heavenly* one has already set us all; and, by forgiving his fallen daughter, teach her to forgive the man, who then, I hope, will not have destroyed my eternal prospects, as he has my temporal!"

Stop here, thou wretch!—But I need not bid thee!——For I can go no farther.

You will imagine how affecting her noble speech and behaviour were to me at the time when the bare recollecting and transcribing them obliged me to drop my pen. The women had tears in their eyes. I was silent for a few moments. At last, "Matchless excellence! inimitable goodness!" I called her with a voice so accented, that I was half-ashamed of myself, as it was before the women. But who could stand such sublime generosity of soul in so young a creature, her loveliness giving grace to all she said? "Methinks," said I [and I really, in a manner involuntarily, bent my knee], "I have before me an angel indeed. I can hardly forbear prostration, and to beg your influence to draw me after you to the world you are aspiring to! Yet—but what shall I say?—only, dearest excellence, make me, in some small instances, serviceable to you, that I may (if I survive you) have the glory to think I was able to contribute to your satisfaction while among us."

Here I stopped. She was silent. I proceeded —"Have you no commission to employ me in; deserted as you are by all your friends; among strangers, though, I doubt not, worthy people? Cannot I be serviceable by message, by letter-writing, by attending personally, with either message or letter, your father, your uncles, your brother, your sister, Miss Howe, Lord M., or the ladies his sisters? Any office to be employed to serve you, absolutely *independent* of my *friend's* wishes, or of my own wishes to oblige him? Think, madam, if I cannot?"

"I thank you, sir, very heartily I thank you: but in nothing that I can at present think of, or at least resolve upon, can you do me service. I will see what return the letter I have written will bring me. Till then——"

"My life and my fortune," interrupted I, "are devoted to your service. Permit me to observe, that here you are, without one natural friend; and (so much do I know of your

unhappy case) that you must be in a manner destitute of the means to *make* friends——"

She was going to interrupt me, with a prohibitory kind of earnestness in her manner.

"I beg leave to proceed, madam; I have cast about twenty ways how to mention this before, but never dared till now. Suffer me, now that I have broken the ice, to tender myself as your *banker* only. I know you will not be obliged: you *need* not. You have sufficient of your own, if it were in your hands; and from *that*, whether you live or die, will I consent to be reimbursed. I do assure you that the unhappy man shall never know either *my* offer or *your* acceptance—Only permit me this small——"

And down behind her chair I dropped a bank-note of £100 which I had brought with me, intending somehow or other to leave it behind me: nor shouldst thou ever have known it, had she favoured me with the acceptance of it; as I told her.

"You give me great pain, Mr. Belford," said she, "by these instances of your humanity. And yet, considering the company I have seen you in, I am not sorry to find you capable of such. Methinks I am glad, for the sake of human nature, that there could be but *one* such man in the world, as he, you, and I know. But as to your kind offef, whatever it be, if you take it not up, you will greatly disturb me. I have no need of your kindness. I have effects enough, which I never can want, to supply my present occasions: and, if needful, can have recourse to Miss Howe. I have promised that I would—so, pray, sir, urge not upon me this favour. Take it up yourself. If you mean me peace and ease of mind, urge not this favour." And she spoke with impatience.

"I beg, madam, but one word——"

"Not one, sir, till you have taken back what you have let fall. I doubt not either the *honour* or the *kindness* of your offer; but you must not say one word more on this subject. I cannot bear it."

She was stooping, but with pain. I therefore prevented her; and besought her to forgive me for a tender which, I saw, had been more discomposing to her than I had hoped (from the purity of my intentions) it would be. But I could not bear to think that such a mind as hers should be distressed: since the want of the conveniences she was used to abound in might affect and disturb her in the divine course she was in.

"You are very kind to me, sir," said she, "and very favourable in your opinion of me. But I hope that I cannot now be easily put out of my present course. My declining health will more and more confirm me in it. Those who arrested and confined me, no doubt thought they had fallen upon the ready method to distress me so as to bring me into all their measures. But I presume to hope that I have a mind that cannot be debased, in *essential instances*, by *temporal calamities:* little do those poor wretches know of the force of innate principles" ("forgive my own *implied* vanity," was her word), "who imagine that a prison, or penury, can being a right-turned mind to be guilty of a wilful baseness, in order to avoid such *short-lived evils.*"

She then turned from me towards the window, with a dignity suitable to her words; and such as showed her to be more of soul than of body, at that instant.

What magnanimity!—No wonder a virtue so solidly founded could baffle all thy arts:—and that it forced thee (in order to carry thy accursed point) to have recourse to those unnatural ones which robbed her of her charming senses.

The women were extremely affected, Mrs. Lovick especially; who said whisperingly to Mrs. Smith, "We have an angel, not a woman, with us, Mrs. Smith!"

I repeated my offers to write to any of her friends; and told her that, having taken the liberty to acquaint Dr. H. with the cruel displeasure of her relations, as what I presumed lay nearest her heart, he had proposed to write himself, to acquaint her friends how ill she was, if she would not take it amiss.

It was kind in the *doctor*, she said: but begged that no step of that sort might be taken without her knowledge or consent. She would wait to see what effects her letter to her sister would have. All she had to hope for was, that her father would revoke his maledictiion, previous to the last blessing she should then implore: for the rest, her friends would think she could not suffer too much; and she was content to suffer: for now, nothing could happen that could make her wish to live.

Mrs. Smith went down; and, soon returning, asked if the lady and I would not dine with her that day; for it was her wedding-day. She had engaged Mrs. Lovick, she said; and should have nobody else if we would do her that favour.

The charming creature sighed, and shook her head.—"*Wedding-day,*" repeated she, "I wish you, Mrs. Smith, many happy wedding-days!—But you will excuse *me.*"

Mr. Smith came up with the same request. They both applied to me.

On condition the *lady* would, I should make no scruple; and would suspend an engagement: which I actually had.

She then desired they would all sit down. "You have several times, Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, hinted your wishes that I would give you some little history of myself: now, if you are at leisure, that this gentleman, who, I have reason to believe, knows it all, is present, and can tell you if I give it justly or not, I will oblige your curiosity."

They all eagerly, the man Smith too, sat down; and she began an account of herself, which I will endeavour to repeat as nearly in her own words as I possibly can: for I know you will think it of importance to be apprised of her manner of relating your barbarity to her, as well as what her sentiments are of it; and what room there is for the hopes your friends have in your favour for her.

"At first when I took these lodgings," said she, "I thought of staying but a short time in them; and so, Mrs. Smith, I told you: I therefore avoided giving any other account of myself than that I was a very unhappy young creature, seduced from good friends, and escaped from very vile wretches.

"This account I thought myself obliged to give, that you might the less wonder at seeing a young creature rushing through your shop into your back apartment, all trembling and out of breath; an ordinary garb over my own; craving lodging and protection; only giving my bare word, that you should be handsomely paid: all my effects contained in a pocket-handkerchief.

"My sudden absence for three days and nights together, when arrested, must still further surprise you: and although this gentleman, who, perhaps, knows more of the darker part of my story than I do myself, has informed you (as you, Mrs. Lovick, tell me) that I am only an *unhappy*, not a *guilty* creature; yet I think it incumbent upon me not to suffer honest minds to be in doubt about my character.

"You must know, then, that I have been in one instance (I had like to have said but in one instance; but that was a capital one) an undutiful child to the most indulgent of parents: for what some people call cruelty in them is owing but to the excess of their love, and to their disappointment, having had reason to expect better from me.

"I was visited (at first, with my friends' connivance) by a man of birth and fortune, but of worse principles, as it proved, than I believed any man could have. My brother, a very headstrong young man, was absent at that time; and when he returned (from an old grudge, and knowing the gentleman, it is plain, better than I knew him) entirely disapproved of his visits: and, having a great sway in our family, brought other gentlemen to address me: and at last (several having been rejected) he introduced one extremely disagreeable: in every *indifferent* person's eyes disagreeable. I could not love him. They all joined to compel me to have him; a rencounter between the gentleman my friends were set against, and my brother, having confirmed them all his enemies.

"To be short; I was confined, and treated so very hardly that, in a rash fit, I appointed to go off with the man they hated. A wicked intention, you'll say! But I was greatly provoked; nevertheless I repented, and resolved not to go off with him: yet I did not mistrust his honour to me neither; nor his love; because nobody thought me unworthy of the latter, and my fortune was not to be despised. But foolishly (wickedly and contrivingly, as my friends still think, with a design, as they imagine, to abandon them) giving him a private meeting, I was tricked away: poorly enough tricked away, I must needs say; though others who had been first guilty of so rash a step as the meeting of him was, might have been so deceived and surprised as well as I.

"After remaining some time at a farmhouse in the country, and behaving to me all the time with honour, he brought me to handsome lodgings in town till still better provision could be made for me. But they proved to be (as he indeed knew and designed) at a vile, a very vile creature's; though it was long before I found her to be so, for I knew nothing of the town or its ways.

"There is no repeating what followed: such unprecedented vile arts!—For I gave him no opportunity to take me at any disreputable advantage."

And here (half covering her sweet face with her handkerchief put to her tearful eyes) she stopped.

Hastily, as if she would flee from the hateful remembrance, she resumed:—"I made escape afterwards from the abominable house in his absence, and came to yours: and this gentleman has almost prevailed on me to think that the ungrateful man did not connive at the vile arrest: which was made, no doubt, in order to get me once more to those wicked lodgings: for nothing do I owe them, except I were to pay them,"—[She sighed, and again wiped her charming eyes—adding in a softer, lower voice] —"*for being ruined.*"

"Indeed, madam," said I, "guilty, abominably guilty, as he is in all the rest, he is innocent of this last wicked outrage."

"Well, and so I wish him to be.—That evil, heavy as it was, is one of the slightest evils I have suffered.—But hence you'll observe, Mrs. Lovick (for you seemed this morning curious to know if I were not a wife), that I *never was married.*—You, Mr. Belford, no doubt, knew before that I am no wife: and now I never will be one. Yet I bless God that I am not a guilty creature!

"As to my parentage, I am of no mean family; I have in my own right, by the intended favour of my grandfather, a fortune not contemptible: independent of my *father*, if I had pleased; but I never will please.

"My father is very rich. I went by another name when I came to you first: but that was to avoid being discovered to the perfidious man: who now engages, by this gentleman, not to molest me.

"My real name you now know to be Harlowe: *Clarissa* Harlowe. I am not yet twenty years of age.

"I have an excellent mother, as well as father; a woman of family, and fine sense—worthy of a better child!—They both doated upon me.

"I have two good uncles: men of great fortunes; jealous of the honour of their family, which I have wounded.

"I was the joy of their hearts; and, with theirs and my father's, I had three houses to call my own; for they used to have me with them by turns, and almost kindly to quarrel for me: so that I was two months in the year with the one; two months with the other; six months at my father's; and two at the houses of others of my dear friends, who thought themselves happy in me: and whenever I was at any one's, I was crowded upon with letters by all the rest, who longed for my return to them.

"In short, I was beloved by everybody. The poor—I used to make glad *their* hearts: I never shut my hand to any distress, wherever I was—But now I am poor myself!

"So, Mrs. Smith—so, Mrs. Lovick—I am *not* married. It is but just to tell you so. And I am now, as I ought to be, in a state of humiliation and penitence for the rash step which has been followed by so much evil. God, I hope, will forgive me, as I am endeavouring to bring my mind to forgive all the world, even the man who has ungratefully, and by dreadful perjuries [Poor wretch! he thought all his wickedness to be *wit!*], reduced to this a young creature who had *his* happiness in her *view*, and in her *wish*, even beyond this life; and who was believed to be of rank, and fortune, and expectations, considerable enough to make it the *interest* of any gentleman in England to be faithful to his vows to her. But I cannot expect that my parents will forgive me: my refuge must be death; the most painful kind of which I would suffer rather than be the wife of one who could act by me as the man has acted upon whose birth, education, and honour, I had so much reason to found better expectations.

"I see," continued she, "that I, who once was every one's delight, am now the cause of grief to every one—You, that are strangers to me, are moved for me!—'Tis kind!—But 'tis time to stop.—Your compassionate hearts, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, are too much touched."—[For the women sobbed, and the man was also affected.]—"It is barbarous in me, with my woes, thus to sadden your wedding-day." Then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Smith—"May you see many happy ones, honest, good couple!—How agreeable is it to see you both join so kindly to celebrate it, after many years are gone over you!—I once —But no more!—All my prospects of felicity, as to this life, are at an end. My hopes, like opening buds or blossoms in an over-forward spring, have been nipped by a severe frost!—blighted by an eastern wind!—But I can but *once die;* and if life be spared me but till I am discharged from a heavy malediction, which my father in his wrath laid upon me, and which is fulfilled literally in every article relating to this world; that, and a last blessing, are all I have to wish for; and death will be welcomer to me than rest to the most wearied traveller that ever reached his journey's end."

And then she sunk her head against the back of her chair, and, hiding her face with her handkerchief, endeavoured to conceal her tears from us.

Not a soul of us could speak a word. Thy presence, perhaps, thou hardened wretch, might have made us ashamed of a weakness which perhaps thou wilt deride *me* in particular for, when thou readest this!

She retired to her chamber soon after, and was forced, it seems, to lie down. We all went down together: and, for an hour and half, dwelt upon her praises; Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick repeatedly expressing their astonishment that there could be a man in the world capable of offending, much more of wilfully injuring, such a lady; and repeating, that they had an angel in their house.—I thought

they had; and that as assuredly as there is a devil under the roof of good Lord M.

I hate thee heartily!—By my faith I do!—Every hour I hate thee more than the former!

J. BELFORD.

. . . . . .

THURSDAY NIGHT.

I may as well try to write; since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman, whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is hush and still; the family retired; but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin, I daresay, to rest.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent for down; and as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woful scene that presented itself to me as I approached the bed.

The colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears; although she had been comforting him, as the woman since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow, her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner; and turning her face to me as soon as she saw me, "O! Mr. Belford," cried she, with folded hands—"the dear lady—" A heavy sob permitted her not to say more.

Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial, which she had just been offering to her dying mistress; her face was swollen with weeping (though used to such scenes as this), and she turned her eyes towards me as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow; a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the house, with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless, as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on my approach pronounced my name, "O! Mr. Belford," said she, with a faint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless—"Now!—Now!" [in broken periods she spoke]—"I bless God for his mercies to his poor creature—will all soon be over—A few—a very few moments—will end this strife—And I shall be happy!

"Comfort here, sir,"—turning her head to the colonel—"Comfort my cousin—See! the blame—able kindness—He would not wish me to be happy—so *soon!*"

Here she stopped for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him: then resuming, "My dearest cousin," said she, "be comforted—what is dying but the common lot?—The mortal frame may *seem* to labour—but that is all!—It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be!—The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God I have had time for that—The rest is worse to beholders than to me!—I am all blessed hope—Hope itself." She *looked* what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence, "Once more, my dear cousin," said she, but still in broken accents, "commend me most dutifully to my father and mother."—There she stopped. And then proceeding—"To my sister—to my brother—to my uncles—And tell them I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—Even for their displeasure, I bless them—Most happy has been to me my punishment *here!* Happy indeed!"

She was silent for a few moments, lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. Then, "*O death!*" said she, "*where is thy sting?*" [The words I remember to have heard in the burial service read over my uncle and poor Belton.] And after a pause—"*It is good for me that I was afflicted!*" Words of Scripture, I suppose.

Then turning towards us, who were lost in speechless sorrow—"O dear, *dear* gentlemen," said she, "you know not what *foretastes*—what *assurances*—" And there she again stopped, and looked up, as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling.

Then turning her head towards me—"Do *you*, sir, tell your friend that I forgive him!—And I pray to God to forgive him!"—Again pausing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that he would. "Let him know how happily I die:—and that such as my own, I wish to be his last hour."

She was again silent for a few moments and then resuming—"My sight fails me!—Your voices only—" [for we both applauded

her Christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own;] "and the voice of grief is alike in all.—Is not this Mr. Morden's hand?" pressing one of his with that he had just let go.—"Which is Mr. Belford's?" holding out the other. I gave her mine. "God Almighty bless you both," said she, and make you both in your last hour—for you *must* come to this—happy as I am!"

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and, after a few minutes, "And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand—Nearer—still nearer—" drawing it towards her; and she pressed it with her dying lips—"God protect you, dear, dear sir—And once more, receive my best and most grateful thanks—And tell my dear Miss Howe—and vouchsafe to see, and to tell my worthy Norton—She will be one day, I fear not, though now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in heaven—Tell them both that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments!—And pray God to give them happiness *here* for many, many years, for the sake of their friends and lovers; and an heavenly crown *hereafter;* and such assurances of it as I have, through the all-satisfying merits of my blessed Redeemer."

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory.

After a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent—"And you, Mr. Belford," pressing my hand, "may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors!—You see, in me, how all ends—May *you* be—" And down sunk her head upon her pillow, she fainting away, and drawing from us her hands.

We thought she was then gone; and each gave way to a violent burst of grief.

But soon showing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged; and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six several times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present; not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant; the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crowding in for the divine lady's last blessing; and she spoke faltering and inwardly—"Bless—bless—bless—you all—And—now—And now—" [holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time] "Come—O come—Blessed Lord—JESUS!"

And with these words, the last but half pronounced, expired:—such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at the instant; as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun.

O, Lovelace!—But I can write no more.

. . . . . .

I resume my pen to add a few lines.

While warm, though pulseless, we pressed each her hand with our lips; and then retired into the next room.

We looked at each other with intent to speak: but, as if one motion governed, as one cause affected both, we turned away silent.

The colonel sighed as if his heart would burst: at last, his face and hands uplifted, his back towards me, "Good Heaven!" said he to himself, "support me!—And is it thus, O flower of nature!"—Then pausing—"And must we no more—*Never more!*—My blessed, blessed cousin!" uttering some other words, which his sighs made inarticulate:—And then, as if recollecting himself—"Forgive me, sir!—Excuse me, Mr. Belford!" And, sliding by me, "Anon I hope to see you, sir."—And down stairs he went, and out of the house, leaving me a statue.

When I recovered I was ready to repine at what I *then* called an unequal dispensation; forgetting her happy preparation, and still happier departure; and that she had but drawn a common lot; triumphing in it, and leaving behind her every one less assured of happiness, though equally certain that the lot would one day be their own.

She departed exactly at forty minutes after six o'clock, as by her watch on the table.

And thus died Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, in the blossom of her youth and beauty: and who, her tender years considered, has not left behind her her superior in extensive knowledge and watchful prudence; nor hardly her equal for unblemished virtue, exemplary piety, sweetness of manners, discreet generosity, and true Christian charity: and these all set off by the most graceful modesty and humility; yet on all proper occasions manifesting a noble presence of mind, and true magnanimity: so that she may be said to have been not only an ornament to her sex, but to human nature.

A better pen than mine may do her fuller justice. Thine, I mean, O Lovelace! For well dost thou know how much she excelled in the graces both of mind and person, natural and acquired, all that is woman. And thou also canst best account for the causes of her immature death, through those calamities which in so short a space of time, from the highest pitch of felicity (every one in a manner adoring her), brought her to an exit so happy for herself, but, that it was so *early*, so much to be

deplored by all who had the honour of her acquaintance.

This task, then, I leave to thee: but now I can write no more, only that I am a sympathizer in every part of thy distress, except (and yet it is cruel to say it) in that which arises from thy guilt.

ONE O'CLOCK FRIDAY MORNING.

. . . . . .

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM F. J. DE LA TOUR, TO JOHN BELFORD, ESQ., NEAR SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

SIR, TRENT, DEC. 18, N.S.

I have melancholy news to inform you of, by order of the Chevalier Lovelace. He showed me his letter to you before he sealed it; signifying, that he was to meet the Chevalier Morden on the 15th. Wherefore, as the occasion of the meeting is so well known to you, I shall say nothing of it here.

I had taken care to have ready within a little distance a surgeon and his assistant, to whom, under an oath of secrecy, I had revealed the matter (though I did not own it to the two gentlemen); so that they were prepared with bandages, and all things proper. For well was I acquainted with the bravery and skill of my chevalier; and had heard the character of the other; and knew the animosity of both. A post-chaise was ready, with each of their footmen, at a little distance.

The two chevaliers came exactly at their time: they were attended by Monsieur Margate (the colonel's gentleman) and myself. They had given orders over-night, and now repeated them in each other's presence, that we should observe a strict impartiality between them: and that if one fell, each of us should look upon himself, as to any needful help or retreat, as the servant of the survivor, and take his commands accordingly.

After a few compliments both the gentlemen, with the greatest presence of mind that ever I beheld in men, stripped to their shirts, and drew.

They parried with equal judgment several passes. My chevalier drew the first blood, making a desperate push, which, by a sudden turn of his antagonist, missed going clear through him, and wounded him on the fleshy part of the ribs of his right side; which part the sword tore out, being on the extremity of the body: but before my chevalier could recover himself, the colonel, in return, pushed him into the inside of the left arm, near the shoulder: and the sword (raking his breast as it passed) being followed by a great effusion of blood, the colonel said, "Sir, I believe you have enough."

My chevalier swore ——— he was not hurt: 'twas a pin's point: and so made another pass at his antagonist; which he, with a surprising dexterity, received under his arm, and run my dear chevalier into the body: who immediately fell, saying, "The luck is yours, sir—O my beloved Clarissa!—Now art thou—" Inwardly he spoke three or four words more. His sword dropped from his hand. Mr. Morden threw his down, and ran to him, saying in French—"Ah, Monsieur! you are a dead man!—Call to God for mercy!"

We gave the signal agreed upon to the footmen, and they to the surgeons, who instantly came up.

Colonel Morden, I found, was too well used to the bloody work; for he was as cool as if nothing extraordinary had happened, assisting the surgeons, though his own wound bled much. But my dear chevalier fainted away two or three times running, and vomited blood besides.

However, they stopped the bleeding for the present; and we helped him into the voiture; and then the colonel suffered his own wound to be dressed; and appeared concerned that my chevalier was between whiles (when he could speak and struggle) extremely outrageous.—Poor gentleman! he had made quite sure of victory!

The colonel, against the surgeon's advice, would mount on horseback to pass into the Venetian territories; and generously gave me a purse of gold to pay the surgeons; desiring me to make a present to the footman, and to accept of the remainder as a mark of his satisfaction in my conduct, and in my care and tenderness of my master.

The surgeons told him that my chevalier could not live over the day.

When the colonel took leave of him Mr. Lovelace said, "You have well revenged the dear creature."

"I have, sir," said Mr. Morden: "and perhaps shall be sorry that you called upon me to this work, while I was balancing whether to obey or disobey the dear angel."

"There is a fate in it!" replied my chevalier —"a cursed fate!—or this could not have been!—But be ye all witnesses, that I have provoked my destiny, and acknowledge that I fall by a man of honour."

"Sir," said the colonel, with the piety of a confessor (wringing Mr. Lovelace's hand), "snatch these few fleeting moments, and commend yourself to God."

And so he rode off.

The voiture proceeded slowly with my chevalier; yet the motion set both his wounds bleeding afresh; and it was with difficulty they again stopped the blood.

We brought him alive to the nearest cottage; and he gave orders to me to despatch to you the packet I herewith send sealed up; and bid me write to you the particulars of this most unhappy affair; and give you thanks in his name for all your favours and friendships to him.

Contrary to all expectation, he lived over the night: but *suffered much,* as well from his *impatience* and *disappointment,* as from his *wounds;* for he seemed *very unwilling to die.*

He was delirious, at times, in the two last hours; and then several times cried out, as if he had seen some frightful spectre, "Take her away! take her away!" but named nobody. And sometimes praised some lady (that Clarissa, I suppose, whom he had invoked when he received his death's wound), calling her, "Sweet excellence! Divine creature! Fair sufferer!"—and once he said, "Look down, blessed spirit, look down!"—and there stopped—his lips, however, moving.

At nine in the morning he was seized with convulsions, and fainted away; and it was a quarter of an hour before he came out of them.

His few last words I must not omit, as they show an ultimate composure which may administer some consolation to his honourable friends.

"*Blessed—*" said he, addressing himself no doubt to Heaven; for his dying eyes were lifted up—a strong convulsion prevented him for a few moments saying more—but recovering, he again with great fervour (lifting up his eyes, and his spread hands) pronounced the word "*blessed:*" then, in a seeming ejaculation, he spoke inwardly so as not to be understood: at last he distinctly pronounced these three words,

"Let This Expiate."

And then, his head sinking on his pillow, he expired, at about half an hour after ten.

He little thought, poor gentleman! his end so near: so had given no direction about his body. I have caused it to be embowelled, and deposited in a vault, till I have orders from England.

This is a favour that was procured with difficulty; and would have been refused had he not been an Englishman of rank, a nation with reason respected in every Austrian government—for he had refused ghostly attendance, and the sacraments in the Catholic way. May his soul be happy, I pray God!

F. J. De la Tour.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

[Mark Akenside, M.D, born at Newcastle on-Tyne, 9th November, 1721; died in London, 23d June, 1770. Educated in Edinburgh and at Leyden. Whilst still a youth he contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine.* His principal poem, *The Pleasures of Imagination,* first appeared in 1744, and won for the author a distinguished position amongst the poets of the day. He wrote a number of odes and short pieces, the most notable of which are the lines *To Curio,* a satire; *To the Country Gentlemen of England; Hymn to the Naiads;* and *The Cuckoo.* The Rev. Alexander Dyce said of *The Pleasures of Imagination,* from which our extract is taken—"If some passages are not lighted up with poetic fire, they glow with rhetorical beauty; while ingenious illustration and brilliant imagery enliven and adorn the whole."[1]]

Oh! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which, from the store
Of Nature, fair Imagination culls,
To charm the enlivened soul! What tho' not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,

[1] In private life Akenside's manners were somewhat stiff: "when he walked in the streets he looked for all the world like one of his own alexandrines set upright," was a saying of the actor Henderson. He disliked reference to his parentage, because his father was a butcher. Smollett took the poet as his model for the pedantic doctor, whose dinner after the manner of the ancients is so humorously described in *Peregrine Pickle.* See *Library* page 96, vol. iii.

Becomes herself harmonious: wont so long
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair-inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mein.
But if to ampler prospects—if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that Eternal Majesty that weighed
The world's foundations—if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye, then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the Eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

THE DARIEN SCHEME.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Human character, whether national or individual, presents often to our calm consideration the strangest inconsistencies; but there are few more striking than that which Scotchmen exhibit in their private conduct, contrasted with their views when united together for any general or national purpose. In his own personal affairs the Scotchman is remarked as cautious, frugal, and prudent in an extreme degree, not generally aiming at enjoyment or relaxation till he has realized the means of indulgence, and studiously avoiding those temptations of pleasure to which men of other countries most readily give way. But when a number of Scotchmen associate for any speculative project, it would seem that their natural caution becomes thawed and dissolved by the union of their joint hopes, and that their imaginations are heated and influenced by any splendid prospect held out to them. They appear, in particular, to lose the power of calculating and adapting their means to the end which they desire to accomplish, and are readily induced to aim at objects magnificent in themselves, but which they have not, unhappily, the wealth or strength necessary to attain. Thus the natives of Scotland are often found to attempt splendid designs, which, shipwrecked for want of the necessary expenditure, give foreigners occasion to smile at the great error, and equally great misfortune of the nation—I mean their pride and their poverty. There is no greater instance of this tendency to daring speculation, which rests at the bottom of the coldness and caution of the Scottish character, than the disastrous history of the Darien colony.

Paterson, a man of comprehensive views and great sagacity, was the parent and inventor of this memorable scheme. In youth he had been an adventurer in the West Indies, and it was said a *buccaneer*, that is, one of a species of adventurers nearly allied to pirates, who, consisting of different nations, and divided into various bands, made war on the Spanish commerce and settlements in the South seas, and among the West Indian islands. In this roving course of life Paterson had made himself intimately acquainted with the geography of South America, the produce of the country, the nature of its commerce, and the manner in which the Spaniards governed that extensive region.

On his return to Europe, however, the schemes which he had formed respecting the New World were laid aside for another project, fraught with the most mighty and important consequences. This was the plan of that great national establishment, the Bank of England, of which he had the honour to suggest the first idea. For a time he was admitted a director of that institution, but it befell Paterson as often happens to the first projectors of great schemes. Other persons, possessed of wealth and influence, interposed, and, taking advantage of the ideas of the obscure and unprotected stranger, made them their own by alterations and improvements more or less trivial, and finally elbowed the inventor out of all concern in the institution, the foundation of which he had laid.

Thus expelled from the Bank of England, Paterson turned his thoughts to the plan of settling a colony in America; a country so favoured in point of situation, that it seemed to him formed to be the site of the most flourishing commercial capital in the universe.

The two great continents of North and South America are joined together by an isthmus, or

narrow tract of land, called Darien. This neck of land is not above a day's journey in breadth, and as it is washed by the Atlantic Ocean on the eastern side, and the Great Pacific Ocean on the west, the isthmus seemed designed by nature as a common centre for the commerce of the world. Paterson ascertained, or at least alleged that he had ascertained, that the isthmus had never been the property of Spain, but was still possessed by the original natives, a tribe of fierce and warlike Indians, who made war on the Spaniards. According to the law of nations, therefore, any state had a right of forming a settlement in Darien, providing the consent of the Indians was first obtained; nor could their doing so be justly made subject of challenge even by Spain, so extravagantly jealous of all interference with her South American provinces. This plan of a settlement, with so many advantages to recommend it, was proposed by Paterson to the merchants of Hamburgh, to the Dutch, and even to the Elector of Brandenburgh; but it was coldly received by all these states.

The scheme was at length offered to the merchants of London, the only traders probably in the world who had the means of realizing the splendid visions of Paterson. But when the projector was in London, endeavouring to solicit attention to his plan, he became intimate with the celebrated Fletcher of Salton. This gentleman, one of the most accomplished men and best patriots whom Scotland has produced in any age, had, nevertheless, some notions of her interests which were more fanciful than real, and, anxious to do his country service, did not sufficiently consider the adequacy of the means by which her welfare was to be obtained. He was dazzled by the vision of opulence and grandeur which Paterson unfolded, and thought of nothing less than securing, for the benefit of Scotland alone, a scheme which promised to the state which should adopt it the keys, as it were, of the New World. The projector was easily persuaded to give his own country the benefit of his scheme of colonization, and went to Scotland along with Fletcher. Here the plan found general acceptation, and particularly with the Scottish administration, who were greatly embarrassed at the time by the warm prosecution of the affair of Glencoe, and who easily persuaded King William that some freedom and facilities of trade granted to the Scotch would divert the public attention from the investigation of a matter not very creditable to his majesty's reputation any more than to their own. Stair, in particular, a party deeply interested, gave the Darien scheme the full support of his eloquence and interest, in hope to regain a part of his lost popularity.

The Scottish ministers obtained permission, accordingly, to grant such privileges of trade to the Scotch as might not be prejudicial to that of England. In June, 1695, these influential persons obtained a statute from Parliament, and afterwards a charter from the crown, for creating a corporate body, or stock company, by name of the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, with power to plant colonies and build forts in places not possessed by other European nations, the consent always of the inhabitants of the places where they settled being obtained.

The hopes entertained of the profits to arise from this speculation were in the last degree sanguine; not even the Solemn League and Covenant was signed with more eager enthusiasm. Almost every one who had or could command any sum of ready money, embarked it in the Indian and African Company; many subscribed their all; maidens threw in their portions, and widows whatever sums they could raise upon their dower, to be repaid an hundred fold by the golden shower which was to descend upon the subscribers. Some sold estates to vest the money in the Company's funds, and so eager was the spirit of speculation, that when eight hundred thousand pounds formed the whole circulating capital of Scotland, half of that sum was vested in the Darien stock.

But it was not the Scotch alone whose hopes were excited by the rich prospects held out to them. An offer being made by the managers of the Company to share the expected advantages of the scheme with English and foreign merchants, it was so eagerly grasped at, that three hundred thousand pounds of stock was subscribed for in London within nine days after opening the books. The merchants of Hamburgh and of Holland subscribed two hundred thousand pounds.

Such was the hopeful state of the new Company's affairs, when the English jealousy of trade interfered to crush an adventure which seemed so promising. The idea which then and long afterwards prevailed in England, was that all profit was lost to the British empire which did not arise out of commerce exclusively English. The increase of trade in Scotland or Ireland they considered not as an addition to the general prosperity of the united nations, but as a positive loss to England. The commerce of Ireland they had long laid under severe shackles, to secure their own predominance; but it was not so easy to deal with Scot-

land, who had not only a separate legislature, but acknowledged no subordination or fealty to England, being to all effects a foreign country, though governed by the same king.

This new species of rivalry on the part of an old enemy was both irritating and alarming. The English had hitherto thought of the Scotch as a poor and fierce nation, who, in spite of fewer numbers and far inferior resources, was always ready to engage in war with her powerful neighbour; and it was embarrassing and provoking to find the same nation display, in spite of its proverbial caution, a hardy and ambitious spirit of emulating them in the paths of commerce.

These narrow-minded, unjust, and ungenerous apprehensions prevailed so widely throughout the English nation, that both Houses of Parliament joined in an address to the king, stating that the advantages given to the newly-erected Scottish Indian and African Company, would insure that kingdom so great a superiority over the English East India Company, that a great part of the stock and shipping of England would be transported to the north, and Scotland would become a free port for all East Indian commodities, which they would be able to furnish at a much cheaper rate than the English. By this means, it was said, England would lose all the advantages of an exclusive trade in the eastern commodities, which had always been a great article in her foreign commerce, and sustain infinite detriment in the sale of her domestic manufactures. The king, in his gracious answer to this address, acknowledged the justice of its statements, though as void of just policy as of grounds in public law. It bore, that "the king had been ill served in Scotland, but hoped some remedies might still be found to prevent the evils apprehended." To show that his resentment was serious against his Scottish ministers, King William deprived Stair of his office as secretary of state. Thus a statesman, who had retained his place in spite of the bloody deed of Glencoe, was deprived of it for attempting to serve his country by extending her trade and national importance.

The English Parliament persisted in the attempt to find remedies for the evils which they were pleased to apprehend from the Darien scheme, by appointing a committee of inquiry, with directions to summon before them such persons as had, by subscribing to the Company, given encouragement to the progress of an undertaking so fraught, as they alleged, with danger to the trade of England. These persons being called before Parliament, and menaced with impeachment, were compelled to renounce their connection with the undertaking, which was thus deprived of the aid of English subscriptions, to the amount, as already mentioned, of three hundred thousand pounds. Nay, so eager did the English Parliament show themselves in this matter, that they even extended their menace of impeachment to some native-born Scotchmen, who had offended the House by subscribing their own money to a Company formed in their own country and according to their own laws.

That this mode of destroying the funds of the concern might be yet more effectual, the weight of the king's influence with foreign states was employed to diminish the credit of the undertaking, and to intercept the subscriptions which had been thence obtained. For this purpose the English envoy at Hamburgh was directed to transmit to the senate of that commercial city a remonstrance on the part of King William, accusing them of having encouraged the commissioners of the Darien Company; requesting them to desist from doing so; intimating that the plan, said to be fraught with many evils, had not the support of his majesty; and protesting that the refusal of the senate to withdraw their countenance from the scheme would threaten an interruption to the friendship which his majesty desired to cultivate with the good city of Hamburgh. The senate returned to this application a spirited answer:—"The city of Hamburgh," they said, "considered it as strange that the King of England should dictate to them, a free people, with whom they were to engage in commercial arrangements; and were yet more astonished to find themselves blamed for having entered into such engagements with a body of his own Scottish subjects, incorporated under a special act of Parliament." But as the menace of the envoy showed that the Darien Company must be thwarted in all its proceedings by the superior power of England, the prudent Hamburghers, ceasing to consider it as a hopeful speculation, finally withdrew their subscriptions. The Dutch, to whom William could more decidedly dictate, from his authority with the states of Holland as stadtholder, and who were jealous, besides, of the interference of the Scotch with their own East Indian trade, adopted a similar course without remonstrance; and thus the Company, deserted both by foreign and English associates, were crippled in their undertaking, and left to their own limited resources.

The managers of the scheme, supported by the general sense of the people of Scotland,

made warm remonstrances to King William on the hostile interference of his Hamburgh envoy. In William's answer he was forced meanly to evade what he was resolved not to grant, and yet could not in equity refuse. "The king," it was promised, "would send instructions to his envoy not to make use of his majesty's name or authority for obstructing their engagements with the city of Hamburgh." The Hamburghers, on the other hand, declared themselves ready to make good their subscriptions if they had any assurance from the King of England that in so doing they would be safe from his threatened resentment. But in spite of repeated promises, the envoy received no power to make such declaration. Thus the Darien Company lost the advantage of support to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds subscribed in Hamburgh and Holland, and that by the personal and hostile interference of their own monarch, under whose charter they were embodied.

Scotland, left to her unassisted resources, would have acted with less spirit but more wisdom in renouncing her ambitious plan of colonization, sure as it now was to be thwarted by the hostile interference of her unfriendly neighbours. But those engaged in the scheme, comprising great part of the nation, could not be expected easily to renounce hopes which had been so highly excited, and enough remained of the proud and obstinate spirit with which their ancestors had maintained their independence to induce the Scotch, even when thrown back on their own limited means, to determine upon the establishment of their favourite settlement at Darien in spite of the desertion of their English and foreign subscribers, and in defiance of the invidious opposition of their powerful neighbours. They caught the spirit of their ancestors, who, after losing so many dreadful battles, were always found ready, with sword in hand, to dispute the next campaign.

The contributors were encouraged in this stubborn resolution by the flattering account which was given of the country to be colonized, in which every class of Scotchmen found something to flatter their hopes and to captivate their imagination. The description given of Darien by Paterson was partly derived from his own knowledge, partly from the report of buccaneers and adventurers, and the whole was exaggerated by the eloquence of an able man pleading in behalf of a favourite project.

The climate was represented as healthy and cool, the tropical heats being mitigated by the height of the country, and by the shade of extensive forests, which yet presented neither thicket nor underwood, but would admit a horseman to gallop through them unimpeded. Those acquainted with trade were assured of the benefits of a safe and beautiful harbour, where the advantages of free commerce and universal toleration would attract traders from all the world, while the produce of China, Japan, the Spice Islands, and Eastern India, brought to the bay of Panama in the Pacific Ocean, might be transferred by a safe and easy route across the Isthmus to the new settlement, and exchanged for all the commodities of Europe. "Trade," said the commercial enthusiast, "will beget trade—money will beget money—the commercial world shall no longer want work for their hands, but will rather want hands for their work. This door of the seas, and key of the universe, will enable its possessors to become the legislators of both worlds and the arbitrators of commerce. The settlers at Darien will acquire a nobler empire than Alexander or Cæsar, without fatigue, expense, or danger, as well as without incurring the guilt and bloodshed of conquerors." To those more vulgar minds, who cannot separate the idea of wealth from the precious metals, the projector held out the prospect of golden mines. The hardy Highlanders, many of whom embarked in the undertaking, were to exchange their barren moors for extensive savannahs of the richest pasture, with some latent hopes of a creagh (or foray) upon Spaniards or Indians. The lowland laird was to barter his meagre heritage and oppressive feudal tenure for the free possession of unlimited tracts of ground, where the rich soil, three or four feet deep, would return the richest produce for the slightest cultivation. Allured by these hopes, many proprietors actually abandoned their inheritances, and many more sent their sons and near relations to realize their golden hopes, while the poor labourers, who desired no more than bread and freedom of conscience, shouldered their mattocks and followed their masters in the path of emigration.

Twelve hundred men, three hundred of whom were youths of the best Scottish families, embarked on board of five frigates, purchased at Hamburgh for the service of the expedition; for the king refused the Company even the trifling accommodation of a ship of war which lay idle at Burntisland. They reached their destination in safety, and disembarked at a place called Acta, where, by cutting through a peninsula, they obtained a safe and insulated situation for a town called New Edinburgh, and a fort named Saint Andrew. With the same fond remembrance of their native land,

the colony itself was called Caledonia. They were favourably received by the native princes, from whom they purchased the land they required. The harbour, which was excellent, was proclaimed a free port; and in the outset the happiest results were expected from the settlement.

The arrival of the colonists took place in winter, when the air was cool and temperate; but with the summer returned the heat, and with the heat came the diseases of a tropical climate. Those who had reported so favourably of the climate of Darien had probably been persons who had only visited the coast during the healthy season, or mariners who, being chiefly on ship-board, find many situations healthy which prove pestilential to Europeans residing on shore. The health of the settlers, accustomed to a cold and mountainous country, gave way fast under the constant exhalations of the sultry climate, and even a more pressing danger arose from the want of food. The provisions which the colonists had brought from Scotland were expended, and the country afforded them only such supplies as could be procured by the precarious success of fishing and the chase.

This must have been foreseen; but it was never doubted that ample supplies would be procured from the English provinces in North America, which afforded superabundance of provisions, and from the West India colonies, which always possessed superfluities. It was here that the enmity of the king and the English nation met the unfortunate settlers most unexpectedly and most severely. In North America, and in the West India Islands, the most savage pirates and buccaneers, men who might be termed enemies to the human race, and had done deeds which seemed to exclude them from intercourse with mankind, had nevertheless found repeated refuge — had refitted their squadrons, and, supplied with every means of keeping the sea, had set sail in a condition to commit new murders and piracies. But no such relief was extended to the Scotch colonists at Darien, though acting under a charter from their sovereign, and establishing a peaceful colony according to the law of nations, and for the universal benefit of mankind.

The governors of Jamaica, Barbadoes, and New York published proclamations, setting forth, that whereas it had been signified to them (the governors) by the English secretary of state that his majesty was unacquainted with the purpose and design of the Scotch settlers at Darien (which was a positive falsehood), and that it was contrary to the peace entered into with his majesty's allies (no European power having complained of it), and that the governors of the said colonies had been commanded not to afford them any assistance; therefore, they did strictly charge the colonists over whom they presided to hold no correspondence with the said Scots, and to give them no assistance of arms, ammunition, provisions, or any other necessary whatsoever, either by themselves or any others for them; as those transgressing the tenor of the proclamation would answer the breach of his majesty's commands at their highest peril.

These proclamations were strictly obeyed; and every species of relief, not only that which countrymen may claim of their fellow-subjects, and Christians of their fellow-Christians, but such as the vilest criminal has a right to demand, because still holding the same human shape with the community whose laws he has offended—the mere supply, namely, of sustenance, the meanest boon granted to the meanest beggar, was denied to the colonists of Darien.

Famine aided the diseases which swept them off in large numbers; and undoubtedly they who thus perished for want of the provisions for which they were willing to pay, were as much murdered by King William's government as if they had been shot in the snows of Glencoe. The various miseries of the colony became altogether intolerable, and after waiting for assistance eight months, by far the greater part of the adventurers having died, the miserable remainder abandoned the settlement.

Shortly after the departure of the first colony, another body of fifteen hundred men, who had been sent out from Scotland, arrived at Darien under the hope of finding their friends alive and the settlement prosperous. This reinforcement suffered by a bad passage, in which one of their ships was lost and several of their number died. They took possession of the deserted settlement with sad anticipations, and were not long in experiencing the same miseries which had destroyed and dispersed their predecessors. Two months after they were joined by Campbell of Finnab with a third body of three hundred men, chiefly from his own Highland estate, many of whom had served under him in Flanders, where he had acquired an honourable military reputation. It was time the colony should receive such support, for, in addition to their other difficulties, they were now threatened by the Spaniards.

Two years had elapsed since the colonization of Darien had become matter of public discussion, and notwithstanding their feverish jealousy of their South American settlements, the

Spaniards had not made any remonstrance against it. Nay, so close and intimate was the King of Spain's friendship with King William that it seems possible he might never have done so unless the colonists had been disowned by their sovereign as if they had been vagabonds and outlaws. But finding themselves so treated by their prince, the Spaniards felt themselves invited in a manner to attack them, and not only lodged a remonstrance against the settlement with the English cabinet, but seized one of the vessels wrecked on the coast, confiscated the ship, and made the crew prisoners. The Darien Company sent an address to the king by the hands of Lord Basil Hamilton, remonstrating against this injury; but William, who studied every means to discountenance the unfortunate scheme, refused, under the most frivolous pretexts, to receive the petition. This became so obvious that the young nobleman determined that the address should be received in season or out of season, and taking a public opportunity to approach the king as he was leaving the saloon of audience, he obtruded himself and the petition upon his notice, with more bluntness than ceremony. "That young man is too bold," said William; but, doing justice to Lord Basil's motive, he presently added, "if a man *can* be too bold in the cause of his country."

The fate of the colony now came to a crisis. The Spaniards had brought from the Pacific a force of sixteen hundred men, who were stationed at a place called Tubucantee, waiting the arrival of an armament of eleven ships with troops on board, destined to attack Fort Saint Andrew. Captain Campbell, who, by the unanimous consent of the settlers, was chosen to the supreme military command, marched against them with two hundred men, surprised and stormed their camp, and dispersed their army with considerable slaughter. But in returning from this successful expedition he had the mortification to learn that the Spanish ships had arrived before the harbour, disembarked their troops, and invested the place. A desperate defence was maintained for six weeks, until loss of men, want of ammunition, and the approach of famine, compelled the colonists to an honourable surrender. The survivors of this unhappy settlement were so few and so much exhausted, that they were unable to weigh the anchor of the vessel in which they were to leave the fatal shore, without assistance from the conquering Spaniards.

Thus ended the attempt of Darien, an enterprise splendid in itself, but injudicious, because far beyond the force of the adventurous little nation by which it was undertaken. Paterson survived the disaster, and even when all was over endeavoured to revive the scheme by allowing the English three-fourths in a new stock company. But national animosities were too high to suffer his proposal to be listened to. He died at an advanced age, poor and neglected.

The failure of this favourite project, deep sorrow for the numbers who had fallen, many of whom were men of birth and blood, the regret for pecuniary losses, which threatened national bankruptcy, and indignation at the manner in which their charter had been disregarded, all at once agitated from one end to the other a kingdom, which is to a proverb proud, poor, and warm in their domestic attachments. Nothing could be heard throughout Scotland but the language of grief and of resentment. Indemnification, redress, revenge, were demanded by every mouth, and each hand seemed ready to vouch for the justice of the claim. For many years no such universal feeling had occupied the Scottish nation.

King William remained indifferent to all complaints of hardship and petitions of redress, unless when he showed himself irritated by the importunity of the supplicants, and hurt at being obliged to evade what it was impossible for him, with the least semblance of justice, to refuse. The motives of a prince, naturally just and equitable, and who, himself the president of a great trading nation, knew well the injustice which he was committing, seem to have been, first, a reluctance to disoblige the King of Spain, but secondly, and in a much greater degree, what William might esteem the political necessity of sacrificing the interests of Scotland to that of her jealous neighbours. But what is unjust can never be in a true sense necessary, and the sacrifice of principle to circumstances will, in every sense, and in all cases, be found as unwise as it is unworthy.

THE LIBRARY, BRIGHTON, 1799.

Two or three Novels, two or three Toys;
Two or three Misses, two or three Boys:
Two or three Aldermen reading Gazettes;
Two or three Lovers arranged in sets;
Two or three Ladies throwing the dice,
And two or three 'Squires promoting the vice;
Two or three Aristocrats, silent and proud;
Two or three Democrats, silly and loud;
Two or three Parsons as black as a crow;
Two or three Soldiers, more smart than a beau;
Two or three Brokers, all fresh from 'Change Alley;
Two or three Clerks, with their Susan and Sally;
Two or three Beauties, full-dressed for the season;
And as many Old Women dressed quite out of reason.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Although its features fade in light of unimagined bliss,
We have shadowy revealings of the Better World in this.

A little glimpse, when Spring unveils her face and opes her eyes,
Of the Sleeping Beauty in the soul that wakes in Paradise.

A little drop of Heaven in each diamond of the shower,
A breath of the Eternal in the fragrance of each flower!

A little low vibration in the warble of Night's bird,
Of the praises and the music that shall be hereafter heard!

A little whisper in the leaves that clap their hands and try
To glad the heart of man, and lift to heaven his thankful eye!

A little semblance mirror'd in old Ocean's smile or frown
Of His vast glory who doth bow the heavens and come down!

A little symbol shining through the worlds that move at rest
On invisible foundations of the broad almighty breast!

A little hint that stirs and thrills the wings we fold within,
And tells of that full heaven *yonder* which must *here* begin!

A little springlet welling from the fountain-head above,
That takes its earthly way to find the ocean of all love!

A little silver shiver in the ripple of the river
Caught from the light that knows no night for ever and for ever!

A little hidden likeness, often faded and defiled,
Of the great, the good All-father, in His poorest human child!

Although the best be lost in light of unimagined bliss,
We have shadowy revealings of the Better World in this.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

A STUDENT'S LAMENT.

BY THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
  This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true,
Who studied with me at the U-
  niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
  My sweet Matilda Pottingen!
She was the daughter of my Tu-
tor, Law Professor at the U-
  niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet 'kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
  Which once my love sat knotting in:
Alas! Matilda then was true—
At least I thought so, at the U-
  niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! Barbs! alas, how swift ye flew,
  Her neat post-waggon trotting in:
Ye bore Matilda from my view—
Forlorn I languished at the U-
  niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form, this pallid hue,
  This blood my veins are clotting in—
My years are many—they were few,
When first I entered at the U-
  niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!
  That kings and priests are plotting in,
Doomed here to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
  niversity of Gottingen.

THE BANNOCK O' TOLLISHILL.

[John Mackay Wilson, born about 1800; died at Berwick-on-Tweed, 2d October, 1835. He was a printer, and his taste for literature enabled him to combine with his business the pleasures and pains of authorship. He became editor of the *Berwick Advertiser*, and afterwards originated the famous series of sketches and stories known as the *Tales of the Borders*. He wrote the greater part of the first volumes himself; but the remarkable success of the work soon enabled him to obtain the assistance of Hugh Miller, Professor Thomas Gillespie, Alexander Campbell, T. Martin, Alexander Leighton (the editor of the latest editions of the *Tales*), and others.]

"Every bannock had its maik, but the bannock o' Tollishill."—*Scottish Proverb.*

Belike, gentle reader, thou hast often heard the proverb quoted above, that "Every bannock had its maik, but the bannock o' Tollishill." The saying hath its origin in a romantic tradition of the Lammermoors, which I shall relate to thee. Tollishill is the name of a sheep-farm in Berwickshire, situated in the parish of Lauder. Formerly it was divided into three farms, which were occupied by different tenants; and, by way of distinguishing it from the others, that in which dwelt the subjects of our present story was generally called Midside, and our heroine obtained the appellation of Midside Maggy. Tollishill was the property of John, second Earl, and afterwards Duke of Lauderdale, a personage whose character posterity hath small cause to hold in veneration. Yet it is a black character, indeed, in which there is not to be found one streak of sunshine; and the story of the "Bannock of Tollishill" referreth to such a streak in the history of John, the Lord of Thirlestane.

Time hath numbered somewhat more than a hundred and ninety years since Thomas Hardie became tenant of the principal farm of Tollishill. Now, that the reader may picture Thomas Hardie as he was, and as tradition hath described him, he or she must imagine a tall, strong, and fresh-coloured man of fifty; a few hairs of gray mingling with his brown locks; a countenance expressive of much good-nature and some intelligence; while a Lowland bonnet was drawn over his brow. The other parts of his dress were of coarse, gray, homespun cloth, manufactured in Earlston: and across his shoulders, in summer as well as in winter, he wore the mountain plaid. His principles assimilated to those held by the men of the Covenant; but Thomas, though a native of the hills, was not without the worldly prudence which is considered as being more immediately the characteristic of the buying and selling children of society. His landlord was no favourer of the Covenant; and, though Thomas wished well to the cause, he did not see the necessity for making his laird, the Lord of Lauderdale, his enemy for its sake. He, therefore, judged it wise to remain a neutral spectator of the religious and political struggles of the period.

But Thomas was a bachelor. Half a century had he been in the world, and the eyes of no woman had had power to throw a spark into his heart. In his single, solitary state he was happy, or he thought himself happy; and that is much the same thing. But an accident occurred which led him first to believe, and eventually to feel, that he was but a solitary and comfortless moorland farmer, toiling for he knew not what, and laying up treasure he knew not for whom. Yea, and while others had their wives spinning, carding, knitting, and smiling before them; and their bairns running, laughing, and sporting round about them, he was but a poor deserted creature, with nobody to care for, or to care for him. Every person had some object to strive for, and to make them strive, but Thomas Hardie; or to use his own words, he was "just in the situation o' a tewhit that has lost its mate—*te-wheet! te-wheet!* it cried, flapping its wings impatiently and forlornly—and *te-wheet! te-wheet!* answered vacant echo frae the dreary glens."

Thomas had been to Morpeth disposing of a part of his hirsels, and he had found a much better market for them than he anticipated. He returned, therefore, with a heavy purse, which generally hath a tendency to create a light and merry heart; and he arrived at Westruther, and went into a hostel, where, three or four times in the year, he was in the habit of spending a cheerful evening with his friends. He had called for a quegh of the landlady's best, and he sat down at his ease with the liquor before him, for he had but a short way to travel. He also pulled out his tobacco-box and his pipe, and began to inhale the fumes of what, up to that period, was almost a forbidden weed. But we question much if the royal book of James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, which he published against the use of tobacco, ever found its way into the Lammermoors; though the Indian weed did; therefore Thomas Hardie sat enjoying his glass and his pipe, unconscious or regardless of the fulminations which he, who was king in his boyhood, had published against the latter. But he had not sat long, when a

fair maiden, an acquaintance of "mine hostess," entered the hostelry, and began to assist her in the cutting out or fashioning of a crimson kirtle. Her voice fell upon the ears of Thomas like the "music of sweet sounds." He had never heard a voice before that not only fell softly on his ear, but left a lingering murmur in his heart. She, too, was a young thing of not more than eighteen. If ever hair might be called "gowden," it was hers. It was a light and shining bronze, where the prevalence of the golden hue gave a colour to the whole. Her face was a thing of beauty, over which health spread its roseate hue, yet softly, as though the westling winds had caused the leaves of the blushing rose to kiss her cheeks, and leave their delicate hues and impression behind them. She was of a middle stature, and her figure was such, although arrayed in homely garments, as would have commanded the worship of a connoisseur of grace and symmetry. But beyond all that kindled a flame within the hitherto obdurate heart of Thomas, was the witching influence of her smile. For a full hour he sat with his eyes fixed upon her; save at intervals, when he withdrew them to look into the unwonted agitation of his own breast, and examine the cause.

"Amongst the daughters of women," thought he unto himself—for he had a sprinkling of the language of the age about him—"none have I seen so beautiful. Her cheeks bloom bonnier than the heather on Tollishill, and her bosom seems saft as the new-shorn fleece. Her smile is like a blink o' sunshine, and would mak summer to those on whom it fell a' the year round."

He also discovered for the first time, that "Tollishill was a dull place, especially in the winter season." When, therefore, the fair damsel had arrayed the fashion of the kirtle and departed, without once having seemed to observe Thomas, he said unto the goodwife of the hostelry—"And wha, noo, if it be a fair question, may that bonnie lassie be?"

"She is indeed a bonnie lassie," answered the landlady, "and a guid lassie, too; and I hae nae doot but, as ye are a single man, Maister Hardie, yer question is fair enough. Her name is Margaret Lylestone, and she is the only bairn o' a puir infirm widow that cam to live here some twa or three years syne. They cam frae south owre some way, and I am sure they hae seen better days. We thocht at first that the auld woman had been a Catholic; but, I suppose, that isna the case, though they certainly are baith o' them strong Episcopawlians, and in nae way favourable to the preachers or the word o' the Covenant; but I maun say for Maggie, that she is a bonnie, sweet-tempered, and obleegin lassie—though, puir thing, her mother has brocht her up in a wrang way."

Many days had not passed ere Thomas Hardie, arrayed in his Sunday habiliments, paid another visit to Westruther; and he cautiously asked of the goodwife of the hostel many questions concerning Margaret; and although she jeered him, and said that "Maggy would ne'er think o' a gray-haired carle like him," he brooded over the fond fancy; and although on this visit he saw her not, he returned to Tollishill thinking of her as his bride. It was a difficult thing for a man of fifty, who had been the companion of solitude from his youth upwards, and who had lived in single blessedness amidst the silence of the hills, without feeling the workings of the heart, or being subjected to the influence of its passions—I say, it was indeed difficult for such a one to declare, in the ear of a blooming maiden of eighteen, the tale of his first affections. But an opportunity arrived which enabled him to disembosom the burden that pressed upon his heart.

It has been mentioned that Margaret Lylestone and her mother were poor; and the latter, who had long been bowed down with infirmities, was supported by the industry of her daughter. They had also a cow, which was permitted to graze upon the hills without fee or reward; and with the milk which it produced, and the cheese they manufactured, together with the poor earnings of Margaret, positive want was long kept from them. But the old woman became more and more infirm—the hand of death seemed stretching over her. She required nourishment which Margaret could not procure for her; and that it might be procured—that her mother might live and not die—the fair maiden sent the cow to Kelso to be sold, from whence the seller was to bring with him the restoratives that her parent required.

Now, it so was that Thomas Hardie, the tenant of Tollishill, was in Kelso market when the cow of Widow Lylestone was offered for sale; and as it possessed the characteristic marks of a good milcher, he inquired to whom it belonged. On being answered, he turned round for a few moments, and stood thoughtful; but, again turning to the individual who had been intrusted to dispose of it, he inquired—

"And wherefore is she selling it?"

"Really, Maister Hardie," replied the other, "I could not positively say; but I hae little doot it is for want—absolute necessity. The

auld woman's very frail and very ill; I hae to tak a' sort o' things oot to her the nicht frae the doctor's, after selling the cow, and it's no in the power o' things that her dochter, industrious as she is, should be able to get them for her otherwise."

Thomas again turned aside, and drew his sleeve across his eyes. Having inquired the price sought for the cow, he handed the money to the seller, and gave the animal in charge to one of his herdsmen. He left the market earlier than usual, and directed his servant that the cow should be taken to Westruther.

It was drawing towards gloaming before Thomas approached the habitation of the widow; and, before he could summon courage to enter it for the first time, he sauntered for several minutes backward and forward on the moor, by the side of the Blackadder, which there silently wends its way as a dull and simple burn through the moss. He felt all the awkwardness of an old man struggling beneath the influence of a young feeling. He thought of what he should say, how he should act, and how he would be received. At length he had composed a short introductory and explanatory speech which pleased him. He thought it contained both feeling and delicacy (according to his notions of the latter) in their proper proportions, and after repeating it three or four times over by the side of the Blackadder, he proceeded towards the cottage, still repeating it to himself as he went. But, when he raised his hand and knocked at the door, his heart gave a similar knock upon his bosom, as though it mimicked him; and every idea, every word of the introductory speech, which he had studied and repeated again and again, short though it was, was knocked from his memory. The door was opened by Margaret, who invited him to enter. She was beautiful as when he first beheld her—he thought more beautiful—for she now spoke to him. Her mother sat in an armchair by the side of the peat-fire, and was supported by pillows. He took off his bonnet, and performed an awkward but his best salutation.

"I beg your pardon," said he hesitatingly, "for the liberty I have taken in calling upon you. But—I was in Kelso the day—and"——He paused, and turned his bonnet once or twice in his hands. "And," he resumed, "I observed, or rather I should say, I learned that ye intended to sell your cow; but I also heard that ye was very ill, and"——Here he made another pause. "I say I heard that ye was very ill, and I thocht it would be a hardship for ye to part wi' crummie, and especially at a time when ye are sure to stand maist in need o' every help. So I bought the cow; but, as I say, it would be a very great hardship for ye to be without the milk, and what the cheese may bring, at a time like this; and therefore I hae ordered her to be brocht back to ye, and ane o' my men will bring her hame presently. Never consider the cow as mine, for a bachelor farmer like me can better afford to want the siller, than ye can to want yer cow; and I micht hae spent it far mair foolishly, and wi' less satisfaction. Indeed, if ye only but think that good I've dune, I'm mair than paid."

"Maister Hardie," said the widow, "what have I, a stranger widow woman, done to deserve this kindness at your hands? Or how is it in the power o' words for me to thank ye? He who provided for the widow and the fatherless will not permit you to go unrewarded, though I cannot. O Margaret, hinny," added she, "thank our benefactor as we ought to thank him, for I cannot."

Fair Margaret's thanks were a flood of tears.

"Oh, dinna greet!" said Thomas; "I would ten times ower rather no hae bocht the cow, but hae lost the siller, than I would hae been the cause o' a single tear rowin' doun yer bonnie cheeks."

"O, sir," answered the widow, "but they are tears o' gratitude that distress my bairn, and nae tears are mair precious."

I might tell how Thomas sat down by the peat-fire between the widow and her daughter, and how he took the hand of the latter, and entreated her to dry up her tears, saying that his chief happiness would be to be thought their friend, and to deserve their esteem. The cow was brought back to the widow's, and Thomas returned to Tollishill with his herdsman. But from that night he became almost a daily visitor at the house of Mrs. Lylestone. He provided whatever she required—all that was ordered for her. He spoke not of love to Margaret; but he wooed her through his kindness to her mother. It was perhaps the most direct avenue to her affections. Yet it was not because Thomas thought so that he pursued this course, but because he wanted confidence to make his appeal in a manner more formal or direct.

The widow lingered many months; and all that lay within the power of human means he caused to be done for her, to restore her to health and strength, or at least to smooth her dying pillow. But the last was all that could be done. Where death spreadeth the shadow of his wing, there is no escape from sinking beneath the baneful influence of its shade.

Mrs. Lylestone, finding that the hour of her departure drew near, took the hand of her benefactor, and when she had thanked him for all the kindness which he had shown towards her, she added—

"But, O sir, there is one thing that makes the hand of death heavy. When the sod is cauld upon my breast, who will look after my puir orphan—my bonny faitherless and motherless Margaret? Where will she find a hame?"

"O mem," said Thomas, "if the like o' me durst say it, she needna hae far to gang to find a hame and a heart too. Would she only be mine, I would be her protector—a' that I have should be hers."

A gleam of joy brightened in the eye of the dying widow.

"Margaret!" she exclaimed faintly; and Margaret laid her face upon the bed and wept. "O my bairn! my puir bairn!" continued her mother, "shall I see ye protected and provided for before I am 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,' which canna be lang noo?"

Thomas groaned—tears glistened in his eyes—he held his breath in suspense. The moment of trial, of condemnation or acquittal, of happiness or misery, had arrived. With an eager impatience he waited to hear her answer. But Margaret's heart was prepared for his proposal. He had first touched it with gratitude—he had obtained her esteem; and where these sentiments prevail in the bosom of a woman whose affections have not been bestowed upon another, love is not far distant—if it be not between them, and a part of both.

"Did ever I disobey you, mother?" sobbed Margaret, raising her parent's hand to her lips.

"No, my bairn, no!" answered the widow. And raising herself in the bed, she took her daughter's hand and placed it in the hand of Thomas Hardie.

"Oh!" said he, "is this possible? Does my bonny Margaret really consent to make me the happiest man on earth? Shall I hae a gem at Tollishill that I wadna exchange for a monarch's diadem?"

It is sufficient to say that the young and lovely Margaret Lylestone became Mrs. Hardie of Tollishill; or, as she was generally called, "*Midside Maggie.*" Her mother died within three months after their marriage, but died in peace, having, as she said, "seen her dear bairn blessed wi' a leal and a kind guidman, and ane that was weel to do."

For two years after their marriage, and not a happier couple than Thomas and Midside Maggie was to be found on all the long Lammermoors, in the Merse, nor yet in the broad Lothians. They saw the broom and the heather bloom in their season, and they heard the mavis sing before their dwelling; yea, they beheld the snow falling on the mountains, and the drift sweeping down the glens; but while the former delighted, the latter harmed them not, and from all they drew mutual joy and happiness. Thomas said that "Maggie was a matchless wife;" and she that "he was a kind, kind husband."

But the third winter was one of terror among the hills. It was near the new year; the snow began to fall on a Saturday, and when the following Friday came the storm had not ceased. It was accompanied by frost and a fierce wind, and the drift swept and whirled like awful pillars of alabaster down the hills, and along the glens—

"Sweeping the flocks and herds."

Fearful was the wrath of the tempest on the Lammermoors. Many farmers suffered severely, but none more severely than Thomas Hardie of Tollishill. Hundreds of his sheep had perished in a single night. He was brought from prosperity to the brink of adversity.

But another winter came round. It commenced with a severity scarce inferior to that which had preceded it, and again scores of his sheep were buried in the snow. But February had not passed, and scarce had the sun entered what is represented as the astronomical sign of the *two fish* in the heavens, when the genial influence of spring fell with almost summer warmth upon the earth. During the night the dews came heavily on the ground, and the sun sucked it up in a vapour. But the herbage grew rapidly, and the flocks ate of it greedily, and licked the dew ere the sun rose to dry it up. It brought the murrain amongst them; they died by hundreds; and those that even fattened, but did not die, no man would purchase; or, if purchased, it was only upon the understanding that the money should be returned if the animals were found unsound. These misfortunes were too much for Thomas Hardie. Within two years he found himself a ruined man. But he grieved not for the loss of his flocks, nor yet for his own sake, but for that of his fair young wife, whom he loved as the apple of his eye. Many, when they heard of his misfortunes, said that they were sorry for bonny Midside Maggie.

But, worst of all, the rent-day of Thomas Hardie drew near; and for the first time since he had held a farm, he was unable to meet his

landlord with his money in his hand. Margaret beheld the agony of his spirit, and she knew its cause. She put on her Sunday hood and kirtle; and professing to her husband that she wished to go to Lauder, she took her way to Thirlestane Castle, the residence of their proud landlord, before whom every tenant in arrear trembled. With a shaking hand she knocked at the hall door, and after much perseverance and entreaty, was admitted into the presence of the haughty earl. She curtsied low before him.

"Well, what want ye, my bonny lass?" said Lauderdale, eyeing her significantly.

"May it please yer lordship," replied Margaret, "I am the wife o' yer tenant, Thomas Hardie o' Tollishill; an' a guid tenant he has been to yer lordship for twenty years and mair, as yer lordship maun weel ken."

"He has been my tenant for more than twenty years, say ye?" interrupted Lauderdale; "and ye say ye are his wife: why, looking on thy bonny face, I should say that the heather hasna bloomed twenty times on the knowes o' Tollishill since thy mother bore thee. Yet ye say ye are his wife! Beshrew me, but Thomas Hardie is a man o' taste. Arena ye his daughter?"

"No, my lord; his first, his only, an' his lawfu' wife—an' I would only say, that to ye an' yer faither before ye, for mair than twenty years, he has paid his rent regularly an' faithfully; but the seasons hae visited us sairly, very sairly, for twa years successively, my lord, an' the drift has destroyed, an' the rot rooted oot oor flocks, sae that we are hardly able to haud up oor heads among oor neebors, and to meet yer lordship at yer rent-day is oot o' oor power; therefore hae I come to ye to implore ye, that we may hae time to gather oor feet, an' to gie yer lordship an' every man his due, when it is in oor power."

"Hear me, guidwife," rejoined the earl; "were I to listen to such stories as yours, I might have every farmer's wife on my estates coming whimpering and whinging, till I was left to shake a purse with naething in't, and allowing others the benefit o' my lands. But it is not every day that a face like yours comes in the shape o' sorrow before me; and for ae kiss o' your cherry mou' (and ye may take my compliments to your auld man for his taste) ye shall have a discharge for your half-year's rent, and see if that may set your husband on his feet again."

"Na, yer lordship, na!" replied Margaret; "it would ill become ony woman in my situation in life, an' especially a married ane, to be daffin with sic as yer lordship. I am the wife o' Thomas Hardie, wha is a guid guidman to me, an' I cam here this day to entreat ye to deal kindly wi' him in the day o' his misfortune."

"Troth," replied Lauderdale—who could feel the force of virtue in others, though he did not always practise it in his own person—"I hae heard o' the blossom o' Tollishill before, an' a bonny flower ye are to blossom in an auld man's bower; but I find ye modest as ye are bonny, an' upon one condition will I grant yer request. Ye hae tauld me o' yer hirsels being buried wi' the drift, an' that the snaw has covered the May primrose on Leader braes; now it is Martinmas, an' if in June ye bring me a snow-ball, not only shall ye be quit o' yer back rent, but ye shall sit free in Tollishill till Martinmas next. But see that in June ye bring me the snow-ball or the rent."

Margaret made her obeisance before the earl, and, thanking him, withdrew. But she feared the coming of June; for to raise the rent even then she well knew would be a thing impossible, and she thought also it would be equally so to preserve a snow-ball beneath the melting sun of June. Though young she had too much prudence and honesty to keep a secret from her husband; it was her maxim, and it was a good one, that "there ought to be no secrets between a man and his wife, which the one would conceal from the other." She therefore told him of her journey to Thirlestane, and of all that had passed between her and the earl. Thomas kissed her cheek, and called her his "bonny, artless Maggie;" but he had no more hope of seeing a snow-ball in June than she had, and he said, "the bargain was like the bargain o' a crafty Lauderdale."

Again the winter storms howled upon the Lammermoors, and the snow lay deep upon the hills. Thomas and his herdsmen were busied in exertions to preserve the remainder of his flocks; but one day, when the westling winds breathed with a thawing influence upon the snow-clad hills, Margaret went forth to where there was a small, deep, and shadowed ravine by the side of the Leader. In it the rivulet formed a pool, and seemed to sleep, and there the gray trout loved to lie at ease; for a high dark rock, over which the brushwood grew, overhung it, and the rays of the sun fell not upon it. In the rock, and near the side of the stream, was a deep cavity, and Margaret formed a snow-ball on the brae top, and she rolled it slowly down into the shadowed glen, till it attained the magnitude of an avalanche in miniature. She trode upon it, and

pressed it firmly together, till it obtained almost the hardness and consistency of ice. She rolled it far into the cavity, and blocked up the mouth of the aperture, so that neither light nor air might penetrate the strange coffer in which she had deposited the equally strange rent of Tollishill. Verily, common as ice-houses are in our day, let not Midside Maggie be deprived of the merit of their invention.

I have said that it was her maxim to keep no secret from her husband; but, as it is said, there is no rule without an exception, even so it was in the case of Margaret, and there was one secret which she communicated not to Thomas, and that was—the secret of the hidden snow-ball.

But June came, and Thomas Hardie was a sorrowful man. He had in no measure overcome the calamities of former seasons, and he was still unprepared with his rent. Margaret shared not his sorrow, but strove to cheer him, and said—

"We shall hae a snawba' in June, though I climb to the top o' Cheviot for it."

"O my bonny lassie," replied he—and he could see the summit of Cheviot from his farm —"dinna deceive yersel' wi' what could only be words spoken in jest; but, at ony rate, I perceive there has been nae snaw on Cheviot for a month past."

Now, not a week had passed, but Margaret had visited the aperture in the ravine, where the snow-ball was concealed, not through idle curiosity to perceive whether it had melted away, but more effectually to stop up every crevice that might have been made in the materials with which she had blocked up the mouth of the cavity.

But the third day of the dreadful month had not passed, when a messenger arrived at Tollishill from Thirlestane with the abrupt mandate—"*June has come!*"

"And we shall be at Thirlestane the morn," answered Margaret.

"O my doo," said Thomas, "what nonsense are ye talking!—that isna like ye, Margaret; I'll be in Greenlaw Jail the morn: and oor bits o' things in the hoose, and oor flocks will be seized by the harpies o' the law; and the only thing that distresses me is, what is to come o' you, hinny."

"Dinna dree the death ye'll never dee," said Margaret affectionately; "we shall see, if we be spared, what the morn will bring."

"The fortitude o' yer mind, Margaret," said Thomas, taking her hand; and he intended to have said more, to have finished a sentence in admiration of her worth, but his heart filled, and he was silent.

On the following morning Margaret said unto him—

"Now, Thomas, if ye are ready, we'll gang to Thirlestane. It is aye waur to expect or think o' an evil than to face it."

"Margaret, dear," said he, "I canna comprehend ye—wherefore should I thrust my head into the lion's den? It will soon enough seek me in my path."

Nevertheless she said unto him, "Come," and bade him be of good heart; and he rose and accompanied her. But she conducted him to the deep ravine, where the waters seem to sleep and no sunbeam ever falls; and, as she removed the earth and the stones, with which she had blocked up the mouth of the cavity in the rock, he stood wondering. She entered the aperture, and rolled forth the firm mass of snow, which was yet too large to be lifted by hands. When Thomas saw this he smiled, and wept at the same instant, and he pressed his wife's cheek to his bosom, and said—

"Great has been the care o' my poor Margaret; but it is o' no avail; for though ye hae proved mair than a match for the seasons, the proposal was but a jest o' Lauderdale."

"What is a man but his word?" replied Margaret; "and him a nobleman too."

"Nobility are but men," answered Thomas, "and seldom better men than ither folk. Believe me, if we were to gang afore him wi' a snawba' in oor hands, we should only get lauched at for our pains."

"It was his ain agreement," added she; "and, at ony rate, we can be naething the waur for seeing if he will abide by it."

Breaking the snowy mass she rolled up a portion of it in a napkin, and they went towards Thirlestane together; though often did Thomas stop by the way, and say—

"Margaret, dear, I'm perfectly ashamed to gang upon this business; as sure as I am standing here, as I have tauld ye, we will only get oorselves lauched at."

"I would rather be lauched at," added she, "than despised for breaking my word; and if oor laird break his noo, wha wadna despise him?"

Harmonious as their wedded life had hitherto been, there was what might well nigh be called bickerings between them on the road; for Thomas felt or believed that she was leading him on a fool's errand. But they arrived at the castle of Thirlestane, and were ushered into the mansion of its proud lord.

"Ha!" said the earl as they entered, "bonny

Midside Maggie and her auld guidman! Well, what bring ye?—the rents o' Tollishill, or their equivalent?" Thomas looked at his young wife, for he saw nothing to give him hope on the countenance of Lauderdale, and he thought that he pronounced the word "*equivalent*" with a sneer.

"I bring ye snaw in June, my lord," replied Margaret, "agreeably to the terms o' yer bargain; and I'm sorry, for your sake and oors, that it hasna yet been in oor power to bring gowd instead o't."

Loud laughed the earl as Margaret unrolled the huge snowball before him; and Thomas thought unto himself, "I said how it would be." But Lauderdale, calling for his writing materials, sat down and wrote, and he placed in the hands of Thomas a discharge, not only for his back rent, but for all that should otherwise be due at the ensuing Martinmas.

Thomas Hardie bowed and bowed again before the earl, low and yet lower, awkwardly and still more awkwardly; and he endeavoured to thank him, but his tongue faltered in the performance of its office. He could have taken his hand in his and wrung it fervently, leaving his fingers to express what his tongue could not; but his laird was an earl, and there was a necessary distance to be observed between an earl and a Lammermoor farmer.

"Thank not me, goodman," said Lauderdale, "but thank the modesty and discrétion o' yer winsome wife."

Margaret was silent; but gratitude for the kindness which the earl had shown unto her husband and herself took deep root in her heart. Gratitude, indeed, formed the predominating principle in her character, and fitted her even for acts of heroism.

The unexpected and unwonted generosity of the earl had enabled Thomas Hardie to overcome the losses with which the fury of the seasons had overwhelmed him, and he prospered beyond any farmer on the hills. But, while he prospered, the Earl of Lauderdale, in his turn, was overtaken by adversity. The stormy times of the civil wars raged, and it is well known with what devotedness Lauderdale followed the fortunes of the king. When the Commonwealth began he was made prisoner, conveyed to London, and confined in the Tower. There nine years of captivity crept slowly and gloomily over him; but they neither taught him mercy to others, nor to moderate his ambition, as was manifested when power and prosperity again cast their beams upon him. But he now lingered in the Tower, without prospect or hope of release, living upon the bare sustenance of a prisoner, while his tenants dwelt on his estates, and did as they pleased with his rents, as though they should not again behold the face of a landlord.

But Midside Maggie grieved for the fate of him whose generosity had brought prosperity, such as they had never known before, to herself and to her husband; and, in the fulness of her gratitude, she was ever planning schemes for his deliverance; and she urged upon her husband that it was their duty to attempt to deliver their benefactor from captivity, as he had delivered them from the iron grasp of ruin when misfortune lay heavily on them. Now, as duly as the rent-day came, from the Martinmas to which the snow-ball had been his discharge, Thomas Hardie faithfully and punctually locked away his rent to the last farthing, that he might deliver it into the hands of his laird, should he again be permitted to claim his own; but he saw not in what way they could attempt his deliverance, as his wife proposed.

"Thomas," said she, "there are ten lang years o' rent due, and we hae the siller locked away. It is o' nae use to us, for it isna oors; but it may be o' use to him. It would enable him to fare better in his prison, and maybe to put a handfu' o' gowd into the hands o' his keepers, and thereby to escape abroad, and it wad furnish him wi' the means o' living when he was abroad. Remember his kindness to us, and think that there is nae sin equal to the sin o' ingratitude."

"But," added Thomas, "in what way could we get the money to him? for, if we were to send it, it would never reach him, and, as a prisoner, he wouldna be allooed to receive it."

"Let us tak it to him oorsels, then," said Margaret.

"Tak it oorsels!" exclaimed Thomas in amazement, "a' the way to London! It is oot o' the question a'thegither, Margaret. We wad be robbed o' every plack before we got halfway; or if we were even there, hoo, in a' the world, do ye think we could get it to him, or that we would be allooed to see him?"

"Leave that to me," was her reply; "only say ye will gang, and a' that shall be accomplished. There is nae obstacle in the way but the want o' yer consent. But the debt, and the ingratitude o' it thegither, hang heavy upon my heart."

Thomas at length yielded to the importunities of his wife, and agreed that they should make a pilgrimage to London, to pay his rent to his captive laird; though how they were to carry the gold in safety through an unsettled

country, a distance of more than three hundred miles, was a difficulty he could not overcome. But Margaret removed his fears; she desired him to count out the gold, and place it before her; and when he had done so, she went to the meal-tub and took out a quantity of pease and of barley meal mixed, sufficient to knead a goodly fadge or bannock; and when she had kneaded it, and rolled it out, she took the golden pieces and pressed them into the paste of the embryo bannock, and again she doubled it together, and again rolled it out, and kneaded into it the remainder of the gold. She then fashioned it into a thick bannock, and placing it on the hearth, covered it with the red ashes of the peats.

Thomas sat marvelling, as the formation of the singular purse proceeded, and when he beheld the operation completed, and the bannock placed upon the hearth to bake, he only exclaimed, "Weel, woman's ingenuity dings a'! I wadna hae thocht o' the like o' that, had I lived a thoosand years! O Margaret, hinny, but ye are a strange ane."

"Hoots," replied she, "I'm sure ye micht easily hae imagined that it was the safest plan we could hae thocht upon to carry the siller in safety; for, I am sure, there isna a thief between the Tweed and Lon'on toun that would covet or carry awa a bear bannock."

"Troth, my doo, and I believe ye're richt," replied Thomas; "but wha could hae thocht o' sic an expedient? Sure there never was a bannock baked like the bannock o' Tollishill."

On the third day after this, an old man and a fair lad, before the sun had yet risen, were observed crossing the English Border. They alternately carried a wallet across their shoulders, which contained a few articles of apparel and a bannock. They were dressed as shepherds, and passengers turned and gazed on them as they passed along; for the beauty of the youth's countenance excited their admiration. Never had Lowland bonnet covered so fair a brow. The elder stranger was Thomas Hardie, and the youth none other than his Midside Maggie.

I will not follow them through the stages of their long and weary journey, nor dwell upon the perils and adventures they encountered by the way. But on the third week after they had left Tollishill, and when they were beyond the town called Stevenage, and almost within sight of the metropolis, they were met by an elderly military-looking man, who, struck with the lovely countenance of the seeming youth, their dress, and way-worn appearance, accosted them, saying, "Good morrow, strangers; ye seem to have travelled far. Is this fair youth your son, old man?"

"He is a gay sib freend," answered Thomas.

"And whence come ye?" continued the stranger.

"Frae Leader Haughs, on the bonny Borders o' the north countrie," replied Margaret.

"And whence go ye?" resumed the other.

"First tell me wha ye may be that are sae inquisitive, interrupted Thomas, in a tone which betrayed something like impatience.

"Some call me George Monk," replied the stranger mildly, "others Honest George. I am a general in the Parliamentary army." Thomas reverentially raised his hand to his bonnet, and bowed his head.

"Then pardon me, sir," added Margaret, "and if ye indeed be the guid and gallant general, sma' offence will ye tak at onything that may be said amiss by a country laddie. We are tenants o' the Lord o' Lauderdale, whom ye now keep in captivity; and though we mayna think as he thinks, yet we never faund him but a guid landlord; and little guid, in my opinion, it can do ony body to keep him, as he has been noo for nine years, caged up like a bird. Therefore, though oor ain business that has brocht us up to London should fail, I winna regret the journey, since it has afforded me an opportunity o' seeing yer Excellency, and soliciting yer interest, which maun be pooerfu', in behalf o' oor laird, and that ye would release him frae his prison; and, if he michtna remain in this countrie, obtain permission for him to gang abroad."

"Ye plead fairly and honestly for yer laird, fair youth," returned the general; "yet, though he is no man to be trusted, I needs say he hath had his portion of captivity measured out abundantly; and, since ye have minded me of him, ere a week go round I will think of what may be done for Lauderdale." Other questions were asked and answered—some truly, and some evasively; and Thomas and Margaret, blessing Honest George in their hearts, went on their way rejoicing at having met him.

On arriving in London she laid aside the shepherd's garb in which she had journeyed, and resumed her wonted apparel. On the second day after their arrival she went out upon Tower Hill, dressed as a Scottish peasant girl, with a basket on her arm; and in the basket were a few ballads, and the bannock of Tollishill. She affected silliness, and, acting the part of a wandering minstrel, went singing her ballads towards the gate of the Tower. Thomas followed her at a distance. Her ap-

pearance interested the guard; and as she stood singing before the gate—"What want ye, pretty face?" inquired the officer of the guard. "Your alms, if you please," said she, smiling innocently, "and to sing a bonny Scotch sang to the Laird o' Lauderdale."

The officer and the sentinels laughed; and, after she had sung them another song or two, she was permitted to enter the gate, and a soldier pointed out to her the room in which Lauderdale was confined. On arriving before the grated windows of his prison she raised her eyes towards them, and began to sing "*Leader Haughs.*" The wild, sweet melody of his native land drew Lauderdale to the windows of his prison-house, and in the countenance of the minstrel he remembered the lovely features of Midside Maggie. He requested permission of the keeper that she should be admitted to his presence; and his request was complied with.

"Bless thee, sweet face!" said the earl, as she was admitted into his prison; "and you have not forgotten the snow-ball in June?" And he took her hand to raise it to his lips.

"Hooly, hooly, my guid lord," said she, withdrawing her hand; "my fingers were made for nae sic purpose—Thomas Hardie is here"—and she laid her hand upon her fair bosom; "though now standing without the yett o' the Tower." Lauderdale again wondered; and, with a look of mingled curiosity and confusion, inquired—"Wherefore do ye come; and why do ye seek me?" "I brocht ye a snaw-ba' before," said she, "for yer rent—I bring ye a bannock noo." And she took the bannock from the basket, and placed it before him."

"Woman," added he, "are ye really as demented as I thocht ye but feigned to be, when ye sang before the window."

"The proof o' the bannock," replied Margaret, "will be in the breakin' o't."

"Then, goodwife, it will not be easily proved," said he—and he took the bannock, and, with some difficulty, broke it over his knee; but when he beheld the golden coins that were kneaded through it, for the first, perhaps the last and only time in his existence, the Earl of Lauderdale burst into tears, and exclaimed—"Well, every bannock has its maik, but the bannock o' Tollishill! Yet, kind as ye hae been, the gold is useless to ane that groans in hopeless captivity."

"Yours has been a long captivity," said Margaret; "but it is not hopeless; and if honest General Monk is to be trusted, from what he tauld me not three days by-gane, before a week gae roond ye will be at liberty to go abroad, and there the bannock o' Tollishill may be o' use."

The wonder of Lauderdale increased, and he replied—"Monk will keep his word; but what mean ye of him?"

And she related to him the interview they had had with the general by the way. Lauderdale took her hand, a ray of hope and joy spread over his face, and he added—

"Never shall ye rue the bakin' o' the bannock, if auld times come back again."

Margaret left the Tower singing as she had entered it, and joined her husband, whom she found leaning over the railing around the moat, and anxiously waiting her return. They spent a few days more in London, to rest and to gaze upon its wonders, and again set out upon their journey to Tollishill. General Monk remembered his promise; within a week the Earl of Lauderdale was liberated, with permission to go abroad, and there, as Margaret had intimated, he found the bannock of Tollishill of service.

A few more years passed round, during which old Thomas Hardie still prospered; but during those years the Commonwealth came to an end, the king was recalled, and with him, as one of his chief favourites, returned the Earl of Lauderdale. And when he arrived in Scotland clothed with power, whatever else he forgot, he remembered the bannock of Tollishill. Arrayed in what might have passed as royal state, and attended by fifty of his followers, he rode to the dwelling of Thomas Hardie and Midside Maggie; and when they came forth to meet him he dismounted, and drew forth a costly silver girdle of strange workmanship, and fastened it round her jimp waist, saying—"Wear this, for now it is my turn to be grateful, and for your husband's life, and your life, and the life of the generation after ye" (for they had children), "ye shall sit rent free on the lands ye now farm. For, truly, every bannock had its maik, but the bannock o' Tollishill."

Thomas and Margaret felt their hearts too full to express their thanks; and ere they could speak, the earl, mounting his horse, rode towards Thirlestane; and his followers, waving their bonnets, shouted—"Long live Midside Maggie, queen of Tollishill."

Such is the story of "The Bannock o' Tollishill;" and it is only necessary to add, for the information of the curious, that I believe the silver girdle may be seen until this day, in the neighbourhood of Tollishill, and in the possession of a descendant of Midside Maggie, to whom it was given.

THE SHIPWRECK.

[**William Falconer**, born in Edinburgh, 11th February, 1732; lost at sea in the *Aurora* frigate, December, 1769. His father was a barber and wig maker in the Netherbow, and afterwards a grocer, but always unfortunate in business. When about fourteen the poet was sent to sea. In 1750 he was second mate on board the *Britannia*, which, on the passage from Alexandria to Venice, was shipwrecked on the coast of Greece. Only three of the crew survived, of whom Falconer was one; and it was this incident which inspired his poem. He served some time as midshipman in the Royal Navy, then was appointed purser, and was engaged in that capacity in the *Aurora* when it was lost on the passage to India. The *Shipwreck* first appeared in 1762 and was received with high favour by the public. The most important of his other poems are: *The Demagogue; A Poem, sacred to the Memory of H.R.H. Frederic Prince of Wales; Ode on the Duke of York's Second Departure from England as Rear-admiral; To Miranda; The Fond Lover;* and *The Description of a Ninety-gun Ship*. The Rev. John Mitford, in his life of Falconer prefixed to the Aldine edition of the *Shipwreck*, says of that poem: "It is a singularly elegant production of a person who had received no education beyond the mere elements of language, and who was subsequently occupied in the severe duties and business of a seafaring life —equally without learning or leisure. The poetical powers of Falconer, in whatever rank they may be placed, were the gift of nature." Falconer compiled a valuable Marine Dictionary (1769).[1]]

The moment fraught with fate approaches fast!
While thronging sailors climb each quivering mast;
The ship no longer now must stem the land,
And "Hard a starboard!" is the last command:
While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies,
The prow, swift wheeling, to the westward flies;
Twelve sailors, on the fore-mast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend:
Fatal retreat! for, while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down prest by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep-crashing rends:
Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie;
The fore-mast totters, unsustained on high;
And now the ship, forelifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main top-mast by the cap away:
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain,
Through hostile floods, their vessel to regain;
Weak hope, alas! they buffet long the wave,
And grasp at life though sinking in the grave;
Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
O'erpowered they yield to cruel fate at length;
The burying waters close around their head,
They sink! for ever numbered with the dead.

Those who remain the weather shrouds embrace,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' case;
Transfixt with terror at the approaching doom,
Self-pity in their breasts alone has room:
Albert, and Rodmond, and Palemon, near
With young Arion, on the mast appear;
E'en they, amid the unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess,
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom mortal terror feels;
Begirt with all the horrors of the main
They viewed the adjacent shore, but viewed in vain:
Such torments, in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
That sees remote the mansions of the blest.

It comes! the dire catastrophe draws near,
Lashed furious on by destiny severe:
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above!
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain;
Since I, all trembling in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.

In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath
To smile serene amid the pangs of death:
Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
Inexorable fate beneath the lee;
And Epictetus at the sight, in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain:
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed,
Spectator of such various horrors been,
E'en he had staggered at this dreadful scene.

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For every wave now smites the quivering yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in terrible cascade;
Across the foundered deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore.
Swift up the mountain billow now she flies,
Her shattered top half-buried in the skies;
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thundering on the marble crags descends:
Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock—
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah Heaven!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

[1] It is said that Mr. Murray, founder of the famous publishing house, asked Falconer in 1768 to join him in the business. Mr. Murray wrote to him: "Many blockheads in the trade are making fortunes, and did we not succeed as well as they, I think it must be imputed only to ourselves." It is not known why Falconer declined this advantageous offer.

Oh, were it mine with sacred Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him, the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress;
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivalled strains, deplore
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore.
As o'er the surf the bending main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumbed, and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below:
Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan:
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach—a lifeless crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! the eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain:
His faithful wife, for ever doomed to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return,
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want, and hardships unforeseen, inclosed;
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
His outstretched arms the master's legs enfold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
For death bids every clenching joint adhere:
All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And "Oh protect my wife and child!" he cries—
The gushing streams roll back the unfinished sound,
He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.

Five only left of all the shipwrecked throng
Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures
And all assaults of hostile waves endures:
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives—
"Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy;
Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die:
And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost:"
Thus thought Arion; anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found—
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commissioned fly:
When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two, next Arion, furious tears away;
Hurled on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
And groaning, cling upon the elusive weed:
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and memory views no more.
Ha! total night and horror here preside,
My stunned ear tingles to the whizzing tide;
It is their funeral knell! and gliding near
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

TALES OF THE ARABIANS.

[Jean Charles Leonard Simonde de Sismondi, born at Genoa, 9th May, 1773; died 25th June, 1842. Historian and miscellaneous writer. His chief works are: *Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe* (from which we quote), translated by Thomas Roscoe; *History of the Crusades against the Albigenses in the 13th Century; History of the French; The Battles of Cressy and Poictiers; Religious Opinions during the 19th Century; Julie Sevère*, an historical novel, &c.]

If the eastern nations possess not the epic or the drama, they have been the inventors of a style of poetry which is related to the epic, and which supplies amongst them the place of the drama. We owe to them those tales of which the conception is so brilliant, and the imagination so rich and varied; tales which have been the delight of our infancy, and which at a more advanced age we never read without feeling their enchantment anew. Every one is acquainted with the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments;* but, if we may believe the French translator, we do not possess the six-and-thirtieth part of the great Arabian collection. This prodigious collection is not confined merely to books, but forms the treasure of a numerous class of men and women, who, throughout the whole extent of the Mohammedan dominion, in Turkey, Persia, and even to the extremity of India, find a livelihood in reciting these tales

to crowds who delight to forget, in the pleasing dreams of imagination, the melancholy feelings of the present moment. In the coffee-houses of the Levant one of these men will gather a silent crowd around him. Sometimes he will excite terror or pity, but he more frequently pictures to his audience those brilliant and fantastic visions which are the patrimony of eastern imaginations. He will even occasionally provoke laughter, and the severe brows of the fierce Mussulmans will only unbend upon an occasion like this. This is the only exhibition of the kind in all the Levant, where these recitations supply the place of our dramatic representations. The public squares abound with these story-tellers, who fill up the heavy hours of the seraglio. The physicians frequently recommend them to their patients, in order to soothe pain, to calm agitation, or to produce sleep after long watchfulness; and these story-tellers, accustomed to sickness, modulate their voices, soften their tones, and gently suspend them, as sleep steals over the sufferer.

The imagination of the Arabs, which shines in all its brilliancy in these tales, is easily distinguished from the imagination of the chivalric nations, though it is easy to perceive a certain resemblance between them. The supernatural world is the same in both, but the moral world is different.

The Arabian tales, like the romances of chivalry, convey us into the fairy-realms, but the human personages which they introduce are very dissimilar.

These tales had their birth, after the Arabians, yielding the empire of the sword to the Tartars, the Turks, and the Persians, had devoted themselves to commerce, literature, and the arts. We recognize in them the style of a mercantile people, as we do that of a warlike nation in the romances of chivalry. Riches and artificial luxuries dispute the palm with the splendid gifts of the fairies. The heroes unceasingly traverse distant realms, and the interests of merchandise excite their active curiosity, as much as the love of renown awakened the spirit of the ancient knights. Besides the female characters, we find in these tales only four distinct classes of persons—princes, merchants, monks or calenders, and slaves. Soldiers are scarcely ever introduced upon the stage. Valour and military achievements in these tales, as in the records of the East, inspire terror, and produce the most desolating effects, but excite no enthusiasm. There is, on this account, in the Arabian tales something less noble and heroic than we usually expect in compositions of this nature. But, on the other hand, we must consider that these story-tellers are our masters in the art of producing, sustaining, and unceasingly varying the interest of this kind of fiction; that they are the creators of that brilliant mythology of fairies and genii, which extends the bounds of the world, multiplies the riches and strength of human nature, and which, without striking us with terror, carries us into the realms of marvels and of prodigies. It is from them that we have derived that intoxication of love, that tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, and that reverential awe of women, by turns slaves and divinities, which have operated so powerfully on our chivalrous feelings. We trace their effects in all the literature of the south, which owes to this cause its mental character. Many of these tales had found their way into our poetical literature long before the translation of the *Arabian Nights*. Some of them are to be met with in our old Fabliaux, in Boccaccio, and in Ariosto; and these very tales which have charmed our infancy, passing from tongue to tongue, and from nation to nation, through channels frequently unknown, are now familiar to the memory, and form the delight of the imagination of half the inhabitants of the globe.

THE CHARM.

BY SEBASTIAN EVANS.[1]

When at Easter on thy lea
First thick-legged lamb thou see,—
If upon the greenwood side
Brock or crafty fox be spied,
Goodman, turn thy money!

If the magpie, or the jay,
Or the lapwing cross thy way,
Or the raven from his oak
Ban thee hoarsely with his croak,
Goodman, turn thy money!

If when at the hearth thou sit
Spark from out the fire should flit,—
If, when wintry tempests beat,
Candle wear a winding sheet,
Goodman, turn thy money!

If the wizard's ring appear
Round the moon, or if thou see her
Full or new,—or, worse mishap,
New with old upon her lap,
Goodman, turn thy money!

[1] *Brother Fabian's MS. and other Poems* (Macmillan & Co.)

If the salt thou chance to spill,
Token sure of coming ill,—
If thirteen sit down to sup,
And thou first have risen up,
Goodman, turn thy money!

Goodman true, wouldst fend thyself
From witchcraft and midnight elf?
Wouldst thou dree no fairy harm?
Keep in mind my simple charm,
Goodman, turn thy money!

Goodman, learn my charm and verse,
Learn to carry poke or purse!
And, that not in vain thou learn,
Somewhat keep therein to turn!—
Goodman, turn thy money!
Quoth Fabian.

A POPULAR AUTHOR'S MISERIES.

"——I'll print it,
And shame the rogues."—POPE.

My friend Fosbrook,—Dick Fosbrook—for the abbreviation which his good-fellowship had won for him at Westminster and Cambridge did not desert him upon his entrance into the real man and woman world of society—was a very excellent personage. He was something more substantial than a mere "good fellow;" he was a well-informed, sensible man, with more originality of talent than a reserved disposition permitted to rise to the surface. His shyness at length took refuge behind a title-page; that which he found no courage to say, he resolved to write. "Some sin, his parents' or his own," indeed, had dipped him in ink very early in life; his infant elegy upon his mother's favourite tabby had been wept over by every maiden aunt of the house of Fosbrook: his translations had been applauded by Busby; his prize-poems had been printed at Cambridge; he had lodged in the same house with Lord Byron; his grandmother was a Hayley; his bankers, Rogers, Towgood, & Co. Such a concatenation of impulses was irresistible, and Dick Fosbrook became an author! One fatal and highly unpoetical stumble befell him upon the very brink of Helicon. He married!—neither a muse, nor a Madame Dacier; but a very pretty girl,—reasonably rich, and unreasonably silly;—a professional alliance, however, for she was the daughter of a master in Chancery, and was already at the bar.

The duties of his legal vocation did not at present interfere with his homage to the Nine; or, as his wife persisted in calling them, the foolish virgins. He wrote, he published, and wrote and published again; and if "the learned world said nothing to his paradoxes," he was equally taciturn as to the amount of the printer's bill, which he annually pocketed with a genuine Christmas groan! He flattered himself he wrote for immortality; that post-obit bond, the dishonouring of which falls so lightly on our feelings!—and his wife and her relations, who regarded authorship as a lawless and cabalistic calling, inimical to the interests of church and state, and an increasing family, exulted in the premature deaths which unfailingly awaited his literary progeny. I dined with him once or twice at this period of his domestic felicity and public misfortunes, and I never beheld a happier or more contented man; he laughed at my bad jokes upon withered laurels, and Lethe, and the stream of Time; he told me that the indulgent public was a dunce, "sans ears, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything;" while his wife, half aside, whispered to me that the ingratitude of this senseless dunce had nearly alienated his mind from his former unprofitable studies.

"Sur ces entrefaites," my own equally profitless pursuits led me to the Continent; and in the course of the three years I was vagabondizing through Italy, an incidental paragraph in Galignani's Journal bore honourable mention of "Mr. Fosbrook, the popular author!" "Poor Dick!" said I, involuntarily, "no relation of thine, I fear!"

Yet 'twas the same—the very Dick I knew! One of his least meritorious works had made what is called a hit; he was now the "darling of the Muses;" and what is better still, of the booksellers; one of the literary ephemera, basking in the transient sunshine of modern fame.

Soon afterwards I landed at Dover, and after the due proportion of wrangling at the custom-house, and grumbling at the divers instalments of tough beef-steaks and muddy wine, wherewith Messrs. Wright defy the patience of the returning exile, I arrived in town—heard the muffin-bell once more—that

——"Squilla di lontano
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore!"

—and deposited myself and my yellow valet, Gioacchino, in an hotel in Brook Street. The next day I wandered to my old club, which was grown as fine and uncomfortable as "Ninette à la cour;" heard my contemporaries observe, as they glanced towards a mirror, that I was miserably altered; lost my way in a wil-

derness of new streets, and my footing in a plunge through the puddles of a macadamized square; and just as I was recovering my equilibrium of body, if not of temper, I perceived a lank, rueful visage, gazing sympathizingly upon my mischance. 'Twas a strangely familiar face—'twas Fosbrook's; not Dick's, but the "popular author's!"

His dolorous physiognomy expanded into smiles on this unexpected recognition. He took my arm, and my way onwards, and we turned literally and figuratively to the passages of our youth, till he almost became Dick again by the force of reminiscence. Nay! had it not been for the deferential salutation of two wise men, two very learned pundits, and the raised hats of a bustling Westminster-ward Member or two, whom we met scuffling down Regent Street, his popularity and his authorship would have been forgotten between us. "Dine with me to-morrow," said he at parting, "we shall be alone, and can gossip over our Trinity days."

"With all my heart," I answered. "At five—in Gower Street?"

"No, no! at seven, in Curzon Street;" but the words came not trippingly from his tongue.

The morrow came, and I was delighted to find that, among the various removes of the day, dear Old Bond Street had not changed its town residence, although "almost ashamed to know itself;" and as I re-paraded my daily walks and ancient neighbourhood, I was startled by the sight of poor Fosbrook's face frowning in all the panes of the print-shops. There, at least, he was no Dick of mine; for his worthy countenance was distorted into a most cynical sneer, and he looked as blue and yellow as an Edinburgh review. Rain came on, and I was driven to the cruel refuge of a morning-visit; when, having excused myself from an impromptu dinner invitation, through my "pre-engagement to my friend Mr. Fosbrook,"—"The popular author?"—I was amused to find that even to be his friend was a rising point in the thermometer of fashion; and my intervention was humbly prayed to render him my friend's friend too. Poor Fosbrook! I remember the time when I scarcely contrived to procure a third man to make up dummy whist with him; he was considered a chartered bore, by right divine, and according to the most approved authorities!

It was, however, with a feeling nearly amounting to respect for his new honours that I trod lightly upon the creaking step of my hackney-coach at the door of his new mansion, and was ushered by a sulky butler into a very literary-looking drawing-room. Over the marble sphinx-ed chimney-piece hung a fine portrait of its master in oils, and by Lawrence: and over a buhl secretaire a spirited sketch by Hayter —being the original of the authorial print of the Bond Street windows. Poor Fosbrook! I remember the time when a paltry profile was the only copy of his countenance! Several proofs of splendid new engravings were "ordered to lie on the table," beside a few presentation copies of the latest works of the day. "Are they good for anything?" said I to Dick, who found me with a volume in my hands.

"I really cannot take upon me to say," he replied gravely, and with the air of a man who is afraid of committing himself. "One of the worst consequences of scribbling ourselves is, that we have no leisure to look over these light productions, which are sometimes far from unamusing?"

"*We!*"—thinks I to myself, editorial; while Richard (I will never Dick him any more) turned to the final page of the several works, and determined their length as the standard of their merits.

A very light production now entered the room—Mrs. Fosbrook; looking as dressy as the frontispiece of "La Belle Assemblée." But if her gown were *couleur de rose*, her brow was black as Erebus; the honours which had made him sad had made her cross. I did not care; I had never abbreviated *her* name; so as it was the May of a London summer, I turned for consolation towards a fire bright enough to roast St. Lawrence. This movement necessitated a glance towards the card-rack, and I observed that its prominent features were "At Homes" from L. House and D. House, and a "requests the honour" from the Dowager Lady C. "Ah! ah!" said I to myself, "your popular author is ever a diner out."

I trust my friend Fosbrook was an habitual one; or at least, that he did not affect to be "L'Amphitryon ou l'on dine." The solid joint and solid pudding of St. Pancras had been ill exchanged, in his *menu*, for the unapproachable *filets* and *fricandeaux* of St. George's; and hot *sauterne* and iced *Lafitte* were abominable substitutes for the old Madeira and old port of old times. By the time the cloth and the lady were withdrawn I was as much out of humour as Mrs. Fosbrook with popular authorship. To judge by the lowering brow of my host, his feelings were turned to as doleful a key as my own. As we were *tête-à-tête*, I ventured an apostrophe to the memory of the Gower Street port; it was a fortunate digression: the butler was summoned: the cork squeaked beneath the screw, and Richard was himself again!

"You have an excellent house here, Fosbrook!"

"Why, yes;—the situation is good, and the distribution better; yet somehow or other, even in my perfection of a 'gentleman's room,' I always regret my Crusoe's cave in Gower Street. There I was never interrupted by importunate idlers; my books, ungilt and unprisoned behind the glittering wires of a library, came at my call; in short, I was able to read, and think, and write, as I liked."

"And as others liked," said I, courteously. "My return to England has discovered to me an old friend in the most popular author of the day."

Fosbrook literally shuddered at the word. "No more of that, an thou lovest me!" exclaimed he in a tone of acute sensibility. "Keep the name for the first dog you wish to see hanged."

"Pho! pho!" said I, "the mere cant of affected modesty! You have won your laurels bravely; do not wear them like a coward. They were long, it is true, in putting forth their verdant honours; but now it would seem as 'Birnam wood were come to Dunsinane.'"

Fosbrook shook his head despondingly; and his whole air was so completely that of Matthews' admirable hypochondriac, that, spite of myself, I burst into a hearty fit of laughter. By good luck it proved contagious, and having roared and shouted "à qui mieux mieux," a happy tone of confidence was immediately established between us.

"The fact is, my dear fellow," resumed Fosbrook, lowering his voice, "that I have led the life of a galley slave since I came to my title—."

"Title?"

"Of popular author! a title good for nothing but to expose one without redress to the insolence of every scribbler whose pen is the channel of his venom. No one presumes to insult a gentleman, or to tell a man that he is a fool; but a popular author is the property of the public—'its goods, its chattels, its ox, its ass, its everything!'—a culprit stuck up in the pillory of celebrity to be pelted by all the ragamuffins of the times."

"And yet I can remember your eyes being upturned towards the Temple of Fame, as a devotee gazes upon the sanctuary."

"Ay, ay; I looked at it through a telescope:

"'"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!'

and the farther the better! I had not then assumed the 'foolscap uniform turned up with ink;' I had not donned the livery of the booksellers to 'fetch and carry sing song up and down!' I published, it is true—but what then? The sin lay dormant between you and me and the press! I lived secure from criticism—not a reptile of a magazine deigned to tickle me with its puny antennæ. My wife, however angry, borrowed no sarcasms from the leading reviews—'I found not Jeffrey's satire on her lips—I slept the next night well—was free—was happy.' On the strength of my uncut pages I passed for a literary man in my own select circle; my family took me for a genius, and my servants for a conjuror;—but now—my pages and myself are cut together."

"My dear Dick!" said I soothingly, for he had really talked himself into a fit of irritation, "remember how often and how philosophically you have declared yourself indifferent to the award of criticism."

"There you have me on the hip. My wife's family, and all the generation of bores at that, my former end of the town, are constantly reminding me that it is idle to value public opinion, since I have often proved to them that the world is an overgrown booby; to which I can only reply, like Benedict, that 'When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married.' When I wrote the public down an ass, I little expected to become a popular author!"

"But after all," I observed, "these are mere trivial vexations compared with the glories of the daily incense burned upon your altars—of the solid gains achieved by your exertions."

"I will show some of the daily incense," said Fosbrook, opening his pocket-book; "unfortunately it is made to be read first and burned afterwards. It is a paragraph from a morning paper."

"*Lege*, Dick, *lege*."

"We copy the following interesting intelligence from the *Newcastle Mercury*:—'Mr. Fosbrook the popular author. We are happy to be the first to congratulate our townsmen upon the near and dear claim we can boast upon the parentage of this celebrated man. Richard Toppletoe, formerly a master tailor in North Lane, but at the period of his decease a much respected member of our corporation, proves to have been his maternal grandfather. Many still surviving among us retain a lively remembrance of the full-buckled flaxen wig and brocaded waistcoat of old Toppletoe; and there can be little doubt that from this eccentric knight of the shears Mr. Fosbrook derives much of his originality of mind, his baptismal name, and private fortune.'"

"Very provoking, certainly," said I, perceiving that some comment was unavoidable.

"Till I read that cursed paragraph," observed Fosbrook, "I had always believed and proclaimed myself to be of irreproachable descent, and the heir of an old Northumbrian family; had I never become a popular author I should have remained in ignorance that I had a Toppletoe for my mother! But listen to another of these precious bulletins of the state of my reputation.

"'Bow Street. Mr. Fosbrook.—Another instance of the irregularities of genius came this morning before the attention of the bench. The above popular author, returning from a deep carouse with some brother wits—some choice spirits, who appear to have been partial to proof spirits—chancing to unite the rampart valour of Othello with the disastrous plight of Cassio, fell into an outrageous affray with the guardians of the night—('Guardians! I wish they would make her a ward in Chancery!' ejaculated Dick)—and was at length victoriously lodged in the watchhouse. Our worthy chief magistrate considerately gave this delicate case a hearing in his private room; and after a few pertinent (qy. *im?*) observations to the delinquent upon the respect due to public decency, even from the *genus irritabile*, he fined him five shillings, and dismissed him with costs; judging, probably, that Mr. Fosbrook had already received poetical justice in the shape of two black eyes.'"

"Very provoking," said I again. "And did you pass the night in the watchhouse?"

"Not I. I appeared before Sir Richard as a witness in favour of an Irish applewoman whom I had caught the parish beadle in the act of maltreating, by virtue of some Street Bill. Unfortunately, I was recognized by some dirty reporter, who doubled his morning's pay by compounding this scurrilous attack."

"But of course you remonstrated with the editor?"

"I did; and my very forbearing letter produced a second paragraph, headed 'Mr. Fosbrook. We are authorized by this gentleman to state that he did not appear before Sir Richard Birnie with *two* black eyes.'"

"Well, well!" said I, "these idle slanders, if they filch from you your good name, do not steal the trash from your purse. Think of the solid profits, my dear Dick."

"I do, and with regret; for they are all gone. Every poor relation (Toppletoes in particular), and every literary acquaintance I had in the world, gave me the preference of their first application for a loan, on the second edition of my last work; nor does there exist a literary institution, or an establishment for the encouragement of the fine arts, for which my guineas have not been peremptorily claimed. Meanwhile, my law has long since left me in the lurch, and my father-in-law abhors me because I play shorts. He has persuaded my wife to send the boys to school lest I should undermine their morals, for the old gentleman holds that all modern authors are atheists."

"But what is become of your orthodox friend, the Dean of ——?"

"We have not been on speaking terms these six months—he is persuaded he can detect my hand in the anatomization of his emancipation pamphlet in the new review."

"And Lorimer, our college chum?"

"Has basely deserted my cause; he goes about 'with his hand in his breeches' pocket, like a crocodile,' whispering that I have been puffed beyond my strength; that I have no stamina for the tug of war, and shall run away, *à la* Goderich, at the first shot. All my old friends affect to suppose that I have risen above them; and since I have been noticed by half a dozen rhyming lords, my wife's relations say I am grown fine, and have given over inviting me; while Sophia, as if in retribution, will never visit half a mile from Russell Square—the land of ancestors! She is gone there to-night."

"Mrs. Fosbrook gone out!" I exclaimed. "Then come with me to the opera; we shall be in time for Brocard."

"Willingly—I have a silver ticket."

We rose from table; the butler was hastily summoned, and entered with a huge and portentous packet in either hand. Dick broke the seal of the largest and read aloud—

"Albemarle Street.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to forward you the number of the —— Review, which appeared this day, and which contains some strictures on your new work. Permit me to say that I consider them highly illiberal, and that I have always thought the editor an envious little man.—I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c."

"Don't read the article, my dear Dick. Pray don't. It will only make you bilious."

"I will not," he replied, resolutely tossing it aside. "Martin—call a coach."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the man, presenting the other pistol—packet I would say—"Mr. Colburn's printer has been waiting impatiently these two hours. He says it is the 24th of the month."

"The devil!" exclaimed the unhappy Fosbrook in dismay. "Well, my dear fellow, you must go and see Brocard without me; it is not the first time my patience has been 'put to the proof.'"

I left him alone with his glory; but sympathy forbade my attempting the opera. I

went home to bed, where, thanks to Dick's deplorable destiny, or deplorable claret, I had an excruciating nightmare;—and the most appalling vision suggested by its influence was, that I had attained to the honours of a popular author!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE LOVER REFUSED.

[Sir Thomas Wyatt, born at Allington Castle, Kent, 1503; died at Sherborn, 11th October, 1542. He is called the elder to distinguish him from his son of the same name who was involved in the rebellion in the reign of Queen Mary. He was sometime a favourite of Henry VIII., but was imprisoned on account of his friendship for Anne Boleyn. "He is reported to have occasioned the Reformation by a joke, and to have planned the fall of Cardinal Wolsey by a seasonable story." His latter years were passed in rural enjoyments at Allington Castle.]

The answer that you made to me, my dear,
When I did sue for my poor heart's redress,
Hath so appall'd my countenance, and my cheer,
That in this case I am all comfortless,
Since I of blame no cause can well express.

I have no wrong where I can claim no right,
Nought ta'en me from where I have nothing had,
Yet of my woe I cannot so be quite,
Namely since that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.

Yet none can claim (I say) by former grant
That knoweth not of any grant at all;
And by desert, I dare well make a vaunt
Of faithful will, there is nowhere that shall
Bear you more truth, more ready at your call.

Now good, then, call again that bitter word,
That touch'd your friend so near with plagues of pain,
And say, my dear, that it was said in bord.
Late or too soon, let it not rule the gain
Wherewith free-will doth true desert retain.

CONTRARIETIES OF LOVE.

I find no peace, and all my war is done;
I fear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice;
I fly aloft, yet can I not arise,
And nought I have, and all the world I season,
That locks nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,
And holds me not, yet can I 'scape no wise,
Nor lets me live, nor die at my devise;
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye I see, without tongue I plain,
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health;
I love another and I hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Lo, thus displeaseth me, both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

A TALE OF THE OLD GORBALS.

[Alexander Whitelaw, born in Glasgow about 1798; died there in 1846. He was assistant to Dr. Robert Watt in the preparation of the *Bibliotheca Britannica*, and wrote a number of the lives in Chambers' *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*. He edited the *Casquet of Literary Gems* and the *Republic of Letters*—two admirable works which suggested the present compilation; *The Book of Scottish Song*—the most complete collection of Scottish songs yet published; and *The Book of Scottish Ballads*, which included the collections of Scott, Motherwell, Jamieson, and Peter Buchan. He was the author of *St. Kentigern*, a tale of the city of St. Mungo, and of many minor poems and prose sketches. Good taste and a sincere devotion to literature are apparent in his work; and he was amongst the first to recognize and to proclaim the genius of Wordsworth.]

The old barony of Gorbals, which now forms an important suburb of Glasgow, was in former times celebrated for its manufactory of swords, harquebusses, and other implements of war. People who could not command the real Ferraras were accustomed to uphold the blades of the Gorbals, as being little inferior to them in temper and delicacy of edge; and its harquebusses or hand-guns were on all hands admitted to equal those of Ghent, Milan, or Paris. Dim shadows of this ancient renown may be traced down even to the present day. Families still exist who through a long line of ancestry have figured as gunsmiths, cutlers, or turners; and it is a remarkable fact, that till about the beginning of this century the only individuals in the west of Scotland who manufactured guns were to be found in this old barony.

During the wars between England and Scotland, few places were busier or merrier than the Gorbals, or *Gorbells* as it was then called—a name perhaps derived in some way from *corbells*, a term used in fortification and architecture. But at no time had it ever presented such an appearance of business and bustle as when the Regent Murray, in the year 1568, was lying at Glasgow with his forces, and news arrived of the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven Castle. Night and day the smithy's furnace belched forth its sparkling smoke, and the cutler's wheel found no pause to its gyrations. The Laird of Elphinston was at that period Baron of the Gorbals, and formed one of the confederated lords who had compelled Mary to renounce her crown, and nominated Murray to the regency during the minority of her infant son. His castle or rather tower (which the modern Goths of the Gorbals first

converted into a police office and afterwards abandoned and dismantled) was situated in the heart of the village; and as it had a chapel attached to it, and numerous buildings belonging to the ecclesiastics,[1] he was able to accommodate a large proportion of the regent's followers. It was here, on the 12th of May, 1568, that the regent's army rendezvoused, and from this place it issued to meet and give battle to the queen's forces, who were, with their unfortunate lady, on their way to Dumbarton Castle. The queen's road from Hamilton to that stronghold passed through the village of Langside, a place not two miles south from the Gorbals, and there Murray pitched his camp, with the resolution of disputing the passage. The result is well known. The queen's army was defeated, and she herself—obliged to flee—sought shelter and protection in England, where, to the everlasting infamy of her cousin Elizabeth, she only found a prison, an axe, and a block.

In Glasgow the sound of the cannon was distinctly heard, and from some of its elevations the movements even of the hostile armies were seen. Most of the people were of the reformed religion, and therefore in favour of the regent and his army; but still there were many hearts that sympathized with the cause of their young and beautiful queen, for, whatever wicked men may say, she had ever been gentle and generous to her people—no acts of oppression had stained her reign—and even in that which she held dearest—her religion—she had displayed more tolerance a thousand times than those who opposed her, and who boasted a purer faith. For two or three hours a dreadful anxiety prevailed as to the result of the contest, and rumours of every kind were afloat, till at first stragglers, and at length a portion of the regent's army, announced too truly that Mary Queen of Scotland was miserably defeated, and fleeing like a hunted deer before her savage subjects.

Though many wished such a result, there was little rejoicing over it; for however the queen's cause might be disliked while her fortunes were doubtful, *now* that she was driven to the wall and overtaken by calamity, old prejudices gave way to compassion, and all her grace and generosity—her youth, her beauty, and her accomplishments—her kind looks, words, and actions to high and low alike, even when insulted by rude and uncivil tongues, were remembered in her favour. The women, especially, who are ever strong in gentle pity, and who judge of the right and wrong of a cause merely as it affects their own feelings, began to wail for their poor young queen, and some of them hesitated not to use the privilege of their tongues in attacking her triumphant enemies. As party after party of the regent's army returned to the Gorbals—some of them wiping their bloody swords on their horses' manes—they were saluted by such exclamations as these:

"Hech, sirs! hech, sirs! bonny wark ye've been at, nae doubt, and manly—chasing out o' the kingdom a poor bit lassie, that was just owre gude for ye—and a' to favour that bastard brither o' hers, wha might think shame to haud up his head in honest men's company, seeing the way he has used her! Gae wa', and sing psalms, ye ill-faured loons, now that your lirty day's darg's owre; for, after what ye have done, ye dinna deserve to look a bonny lassie in the face again!"

Besides a sympathy in the fate of the queen, there were other causes at work to check any strong exultation over the victory. Many of the victors themselves had friends and relations in the queen's army, and now that the fervour of the combat was over a very natural interest arose regarding them. In this situation was Baron Elphinston, whose young son, Master Patrick as he was called, had, in the teeth of his father's will, espoused the cause of Queen Mary. Master Patrick was a universal favourite throughout the barony, being handsome, generous, brave, and accessible; and deep was the interest which all felt as to his probable fate. Rumours were abroad that he had fallen in the field, and some even went so far as to affirm, that they had seen him lying desperately wounded; but no certain or satisfactory intelligence could be gained respecting him, and several days passed over in this tantalizing state.

It might be nearly a week after the battle, when the excitement it created had in some measure subsided, that a numerous and heterogeneous party were assembled in the large hall of Mrs. Ogilvie's hostelry, which was dignified by the sign of the Boar's Head, and which then formed the only house of public entertainment in the Gorbals.[2] Many of the wounded had been carried there; and upon the numerous benches which graced the hall might be seen some lying with bandaged heads, or

[1] This place is still distinguished by the name of the Chapel Close.

[2] The building of this ancient hostelry was taken down years ago, and a common place house erected in its stead. In the new building, there was a small tavern which retained the sign of the Boar's Head.

freshly amputated limbs, among whom stalked a chirurgeon, or physician, inquiring into their different cases. Others, apparently unhurt, were formed into clusters, and enjoying themselves over their "mugs of nappy ale," in discussing the signs of the times, and the accidents of the day. In one corner sat a core of cutlers, —fellows of infinite dexterity in giving an edge to a sword—who, after the great exertions which the battle called forth, thought themselves entitled to no measured relaxation. They were reckless dogs, all—caring little for any cause—and dividing their time between violent exertion at their grinding wheels, and violent drinking at the Boar's Head, the last being by far the heaviest work of the two. In spite of invalids, or any other consideration, one of them was singing, with clenched fists, shut teeth, and gleaming eye, the following ditty, which received no attention from any but his own company, who cheered him on by such exclamations as—"Well done, Ralph Munn! —Go on, my pretty fellow!"

Three things that do make a man lean—
Small beer, bread and cheese, and a bold quean,
And sing Fal!
Three things that do make a man fat—
Roast beef, boiled beef, and the ale tap,
And sing Fal!

(*Burthen*)—It's an auld sang, and a true sang,
Never let man trust woman too lang!
(*Chorus*)—Fal-lal-lillillilla, Fal-lal-lillillilla, &c. &c.[1]

It would be impossible to convey to the reader any conception of the maniacal fury with which the chorus of "Fal-lal-lillillilla" was received. The cutlers simultaneously rose, and, flinging up their arms to heaven, screamed it out in yells that drowned every other noise in the hostelry. But they were speedily checked by the remonstrances of the landlady. "For shame, sirs! yelling at sic a rate, and your poor young mistress lying in a sick bed!"

"What! is pretty Mistress Martha ailing?" said one of the cutlers; for Martha, the daughter of their mistress, who carried on the business on the death of their master, was a mighty favourite with the workmen.

"Ailing? She has not had a hale hour ever since the battle—and it sets ye ill to be sitting there routing, as if there were na a sair head or a sair heart in the town."

"Nay, landlady, we did not know anything was wrong—and here we shall drink a bumper to pretty Martha's health; and if any one says she is not the prettiest as well as best lady on both sides of the water, we shall hold his nose to the roughening stone."

"Well, that's spoken like civil gentlemen," said the landlady. "And now I will be able to let myself be heard. Dr. Macclutch!" she exclaimed, at the top of her voice. "Where's the doctor? Ay, doctor, there's an express here for you. You're to gang and wait on the baron without delay. Poor gentleman! I doubt he's takin' his son's death to heart."

The doctor—an officious, formal, good-natured man—was not a little gratified to find that he was in demand in such a high quarter, and particularly that the fact was made known to so many auditors. He buckled up a wound which he had been dressing, with little attention to the wry faces of his patient, and adjusting his cloak about him, proceeded with all decent dexterity to wait upon Baron Elphinston.

The baron ushered him into one of his private apartments. "My son, doctor," said the baron—"poor Patrick—has at length been found. Some of my own knaves, whose hearts he had gained, have, it seems, been keeping him in hiding ever since the battle, for he was sorely wounded, and he instructed them not to disclose his situation. But he was yesterday seized with a giddy fever in consequence of his wounds, and his attendants became so alarmed as at length to lay the truth before me. I have seen him, doctor; but he is insensible to everything. Now, I have sent for you that you may attend him; but chiefly, as a trustworthy man, that you may have him conveyed to some more fitting and salubrious place than the hovel which he now occupies. He cannot be brought here without discovery, filled as the place now is by so many of the queen's enemies; and if he were taken, not even my influence could protect him from fine or imprisonment, or perhaps from death. Upon your fidelity, as I said, I rely, as well as upon your skill in treating him according to his need."

"My lord," said the doctor, "nothing would more gratify me than to shelter and treat Master Patrick under my own poor roof. But since the combat at Langside my house has been frequently searched, in the hope of finding some of the queen's friends, who might be driven to seek my skill in chirurgery. I therefore could not insure him safety with me; but I bethink me of a worthy and charitable lady, who is furnished with all accommodations, and who would be proud to give him protection. May I mention the widow of good old Master Menzies, who made so much fame

[1] This was the favourite song of the last of the Gorbals cutlers.

and money by his skill in cutling not only weapons of war but chirurgical instruments?"

"An excellent worthy woman," said the baron, "and rich withal. She is, I believe, of better lineage than her husband was; yet she disdains not to continue his business, through his workmen, and to keep up his ancient credit as a grinder in iron. Hie thee, good doctor, and make arrangements with all speed, for I shall not be at ease till poor Patrick is removed to a comfortable and safe dwelling."

The doctor found the widow in all respects agreeable—nay, eager to receive Master Patrick under her roof, "not only," as she said, "because of the honour it conferred on her humble dwelling, but because of the affection which she, in common with everybody, bore him:"—and accordingly, under cloud of night, the young master was unconsciously conveyed to the richly-furnished and commodious mansion of Mrs. Menzies. The strictest secresy was enjoined and promised. "Indeed," said the old lady, "I cannot even acquaint my daughter Martha, for she, poor girl, is so unwell that she will not listen to anything. And it has occurred to me, doctor, as being in some degree fortunate, that your presence should be required here, for I wish to consult with you about my daughter's present unhappy state. She does not eat as much as would serve a sparrow, but lies tossing a-bed all day, fetching heavy sighs, and moaning in a most pitiful manner. I sent for Mrs. Ogilvie of the Boar's Head, who is skilled in all sorts of complaints, but Martha could not be prevailed on to take one single cup of her vegetable waters."

"I always supposed Mrs. Martha to be a sensible girl," said the doctor, "and now I know it. These vegetable waters, my good lady, are nothing but a devilish compound of syrup and poisonous roots, enough to sicken a dromedary, let alone a Christian. What, indeed, can Mrs. Ogilvie know of the noble arts of physic and chirurgery? Only let me see the young lady, and I will administer such medicaments as will, under Heaven's blessing, restore her to her wonted lustihood."

"If she would only take them," sighed the mother; "but alas! doctor, I fear me you would not commend her good sense, did you hear her foolish and inappropriate conversation, and see the manner in which she sometimes behaves. Indeed, I often think that the late unhappy battle has turned her head. She is ever inquiring about it, and takes no thought of household matters. Nay, she would be out one morning to search for the dead, as she said, and she talked so wildly that I was obliged to make fast the door of her chamber. And when I have found her weeping, and asked her why she did so, she has answered, 'Is it not enough to make all people weep, to think of father fighting against son?'—and then she would say that all her tears could not wash out the dear blood that was shed at Langside."

"The case is not a little alarming," said the doctor, putting on one of his foreboding looks; "yet I would fain comfort myself with the hope that the poor young lady is not entirely crazed, and that proper treatment may yet bring her into her right judgment. Lead me to her incontinently, good Mrs. Menzies, for I doubt she is in a critical situation."

Martha was sitting by the bed-side, in a languishing and disconsolate posture, as her mother ushered in worthy Dr. Macclutch. She little expected the visit of a physician, and still less wished it; for her trouble was beyond the reach of doctors and drugs.

"Here, Martha, I have brought you our excellent friend Dr. Macclutch, to inquire into your state," said the mother.

"How is my fair young lady?" was the salutation of the good-natured leech.

"I am well—quite well—indeed, I am," said Martha, for the appearance of the doctor merely annoyed her.

"You look, it is true, in lusty health," was the answer, "and are in no measure emaciated; yet, my good young lady, these are but deceiving symptoms, and not at all to be trusted. Your worthy mother informs me that you are ailing: what is it you complain of?"

"I complain of nothing, doctor—of nothing," she added, weeping, "but a wretched world—a world full of strife and evil passions—where worth perishes, and hope is ever blasted—where might makes right, and love, and truth, and honour are trampled to the dust—where father fights against son, and the best blood of all the land is shed like water."

"True, lady, we must all lament the late unhappy struggle, by which I myself have been greatly embarrassed; but now that Mary, umquhile queen, has fled to England, we may look for peaceful and happy days."

"*You* may—*I* never can; for that which made life sweet to me, and the earth beautiful, is for ever lost, and no hope—no wish—remains to my poor fancy, except the grave."

The doctor now began to be assured that his patient's head was affected. "Suffer me, my dear young lady," he said, "to feel your pulse.

Ay, it is rather feverish, and we must phlebotomize. Where lies your chief ailment?"

Martha almost instinctively pressed her hand on her heart, while the doctor, unseen by her, touched his forehead significantly with his finger. At this last sign the poor mother fell a crying. "O Martha, love! what makes you lose your senses, and speak in that way? will you break my heart altogether! And what makes that weary battle afflict you so? You have lost no friend, and had no hand in it. If you had been cut on the head, you might have had some cause for raving, as poor Master Patrick is doing"—

"Hush!" said the doctor, holding out his hand, and the old lady checked herself instantaneously. But a name had struck the ear of Martha, too deeply cherished to pass unnoticed.

"Master Patrick!" she exclaimed, rising eagerly from her seat, "What said you of the young Master Elphinston?—Is he not lost—slain—dead? Or,—O merciful God!—does he yet live and breathe?"

"The young Master Patrick," stammered out the doctor, "is a gentleman of whom, my good young lady, it would be indecorous—I mean imprudent, to speak, seeing that his worthy father, the Baron"—

"He lives!" interrupted Martha. "Say that he lives, or my heart will burst!"

"That the young master lives," returned the doctor, "may be predicated or indeed affirmed, without breaking faith, or saying in what lady's house he lives, or what learned chirurgeon has been intrusted with his critical case."

"Enough—he lives," murmured Martha, sinking back into her chair, while her face, which before was highly flushed, became deadly pale. "But he is wounded," she added, recovering herself, after a pause—"dying, perhaps—I know it all—and under *your* care, doctor. I can see that—but in *what* lady's house? Is it indeed so? *Here?* within *these walls?* Do I guess aright, or is my head in truth deranged?"

"Who could have told you?" said the simple chirurgeon. "I am sure unless your mother has"—

"Nay, doctor," said the old lady, "blame me not, for unless it was yourself even now, I am sure—But, in truth, we have nothing to fear from Martha, and if it gives her comfort to know that young Master Patrick is under this roof, why should we withhold it?"

"Why, indeed, dearest mother?" said Martha, sinking into her arms, and giving vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. "Leave me," she added, "leave me for a little, until this foolish weakness is over. Master Patrick, you know, was an old friend—an acquaintance, whom we all thought lost, and blame me not if I should be moved to hear of his safety. Leave me for a little, that I may compose myself."

Scarcely had the mother and physician left the apartment—scarcely had the door closed upon them, ere Martha was on her knees, breathing a silent but heartfelt thanksgiving to Heaven, for restoring to this world of hope him upon whom all her happiness rested. She rose from her devotion with calm and elevated feelings, and proceeded to dress herself in simple attire. "I will attend him," she said to herself, "and administer to his wants; for what hand but mine should soothe his aching head?"

The young Master Elphinston had not had a conscious moment from the time he had been brought under the roof of Mrs. Menzies. The fever which had seized his brain was at its height, and he continued to rave as if he were still in the midst of the battle. But when Martha entered his apartment, and knelt by his bedside, he became suddenly silent, and gazed earnestly at her.

"Do you know *me*, Master Patrick?" she whispered tenderly, as she parted the raven locks that hung dishevelled over his burning brow.

"I know you," said the young man. "You are a vision from heaven of my own Martha, come to mock me when the battle's lost. But do not leave me, for even in dreams, and on the bloody field, would I see that sweet face!"

"O Patrick! this is no dream—no vision! You have been sorely wounded, and now lie in safety under my mother's roof."

"Ay, we fought it bravely—inch by inch. But where's the traitor brother? Has *he* escaped the sword? Down with the bastard—bastard in body and soul! And *she*—our queen! whither doth she flee? Are ye men, that ye would hunt the stricken deer? O, shame on your recreant souls! One bold struggle yet, my noble fellows, and the day is ours! Cowards! Do you shrink before these rebels? Follow me! The Queen—the Queen!"

"Alas! his mind still lingers in the giddy fight," said the mother. "Speak to him, Martha, of home."

But Martha could not speak; her heart was swelling, and she was obliged to bury her face in the clothes and sob aloud.

"Who weeps?" continued the young master. "Is it thee, Martha, my own love? You were ever tender-hearted, and well may weep to see the banner of our queen stricken in the dust. To horse! Did I not say I would save her? Ha, my father! why do you hold my arm? I dare not strike thee nor curse thee; but let me away! Would you have me play laggard in the fight, old man, and stain your family scutcheon? It must not be—let me off! Who is this that dares to hold me down! Knave! ruffian! who are you?"

"Your very good friend, Dr. Macclutch, Master Patrick," said the doctor, who was exerting himself strenuously to keep the young man in bed.

"Macclutch! Ha, ha, ha! That is good. How goes your market, doctor? Do you still poison as well as ever? Who is so fortunate as to be your grave-digger? What are your burial charges? Have you brought the coffin with you? Don't pinch it—who cares for fir—give the poor creature elbow-room; 'tis all he will ever require, since you have relieved him of his complaints. A fee? You will find it in his clenched fist. It won't open without the knife. Bravely done! What signify the fingers and thumbs of a dead man? But the teeth!—secure the teeth, doctor: they go for something, and, to speak truth, you have need of a few yourself. Hollo! Have you got a wife? Is she good at the needle, for she will be kept busy with shrouds."

"This, dear Master Patrick," said the doctor, somewhat mortified, "is good Mrs. Menzies, in whose house you are, and this is her daughter, Mrs. Martha."

"Martha!" echoed Patrick, sinking back in feebleness upon his couch, for his fits of raving were but of short duration; "Martha! I know it all. She is dead, for the doctor has been here, and I have seen her vision. Then, what have I to live for, since love and glory have departed from this earth. Come again, sweet vision! and hang over me in my dreams." And thus murmuring, he gradually fell into a slumber.

Two or three days passed over in this state, during which Martha was unwearied in her attendance at the sick bed of the young master. In the evenings the baron regularly visited his son, and spent several hours in his presence; for Patrick, although he had offended him by espousing the cause of Queen Mary, had all along been the favourite of his father. At length the danger of the fever was overcome by a vigorous constitution, and the young master became gradually conscious of his situation. It was to him a delightful feeling to find himself tended by the one whom he loved best, and though weak and emaciated, never had he experienced so much calm bliss as during the days of his convalescence.

"For such a nurse," he said, "it is worth being unwell. And O Martha! when I am fairly better, my first care will be to make you mine for ever. You fear my father; but he is too deeply interested in me to stand in the way of my happiness, and were it otherwise, he must now know your excellence, and be proud to call you his daughter."

It was after a week or two had elapsed, and Patrick was so far recovered as to be able to walk about, although he still confined himself to the house, that the Baron Elphinston requested a private interview with Dr. Macclutch.

"I have sent for you, good doctor," he said, "in order to express my satisfaction at the attention you have paid poor Patrick during his severe illness, and the fidelity with which you have otherwise conducted yourself. This is but a poor recompense for your services," he added, placing a purse in the doctor's hand. "Nay, put it up. It was not on that account alone that I sent for you. What I wished to consult you about was another matter. During the height of Patrick's fever he repeatedly made use of expressions by which I could discern that he was deeply attached to the daughter of Mrs. Menzies, and indeed he has himself this morning stated so to me, and implored my sanction to their union. At another time, and under other circumstances, I might have strongly objected to such a union; but Patrick's happiness, I see, so much depends on its accomplishment, that I cannot refuse his request, especially now that Heaven has so mercifully restored him to me. Besides, I have had occasion to admire the conduct of the young lady during his long illness, and if she may not be, in point of lineage, a proper match to the young Master of Elphinston, she is in every other respect all that I could wish. Even in lineage, she is not altogether deficient, for, as you may be aware, she is well connected by the female side, and—what perhaps you may think of more consequence, in these troublous times, to the younger son of a poor baron—she is possessed, I am given to understand, of a very handsome dowry."

"My lord," said the doctor, "it gives me great satisfaction to know that you are inclined to sanction the espousals of Master Patrick and Mrs. Martha; for a more worthy and deserving young lady is not to be found in the kingdom;

and as you well remark, she has a heavy tocher of her own—a pretty penny, believe me."

"Good Master John Knox," interrupted the baron, "has been exerting himself stoutly with the regent to procure pardons for many of the queen's friends. By his intercession the Hamiltons have been reprieved from the death of traitors, and to his kindness I owe a manumission which I received yesterday of Patrick's attainder, in consideration, as it stated, of his youth and of his father's services in the right cause. Partick is therefore now at liberty; and I have been thinking that, in the event of his marriage, he might take possession of the small estate of Polmadie, which his mother by will has left him. As to the young lady's mother, I have not yet consulted with her on the matter, but I doubt she will be very unwilling to part with her daughter, seeing that none other of the family remains."

"She will indeed be very lonely," said the doctor, "and of that I have been led to speak with her very frequently in private, when I observed the attachment of Master Patrick and Mrs. Martha."

"So—so," said the baron, smiling, "you have been already condoling with the widow on the subject, and you could not do less surely, doctor, than offer to cherish and comfort her in her apprehended loneliness, by taking her to wife."

"I will not deny, my lord, that some such understanding may exist between us," said the doctor, blushing as deeply as a bachelor of fifty could blush.

"Then all is well,—and we shall make two weddings of it at once, my old buck!" said the baron, poking the sides of the confused doctor with humorous glee.

The marriages, however, did not take place at the same time. The young master and the fair Martha were first espoused, and great was the rejoicing of the whole barony; for, in addition to the usual excitement of a marriage, the people were delighted at the restoration of their favourite, whom they had accounted lost, and at his union with one of their own native children. But great as was the rejoicing on this occasion, it did not equal the uproar which took place six weeks afterwards, when worthy Dr. Macclutch was united to widow Menzies. Every fire-arm was then in requisition to welcome the auspicious morn; mummeries, in which the cutlers played a distinguished part, were enacted on the streets; and the walls of the Boar's Head shook with dancing and revelry for three successive nights.

WELL AND ILL WORKING.

[Nicholas Grimoald or Grimbold, died about 1563, the second English poet after Surrey who wrote in blank verse. He was the author of a Latin tragedy, *John the Baptist*, and of numerous translations from the Greek and Latin poets.]

In working well, if travail you sustain,
Into the winds shall lightly pass the pain,
But of the deed, the glory shall remain,
And cause your name with worthy wights to reign.
In working wrong, if pleasure you attain,
The pleasure soon shall fade, and void as vain:
But of the deed throughout the life the shame
Endures, defacing you with foul defame,
And still torments the mind both night and day,
No length of time the spot can wash away.
Flee then ill suading pleasure's baits untrue,
And noble virtue's fair renown pursue.

DEATH OF SOCRATES.

[Plato, an Athenian, born B.C. 429; died B.C. 347. He was a disciple of Socrates, and after an adventurous career, serving some time as a slave, he settled at Athens. The following is from an old translation of the *Phædo*.]

Having talked awhile, he arose, and went into an inner room to wash himself: and Crito following him, enjoined us to stay and expect his return. We therefore expected, discoursing among ourselves of the things that had been commemorated by him, and conferring our judgments concerning them. And we frequently spake of the calamity that seemed to impend on us by his death: concluding it would certainly come to pass, that, as sons deprived of their father, so should we disconsolately spend the remainder of our life. After he had been washed, and his children were brought to him (for he had two sons very young, and a third, almost a youth), and his wives also were come, he spake to them before Crito, and gave them his last commands: so he gave order to his wives and children to retire. Then he came back to us. By this time the day had declined almost to the setting of the sun; for he had stayed long in the room where he washed himself. Which done, he returned, and sate to repose himself, not speaking much after that. Then came the Minister of the Eleven, the executioner; and addressing himself to him,

"I do not believe, Socrates," said he, "that I shall reprehend that in you which I am wont to reprehend in others; that they are angry with me, and curse me, when by command of

the magistrates (whom I am by my office obliged to obey) I come and give notice to them that they must now drink the poison; but I know you to be at all times, and chiefly at this, a man both generous and most mild and civil, and the best of all men that ever came into this place, so that I may be assured that you will not be displeased with me, but (you know the authors) with them rather. Now therefore (for you know what message I come to bring), farewell, and endeavour to suffer as patiently and calmly as you can what cannot be avoided:" then breaking forth into tears, he departed.

And Socrates converting his eyes upon him, "And farewell thou too," saith he: "we will perform all things." Then turning to us again, "How civil this man is," saith he; "all this time of my imprisonment he came to me willingly, and sometimes talked with me respectfully, and hath been the best of all that belong to the prison; and now how generously doth he weep for me! But, Crito, let us spare him, and let some other bring hither the deadly draught, if it be already bruised; if not, let him bruise it."

Then said Crito, "I think the sun shines upon the tops of the mountains, and is not yet quite gone down;[1] and I have seen some delay the drinking of the poison much longer: nay more, after notice had been given them that they ought to despatch, they have supped, and drank largely too, and talked a good while with their friends; be not then so hasty; you have yet time enough."

"Those men of whom you speak, Crito," saith he, "did well; for they thought they gained so much more of life; but I will not follow their example, for I conceive I shall gain nothing by deferring my draught till it be later in the night; unless it be to expose myself to be derided for being desirous, out of too great love of life, to prolong the short remainder of it. But well, get the poison prepared quickly, and do nothing else till that be despatched."

Crito hearing this, beckoned to a boy that was present; and the boy going forth, and employing himself a while in bruising the poison, returned with him who was to give it, and who brought it ready bruised in a cup: upon whom Socrates casting his eye, "Be it so, good man," said he: "tell me (for thou art well skilled in these matters), what is to be done?"

"Nothing," saith he, "but after you have drank, to walk, until a heaviness comes upon your legs and thighs, and then to sit: and this you shall do."

And with that he held forth the cup to Socrates, which he readily receiving, and being perfectly sedate, "O Echecrates," without trembling, without change either in the colour or in the air of his face, but with the same aspect, and countenance intent and stern (as was usual to him), looking upon the man: "what sayest thou," saith he, "may not a man offer some of this liquor in sacrifice?"

"We have bruised but so much, Socrates," saith he, "as we thought would be sufficient."

"I understand you," saith he: "but yet it is both lawful and our duty to pray to the gods, that our transmigration from hence to them may be happy and fortunate." Having spoke these words, and remained silent [for a minute or two], he easily and expeditely drank all that was in the cup. Then many of us endeavoured what we could to contain our tears, but when we beheld him drinking the poison, and immediately after, no man was able longer to refrain from weeping: and while I put force upon myself to suppress my tears, they flowed down my cheeks drop after drop. So, covering my face, I wept in secret: deploring not his, but my own hard fortune, in the loss of so great a friend and so near a kinsman. But Crito, no longer able to contend with his grief, and to forbid his tears, rose up before me. And Apollodorus first breaking forth into showers of tears, and then into cries, howlings, and lamentations, left no man from whom he extorted not tears in abundance; Socrates himself only excepted: who said,

"What do ye, my friends? truly I sent away the women for no other reason but lest they should in this kind offend. For I have heard, that we ought to die with good men's gratulation: but re-compose yourselves, and resume your courage and resolution." Hearing this, we blushed with shame, and suppressed our tears. But when he had walked awhile, and told us that his thighs were grown heavy and stupid; he lay down upon his back; for so he who had given him the poison had directed him to do. Who a little time after, returns, and feeling him, looked upon his legs and feet: then pinching his foot vehemently, he asked him if he felt it? and when he said no, he again pinched his legs; and turning to us, told us, that now Socrates was stiff with cold: and touching him, said he would die so soon as the poison came up to his heart; for the parts about his heart were already grown stiff.

[1] By the Athenian law no man was to be put to death until after sunset, lest the sun, for which they had a singular veneration, might be displeased at the sight.

Then Socrates, putting aside the garment wherewith he was covered;

"We owe," saith he, "a cock to Æsculapius: but do ye pay him, and neglect not to do it." And these were his last words.

"It shall be done," saith Crito: "but see if you have any other command for us." To whom he gave no answer: but soon after fainting, he moved himself often [as in suffering convulsions]. Then the servant uncovered him: and his eyes stood wide open; which Crito perceiving, he closed both his mouth and his eyes. This, Echecrates, was the end of our friend and familiar, a man, as we in truth affirm, of all whom we have by use and experience known, the wisest and most just.

WINTER.

[**Thomas Sackville**, born at Buckhurst, Withiam, Sussex, 1527; died at Whitehall, 19th April, 1608. Statesman and poet. He became the first Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, Lord High Treasurer, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and author of the first genuine English tragedy—*Ferrex and Porrex*, afterwards called *Gorboduc*, and acted before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall by students of the Inner Temple. As a poet he is best known as the originator of the *Mirror for Magistrates*,[1] in which all the illustrious but unfortunate characters of English history were to pass in review before the poet, who, conducted by Sorrow, descends like Dante into hell. For this work Sackville wrote the *Induction* and one legend, which is the life of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. The following stanzas are from the *Induction*.]

The wrathful winter 'proaching on a pace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybared the treen,
And old Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green:
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seen
Was all despoilèd of her beauty's hue;
And sweet fresh flowers (wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blasts down blew,
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
In woeful wise bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold:
And dropping down the tears abundantly,
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields whereas I walk'd about.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers,
The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade that flourish'd so beforne;
It taught me well all earthly things be born
To die the death, for nought long time may last:
The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

[1] This work supplied Shakspeare and other dramatists with many scenes and suggestions.

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER.

[**Elizabeth Stuart Phelps**, daughter of the late **Mrs.** E. S. Phelps, of Boston, who wrote numerous successful works for the young. Miss Phelps has written many short tales for the principal American magazines, and several novels. Her most popular works are: *The Gates Ajar; Hedged In;* and *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, from which we quote (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)]

There were but three persons in the car; a merchant, deep in the income list of the *Traveller*, an old lady with two bandboxes, a man in the corner with his hat pulled over his eyes.

Tommy opened the door, peeped in, hesitated, looked into another car, came back, gave his little fiddle a shove on his shoulder, and walked in.

"Hi! Little Tommy Tucker
Plays for his supper,"

shouted the young exquisite lounging on the platform in tan-coloured coat and lavender kid gloves.

"O Kids, you're there, are you? Well, I'd rather play for it than loaf for it, *I* had," said Tommy, stoutly.

The merchant shot a careless glance over the top of his paper at the sound of this *petit dialogue*, and the old lady smiled benignly; the man in the corner neither looked nor smiled.

Nobody would have thought, to look at that man in the corner, that he was at that very moment deserting a wife and five children. Yet that is precisely what he was doing.

A villain? O no, that is not the word. A brute? Not by any means. A man, weak, unfortunate, discouraged, and selfish, as weak, unfortunate, and discouraged people are apt to be; that was the amount of it. His panoramas never paid him for the use of his halls. His travelling tin-type saloon had trundled him into a sheriff's hands. His petroleum speculations had crashed like a bubble. His black and gold sign, *F. Harmon, Photographer*, had swung now for nearly a year over the dentist's rooms, and he had had the patronage of precisely six old women and three babies. H

had drifted to the theatre in the evenings, he did not care now to remember how many times —the fellows asked him, and it made him forget his troubles; the next morning his empty purse would gape at him, and Annie's mouth would quiver. A man must have his glass too, on Sundays, and — well, perhaps a little oftener. He had not always been fit to go to work after it; and Annie's mouth would quiver. It will be seen at once that it was exceedingly hard on a man that his wife's mouth should quiver. "Confound it! Why couldn't she scold or cry? These still women aggravated a fellow beyond reason."

Well, then the children had been sick; measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, mumps, he was sure he did not know what not; every one of them from the baby up. There was medicine, and there were doctor's bills, and there was sitting up with them at night—their mother usually did that. Then she must needs pale down herself, like a poorly-finished photograph; all her colour and roundness and sparkle gone; and if ever a man liked to have a pretty wife about it was he. Moreover she had a cough, and her shoulders had grown round, stooping so much over the heavy baby, and her breath came short, and she had a way of being tired. Then she never stirred out of the house—he found out about that one day; she had no bonnet, and her shawl had been cut up into blankets for the crib. The children had stopped going to school. "They could not buy the new arithmetic," their mother said, half under her breath. Yesterday there was nothing for dinner but Johnny-cake, nor a large one at that. To-morrow the saloon rents were due. Annie talked about pawning one of the bureaus. Annie had had great purple rings under her eyes for six weeks.

He would not bear the purple rings and quivering mouth any longer. He hated the sight of her, for the sight stung him. He hated the corn-cake and the untaught children. He hated the whole dreary, dragging, needy home. The ruin of it dogged him like a ghost, and he should be the ruin of it as long as he stayed in it. Once fairly rid of him, his scolding and drinking, his wasting and failing, Annie would send the children to work, and find ways to live. She had energy and invention, a plenty of it in her young, fresh days, before he came across her life to drag her down. Perhaps he should make a golden fortune, and come back to her some summer day with a silk dress and servants, and make it all up; in theory this was about what he expected to do. But if his ill-luck went westward with him, and the silk dress never turned up, why, she would forget him, and be better off, and that would be the end of it.

So here he was, ticketed and started, fairly bound for Colorado, sitting with his hat over his eyes, and thinking about it.

"Hm-m. Asleep," pronounced Tommy, with his keen glance into the corner. "Guess I'll wake him up."

He laid his cheek down on his little fiddle—you don't know how Tommy loved that little fiddle, and struck up a gay, rollicking tune—

"I care for nobody and nobody cares for me."

The man in the corner sat quite still. When it was over he shrugged his shoulders.

"When folks are asleep they don't hist their shoulders, not as a general thing," observed Tommy. "We'll try another."

Tommy tried another. Nobody knows what possessed the little fellow, the little fellow himself least of all; but he tried this:—

"We've lived and loved together,
Through many changing years."

It was a new tune, and he wanted practice, perhaps.

The train jarred and started slowly; the gloved exquisite, waiting hackmen, baggage-masters, coffee-counter, and station walls slid back; engine-house and prison towers, and labyrinths of tracks slipped by; lumber and shipping took their place, with clear spaces between, where sea and sky shone through. The speed of the train increased with a sickening sway; old wharves shot past, with the green water sucking at their piers; the city shifted by and out of sight.

"We've lived and loved together,"

played Tommy in a little plaintive wail,

"We've lived and loved"——

"Confound the boy!" Harmon pushed up his hat with a jerk, and looked out of the window. The night was coming on. A dull sunset lay low on the water, burning like a balefire through the snaky trail of smoke that went writhing past the car windows. Against lonely signal-houses and little deserted beaches the water was plashing drearily, and playing monotonous basses to Tommy's wail:—

"Through many changing years,
Many changing years."

It was a nuisance this music in the cars. Why didn't somebody stop it? What did the child mean by playing that? They had left the city

far behind now. He wondered how far. He pushed up the window fiercely, venting the passion of the music on the first thing that came in his way, and thrust his head out to look back. Through the undulating smoke, out in the pale glimmer from the sky, he could see a low, red tongue of land, covered with the twinkle of lighted homes. Somewhere there, in among the quivering warmth, was one—

What was that boy about now? Not "Home, sweet home?" But that was what Tommy was about.

They were lighting the lamps now in the car. Harmon looked at the conductor's face, as the sickly yellow flare struck on it, with a curious sensation. He wondered if he had a wife and five children; if he ever thought of running away from them; what he would think of a man who did; what most people would think; what she would think. She!—ah, she had it all to find out yet.

"There's no place like home,"

said Tommy's little fiddle,

"O, no place like home."

Now this fiddle of Tommy's may have had a crack or so in it, and I cannot assert that Tommy never struck a false note; but the man in the corner was not fastidious as a musical critic; the sickly light was flickering through the car, the quiver on the red flats was quite out of sight, the train was shrieking away into the west—the baleful, lonely west—which was dying fast now out there upon the sea, and it is a fact that his hat went slowly down over his face again, and that his face went slowly down upon his arm.

There, in the lighted home out upon the flats, that had drifted by for ever, she sat waiting now. It was about time for him to be in to supper; she was beginning to wonder a little where he was; she was keeping the coffee hot, and telling the children not to touch their father's pickles; she had set the table and drawn the chairs; his pipe lay filled for him upon the shelf over the stove. Her face in the light was worn and white—the dark rings very dark; she was trying to hush the boys, teasing for their supper; begging them to wait a few minutes, only a few minutes, he would surely be here then. She would put the baby down presently, and stand at the window with her hands—Annie's hands once were not so thin—raised to shut out the light—watching, watching.

The children would eat their supper; the table would stand untouched, with his chair in its place; still she would go to the window, and stand watching, watching. Oh, the long night that she must stand watching, and the days, and the years!

"Sweet, sweet home,"

played Tommy.

By and by there was no more of "Sweet Home."

"How about that cove with his head lopped down on his arms?" speculated Tommy, with a business-like air.

He had only stirred once, then put his face down again. But he was awake, awake in every nerve; and listening, to the very curve of his fingers. Tommy knew that; it being part of his trade to learn how to use his eyes.

The sweet, loyal passion of the music—it would take worse playing than Tommy's to drive the sweet, loyal passion out of Annie Laurie—grew above the din of the train!—

"'Twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."

She used to sing that, the man was thinking—this other Annie of his own. Why, she had been his own, and he had loved her once. How he had loved her! Yes, she used to sing that when he went to see her on Sunday nights, before they were married—in her pink, plump, pretty days. Annie used to be very pretty.

Gave me her promise true,"

hummed the little fiddle.

"That's a fact," said poor Annie's husband, jerking the words out under his hat, "and kept it too, she did."

Ah, how Annie had kept it! The whole dark picture of her married years—the days of work and pain, the nights of watching, the patient voice, the quivering mouth, the tact and the planning and the trust for to-morrow, the love that had borne all things, believed all things, hoped all things, uncomplaining—rose into outline to tell him how she had kept it.

"Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,"

suggested the little fiddle.

That it should be darkened for ever, the sweet face! and that he should do it—he, sitting here, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

"And ne'er forget will I,"

murmured the little fiddle.

He would have knocked the man down who had told him twenty years ago that he ever

should forget; that he should be here to-night, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

But it was better for her to be free from him. He and his cursed ill-luck were a drag on her and the children, and would always be. What was that she had said once?

"Never mind, Jack, I can bear anything as long as I have you."

And here he was, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

He wondered if it were ever too late in the day for a fellow to make a man of himself. He wondered—

> "And she's a' the world to me,
> And for bonnie Annie Laurie
> I'd lay me down and dee,"

sang the little fiddle, triumphantly.

Harmon shook himself, and stood up. The train was slackening; the lights of a way-station bright ahead. It was about time for supper and his mother, so Tommy put down his fiddle and handed around his faded cap.

The merchant threw him a penny and returned to his tax-list. The old lady was fast asleep with her mouth open.

"Come here," growled Harmon, with his eyes very bright. Tommy shrank back, almost afraid of him.

"Come here," softening, "I won't hurt you. I tell you, boy, you don't know what you've done to-night."

"Done, sir?" Tommy couldn't help laughing, though there was a twinge of pain at his stout little heart, as he fingered the solitary penny in the faded cap. "Done? Well, I guess I've waked you up, sir, which was about what I meant to do."

"Yes, that is it," said Harmon, very distinctly, pushing up his hat, "you've waked me up. Here, hold your cap."

They had puffed into the station now and stopped. He emptied his purse into the little cap, shook it clean of paper and copper alike, was out of the car and off the train before Tommy could have said Jack Robinson.

"My eyes!" gasped Tommy, "that chap had a ticket for New York, sure! Methuselah! Look a here! One, two, three—must have been crazy; that's it, crazy."

"He'll never find out," muttered Harmon, turning away from the station lights, and striking back through the night for the red flats and home. "He'll never find out what he has done, nor, please God, shall she."

It was late when he came in sight of the house; it had been a long tramp across the tracks, and hard; he being stung by a bitter wind from the east all the way, tired with the monotonous treading of the sleepers, and with crouching in perilous niches to let the trains go by.

She stood watching at the window, as he had known that she would stand, her hands raised to her face, her figure cut out against the warm light of the room.

He stood still a moment and looked at her, hidden in the shadow of the street, thinking his own thoughts. The publican, in the old story, hardly entered the beautiful temple with more humble step than he his home that night.

She sprang to meet him, pale with her watching and fear.

"Worried, Annie, were you? I haven't been drinking; don't be frightened—no, not the theatre either this time. Some business, dear; business that delayed me. I'm sorry you were worried, I am, Annie. I've had a long walk. It is pleasant here. I believe I'm tired, Annie."

He faltered, and turned away his face.

"Dear me," said Annie, "why, you poor fellow, you are all tired out. Sit right up here by the fire, and I will bring the coffee. I've tried so hard not to let it boil away, you don't know, Jack; and I was so afraid something had happened to you."

Her face, her voice, her touch, seemed more than he could bear for a minute, perhaps. He gulped down his coffee, choking.

"Annie, look here." He put down his cup, trying to smile and make a jest of the words. "Suppose a fellow had it in him to be a rascal, and nobody ever knew it, eh?"

"I should rather not know it, if I were his wife," said Annie, simply.

"But you couldn't care anything more for him, you know, Annie?"

"I don't know," said Annie, shaking her head with a little perplexed smile, "you would be just Jack, *any how.*"

Jack coughed, took up his coffee-cup, set it down hard, strode once or twice across the room, kissed the baby in the crib, kissed his wife, and sat down again, winking at the fire.

"I wonder if He had anything to do with sending him," he said presently, under his breath.

"Sending whom?" asked puzzled Annie.

"Business, dear, just business. I was thinking of a boy who did a little job for me to-night, that's all."

And that is all that she knows to this day about the man sitting in the corner, with his hat over his eyes, bound for Colorado.

PEACE.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful *stillness* reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Die in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

O, rest of rests! O, peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest; and thou changest never,
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy—for ever and for ever.

MARY HAMILTON.

[Robert Macnish, M.D., LL.D., born in Glasgow, 15th February, 1802; died there, January, 1837. He earned distinction as a writer of short tales in *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the pseudonym of "A Modern Pythagorean." His chief works are: *The Anatomy of Drunkenness; The Philosophy of Sleep; The Book of Aphorisms;* and the *Introduction to Phrenology*. His tales, with a biography by D. M. Moir, were published shortly after his death. One critic said of him: "There was always a spring of life about him, that vivified his pages and animated and delighted his readers."]

During the persecutions in Scotland, consequent upon the fruitless attempt to root out Presbyterianism and establish Episcopacy by force, there lived one Allan Hamilton, a farmer, at the foot of the Lowther mountains in Lanarkshire. His house was situated in a remote valley, which, though of small extent, was beautiful and romantic, being embosomed on all sides by hills covered to their summits with rich verdure. Around the house was a considerable piece of arable ground, and behind it a well-stocked orchard and garden. A few tall trees grew in front, waving their ample foliage over the roof, while at each side of the door was a little plot planted with honeysuckle, wall-flower, and various odoriferous shrubs. The owner of this neat mansion was a fortunate man; for the world had hitherto gone well with him, and if he had lost his wife—an affliction which sixteen years had mellowed over—he was blessed with an affectionate and virtuous daughter. He had two male and as many female servants to assist him in his farming operations; and so well had his industry been rewarded, that he might be considered one of the most prosperous husbandmen in that part of the country.

Mary Hamilton, his only child, was, at the time we speak of, nineteen years of age. She was an extremely handsome girl, and, though living in so remote a quarter, the whole district of the Lowthers rang with the fame of her beauty. But this was the least of her qualifications, for her mind was even fairer than her person; and on her pure spirit the impress of virtue and affection was stamped in legible characters.

Allan, though a religious man, was not an enthusiast; and, from certain prudent considerations, had forborne to show any of that ardent zeal for the faith which distinguished many of his countrymen. He approved secretly in his heart of the measures adopted by the Covenanters, and inwardly prayed for their success; but these matters he kept to his own mind, reading his Bible with his daughter at home, and not exposing himself or her to the machinations of the persecuting party.

It was on an August evening, that he and his daughter were seated together in their little parlour. He had performed all his daily labours, and had permitted his servants to go to some rural meeting several miles off. Being thus left undisturbed, he enjoyed with her that quiet rest so grateful after a day spent in toil. The day had been remarkably beautiful; but towards nightfall the heavens were overcast with dark clouds, and the sun had that sultry glare which is so often the forerunner of a tempest. When this luminary disappeared beneath the mountains, he left a red and glowing twilight behind him; and over the firmament a tissue of crimson clouds was extended, mingled here and there with black vapours. The atmosphere was hot, sickening, and oppressive, and seemed to teem with some approaching convulsion.

"We shall have a storm to-night," Allan remarked to his daughter. "I wish that I had not let the servants out; they will be overtaken in it to a certainty as they cross the moors."

"There is no fear of them, father," replied Mary; "they know the road well; and at any

rate the tempest will be over before they think of stirring from where they are."

Allan did not make any answer, but continued looking through the window opposite to which he was placed. He could see from it the mountain of Lowther, the highest in Lanarkshire: its huge shoulders and top were distinctly visible, standing forth in grand relief from the red clouds above and behind it. The last rays of the sun, bursting from the rim of the horizon, still lingered upon the hill, and, casting over its western side a broad and luminous glare, gave to it the appearance of a burnished pyramid towering from the earth. This gorgeous vision, however, did not continue long. In a few minutes the mountain lost its ruddy tint, and the sky around it became obscurer. Shortly afterwards a huge sable cloud was observed hovering over its summit. "Look, Mary," cried Allan to his daughter, "did you ever see anything grander than this? Look at yon black cloud that hangs over Lowther." Mary did so, and saw the same thing as was remarked by her father. The cloud came down slowly and majestically, enveloped the summit of the mountain, and descended for some way upon its sides. At last, when it had firmly settled, confirming, as it were, its dismal empire, a flash of fire was seen suddenly to issue from the midst of it. It revealed for an instant the summit of Lowther; then vanishing with meteor-like rapidity, left everything in the former state of gloom. Mary clung with alarm to her father.

"Hush, my dear," said Allan, pressing her closely to him, "and you will hear the thunder." He had scarcely pronounced the word when a clap was heard, so loud that the summit of the mountain appeared to be rent in twain. The terrific sound continued some time, for the neighbouring hills caught it up, and re-echoed it to each other, till it died away in the distance. A succession of flashes and peals from different quarters succeeded, and in a short time a deluge of rain poured down with the utmost violence.

The two inmates did not hear this noise without alarm. The rain beat loudly upon the windows, while, every now and then, fearful peals of thunder burst overhead. Without, no object was visible: darkness alone prevailed, varied at intervals with fierce glares of lightning. Thereafter gusts of wind began to sweep with tumult through the glen; and the stream which flowed past the house was evidently swollen, from the increased noise of its current rushing impetuously on.

The tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, when a knock was heard at the door. Allan opened it, expecting to find his domestics; but to his astonishment and dismay he beheld the Rev. Thomas Hervey, one of the most famous preachers of the Covenant. He was a venerable old man, and seemed overcome with fatigue and want, for he was pale and drooping, while his thin garments were drenched with rain. Now, though Allan Hamilton would yield to no man in benevolence, he never, on any occasion, felt so disposed as at present to outrage his own feelings, and cast aside the godlike virtue of charity. Mr. Hervey, like many other good men, was proscribed by the ruling powers; and persecution then ran so high that to grant him a night's lodging amounted to a capital crime. Many persons had already been shot for affording this slight charity to the outlawed Covenanters: Allan himself had been an unwilling witness of this dreadful fact. It was not, therefore, with his usual alacrity that he welcomed in the way-worn stranger. On the contrary, he held the door half shut, and in a tone of embarrassment asked him what was wanted.

"I see, Mr. Hamilton," said the minister calmly, "that you do not wish I should cross your threshold. You ask me what I want. Is that Christian? What can anyone want in a night like this, but lodgment and protection? If you grant it to me, I shall pray for you and yours; if you refuse it, I can only shake the dust off my feet and depart, albeit it be to death."

"Mr. Hervey," said Allan, "you know your situation and you know mine. I would be loath to treat the meanest thing that breathes as I have now treated you; but you are an outlawed man, and a lodging for one night under my roof is as much as my life is worth. Was it not last month I saw one of my nearest neighbours cruelly slain for doing a less thing —even for giving a morsel of bread to one of your brethren? Mr. Hervey, I repeat it, and with sorrow, that you know my situation, and that for the sake of my poor daughter and myself I have no alternative."

"Yes, I know your situation," answered the preacher, drawing himself up indignantly. "You are one of those faint-hearted believers who, for the sake of ease and temporal gain, have deserted that glorious cause for which your fathers have struggled. You are one of those who can stand by coolly and see others fight the good fight—and when they have overcome you will doubtless enjoy the blessed fruits of their combating. You have held back in the time of need: you have abetted prelacy and

persecution, in so far as you have not set your shoulder to the wheel of the Covenant. Now, when a humble forwarder of that holy cause craves from you an hour of shelter, you stand with your door well-nigh closed and refuse him admittance. I leave God to judge of your iniquity, and I quit your inhospitable and unchristian mansion."

He was moving off, when Mary Hamilton, who had listened with a beating heart to this colloquy, rushed forward and caught him by the arm. Her beautiful eyes were wet with tears, and she looked at her parent with an expression in which entreaty and upbraiding were mingled together.

"You will not turn out this poor old man, father? indeed you will not. You were only jesting. Come in, Mr. Hervey; my father did not mean what he said;"—and she led him in by the hand, pushing gently back Allan, who still stood by the door. "Now, Mr. Hervey, sit down there and dry yourself; and, father, shut the door."

"Thank you, my fair maiden," said the minister. "The Lord, for this good deed, will aid you in your distresses. You have shown that the old may be taught by the young; and I pray that this lesson of charity which you have given to your father, may not turn out to your scathe or his."

Allan said nothing: he felt that the part he had acted was hardly a generous one, although perhaps justified by the stern necessity of the times. His heart was naturally benevolent, and in the consciousness of self-reproach every dread of danger was obliterated.

The first attention of him and Mary was directed to their guest. His garments having been thoroughly dried, food was placed before him, of which he partook, after returning thanks to God in a lengthened grace, for so disposing towards him the hearts of his creatures. When he had finished the repast, he raised his face slightly towards heaven, closed his eyes, and clasping his hands together, fervently implored the blessings of providence on the father of that mansion and his child. When he had done this he took a small Bible from his pocket, and read some of the most affecting passages of the Old Testament, descanting upon them as he went along: how God fed Elijah in the wilderness; how he conducted the Israelites through their forty years of sojourn; how Daniel, by faith, remained unhurt in the lions' den; and how Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego walked through the fiery furnace, and not even their garments were touched by the flames. Allan and Mary listened with the most intense interest to the old man, whose voice became stronger, whose form seemed to dilate, and whose eyes were lit up with a sort of prophetic rapture, as he threw his spirit into those mysteries of Holy Writ.

After having concluded this part of his devotions, and before retiring to rest, he proposed that evening prayer should be offered up. Each accordingly knelt down, and he commenced in a strain of ardent and impassioned language. He deplored the afflicted state of God's kirk; prayed that the hearts of those who still clung to it might be confirmed and made steadfast; that confidence might be given to the wavering; that those who from fear or worldly considerations had held off from the good cause, might be taught to see the error of their ways; and that all backsliders might be reclaimed, and become goodly members of the broken and distressed Covenant. "O Lord!" continued he, "thou who hast watched over us in all time—who from thy throne in the highest heaven hast vouchsafed to hearken to the prayers of thy servants, thou wilt not now abandon us in our need. We have worshipped thee from the depths of the valley, and the rocks and hills of the desert have heard our voices calling upon thy name. 'Where is your temple, ye outcast remnant?' cry the scorners. We answer, O Lord! that we have no temple but such as thou hast created; and yet from that tabernacle of the wilderness hast thou heard us, though storms walked around. We have trod the valley of the shadow of death, and yet thou hast been a light in our path; we have been chased like wild beasts through the land, yet thy spirit hath not deserted us; armed men have encompassed us on all sides, threatening to destroy, yet our hearts have not failed; neither have the prison nor the torture had power to make us abjure thy most holy laws."

During the whole of his supplication, which he poured forth with singular enthusiasm, the storm continued without, and distant peals of thunder were occasionally heard. This convulsion of elements did not, however, distract his thoughts; on the contrary, it rendered them more ardent; and in apostrophizing the tempest he frequently arose to a pitch of wild sublimity. Mary listened with deep awe. Her feelings, constitutionally warm and religious, were aroused, and she sobbed with emotion. Allan Hamilton, though not by nature a man of imagination, was also strongly affected; he breathed hard, and occasionally a half-suppressed groan came from his breast. He could not help feeling deep remorse for the luke-

warmness he had shown to the great cause then at stake.

The night, though fearfully tempestuous, did not prevent slumber from falling on the eyes of all. Each slept soundly, and the old minister, perhaps, more so than any. Many months had elapsed since he had stretched himself on such a couch as that which Mary Hamilton had prepared for him: for he was a dweller in the desert, and had often lain upon the heath, with no other shelter than his plaid afforded. His slumbers, therefore, were delicious; but they were not long, for no sooner had the morning light begun to peep through the window of his chamber than he was up and at his devotions. Allan, though an early riser, was still in bed, and not a little astonished when he heard his door open and saw the old man walk softly up to his side.

"Hush! Allan Hamilton, do not awaken the dear maiden, your daughter, in the next room. I have come to thank you and bid you farewell. The morning sun is up, and I may not tarry longer here, consistent with my own safety or yours. There are spies through all the country, but peradventure I have escaped their observation. I am going a few miles off near the Clyde, to meet sundry of my flock who are to assemble there. May God bless you, and send better times to this afflicted land."

When Allan and his daughter sat down to their homely breakfast, the morning presented a pleasing contrast to the previous night. The sky was perfectly clear and serene. Every mountain sparkled, and the earth had a peculiar freshness diffused over its surface. The few clouds visible were at a great elevation, and were hurrying away, as if not to leave a stain on the transparent concave of heaven. There was little wind on the lower regions, scarcely sufficient to ruffle the surface of a slumbering lake. The dampness of the grass, the clay washed from the pebbles, and the rivulet swollen and turbid, were the only relics of the tempest. The weather continued beautifully serene, and when the sun was at his height, one of the finest days was presented that ever graced this most gorgeous month of the year.

It was about the middle of the day when Mary, who happened to look out, perceived six armed troopers approaching. They were on foot, their broadswords hanging at their sides, and carbines swung over their shoulders. In addition to this, each had a couple of pistols stuck in his belt. As soon as she saw them she ran in to her father with manifest looks of alarm, and informed him of their approach. Allan could not help feeling uneasy at this intelligence; for the military were then universally dreaded, and whenever a number were seen together, it was almost always on some errand of destruction. He went to the door; but just as he reached it the soldiers were on the point of entering. The leader of the body he recognized to be the ferocious Captain Clobberton, who had rendered himself universally infamous by his cruelties; and who, it was reported, had in his career of persecution caused no less than seventeen persons to be put to death in cold blood, without even the formality of a trial. He was one of the chief favourites of Dalzell, who used to call him his "lamb." This man's aspect did not belie his heart, for it was fierce, lowering, and cruel. His companions, with a single exception, seemed well suited to their leader, and fit instruments to carry his bloody mandates into execution. Allan, when he confronted this worthy agent of tyranny, turned back, followed by him and his crew into the house.

"Shut the door, my dear chucks," cried Clobberton; "we must have some conversation with this godly man. So, Mr. Hamilton, you have taken up with that pious remnant: you have turned a psalm-singer, eh! Come, don't stare at me as if you saw an owl: answer my question—yes or no."

Allan looked at him with a steady eye. "Captain Clobberton, you have asked me no question. I shall not scruple to answer anything which may be justly demanded of me."

"Answer me, then, sir," continued the captain: "were you not present at the field-preaching near Lanark, when one of the king's soldiers was slain in attempting, with several others, to disperse it?"

"I was not," answered Allan; "I never in my life attended a field-preaching."

"Or a conventicle!"

"Nor a conventicle either."

"Do you mean to deny that you are one of that precious hypocritical set, who preach their absurd and treasonable jargon in defiance of the law? In a word, do you deny that you are one of the sworn members of the Covenant?"

"I do deny it, stoutly."

"Acknowledge it, and save your wretched life. Acknowledge it, or I will confront you with a proof which will perhaps astonish you, and cost you more than you are aware of."

"I will tell no untruth, even to save my life."

"Then on your own stupid head rest the consequences. Do you know one Hervey, a preacher?"

"I do," said Allan, firmly.

"Ha, here it comes! you have then spoken to that man, most godly Allan?"

"I have spoken to him."

"He has been in your house?"

"I do not mean to deny that he has."

"Has he not sung psalms in your house, and prayed in your house, and lodged in your house? Eh?—and was it not last night that these doings were going on?"

"I will gainsay nothing of what you have said."

"Then, Allan Hamilton," said the other, "I tell you plainly that you have harboured a traitor; and that unless you deliver him up, or tell where he may be found, I shall hold you guilty of treason, and punish you accordingly."

"The Lord's will be done!" answered Hamilton, with a deep sigh. "What I did was an act of common charity. The old man applied to me in his distress; and it would have been cruel to have closed my door against him. Wreak your will upon me as it pleases you. Where he has gone I know not; and though I did know, I would hardly consider myself justified in telling you."

"Then we shall make short work with you!" rejoined Clobberton with an oath. "Ross, give him ten minutes to say his prayers, and then bind up his eyes. It is needless to palaver with him. We have other jobs of a like kind to manage to-day."

Here Mary, who stood in a corner listening with terrified heart, uttered a loud scream when she heard her father's doom pronounced. She rushed forth into the middle of the room, and fell upon her knees before Clobberton.

"O! Captain, do not slay my father! Take *my* life. It was *my* fault alone that the old man was let into the house. My father refused to admit him. Take *my* life and save *his*. I shall be his murderess if he die—for I brought him into this trouble."

She continued some moments in this attitude, gazing up at him with looks of fear and entreaty, and clasping his knees. He had, however, been too long accustomed to scenes of this afflicting nature to be much moved; and he extricated himself from the unhappy girl with brutal rudeness. She fell speechless at his feet.

"Confound the wench! was there ever seen the like of it! She takes me for one of your chicken-hearted milksops: out of the way with the ninny."

He was about to lay rough hands upon her, when a trooper stepping forward raised her gently up and placed her on a seat. This was the only one of Clobberton's followers whose appearance was at all indicative of humanity. He was a handsome and strongly built young man of six feet. His countenance was well formed; but its expression was rather dissolute, and rendered stern, apparently by the prevalence of some fierce internal passion. The marks of a generous heart were, notwithstanding, imprinted upon its bold outlines; and whoever looked upon him could not help thinking that his natural disposition had been perverted by the wicked characters and scenes among which he was placed.

"Captain," said he, "I do not see the use of shooting this old fool. I begin to feel that we have had a surfeit of this work. Besides, if what the girl declares is correct, there is no great matter of treason in the case. At all events, I would vote to leave the business to the Justiciary."

"Graham," said Clobberton, eying him sternly, "give me none of your cursed whining palaver. What the —— is your liver made of? When there is anything in the way of justice to be done, you are as mealy and cream-faced as if you saw the devil. A fine fellow to wear the king's uniform! If you say another word," added he, with a frightful oath, "I'll have you reported to the general!"

"Captain," said Graham, stepping modestly but firmly forward, "you may speak of me as you please; you are my officer—(though neither you nor any man of the regiment need be told, that when my service was needed in real danger I was never behind); but I cannot stand by unmoved and see downright butchery. If you have anything to urge against this man, let him be brought to Edinburgh, and there tried by the commission, which will punish him severely enough, in all conscience, if he be really guilty. I have assisted in some of these murders; but my conscience tells me that I have done wrong: and, whatever the consequences be, I shall assist at them no more."

"Ay!" said Clobberton, "you are a pretty dainty fellow—fitter to strut about in regimentals before wenches than behave like a man; but, Mr. John Graham, let me tell you that your eloquence, instead of retarding, has hastened the fate of this rascally traitor. And, let me tell you farther, that on my arrival at head-quarters I shall have you arraigned for mutiny and disobedience of orders.—Ross, blindfold Hamilton and lead him out."

His command was instantly executed; while Mary, in a fit of distraction, flew up to her father, cast her arms round his neck, and kissed him with the most heart-rending affliction.

"My father, my father, I am your murderess! I will die with you! Ye cruel-hearted men, will none of you save him from this bloody death?"

"My dear Mary, may God protect you and send you a happier lot than mine," was all that the unhappy parent could articulate. He was then torn from her with violence, and hurried out to the green before the house. Mary, on this separation, fell into a short swoon; on awaking from which she found herself in the chamber with no one except Graham. His face was flushed with anger, and he walked impatiently up and down. By a sudden impulse she ran to the window, and the first sight which caught her eye was her father kneeling down, and opposite to him the four troopers, seemingly waiting for the signal of Clobberton, who looked intently at his watch. At this terrifying spectacle, and in an agony of desperation, she threw herself on her knees before the soldier.

"Young man—young man, save my father's life! O try, at least, to save him! I will love you, and work for you, and be your slave for ever! Blessings on your kind heart, you will do it—yes, you will do it!"

And she rose up and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. A tear rolled from Graham's manly eye, and his soul was moved with compassion for the lovely being who clung to him and implored him so feelingly. He turned an instant to the window.

"Let me go, my dear—the accursed miscreant is putting up his watch and has told them to present; there is not a second to lose."

Without saying another word, he unslung his carbine, rushed to the open air—and shot Clobberton dead on the spot.

The troopers were confounded at this sudden action. They lowered the weapons which they had that instant raised to their shoulders, and stood for some time gazing confusedly at each other—then at Graham—then at the body of their captain. When they recovered their self-possession they raised up the latter to see if any spark of life remained. He was perfectly dead. The following colloquy then ensued between them.

Russell. "Whoy, I thinks as how he be dead."

Smith. "Dead! ay as dead as Julius Cæsar. I wonder what old Dalzell will say when he hears of his dear *lamb* being butchered thus."

Russell. "Now, domn it, Smith, don't speak ill of the coptain. He was a worthy man, that is to say, after his own fashion; and no one ever sarved his country better in the way of ridding it of crop-eared preachers: he was worth a score of hangmen."

Ross. "Gentlemen, there is no occasion to stand jesting and talking nonsense. Here is as pretty a piece of murder as ever was committed; and it remains for us to decide what we will do, first with the traitor Hamilton, and secondly with the murderer Graham."

Graham. "Whatever you do with me, I hope you will not harm that poor man. Let him go, and thus do a charitable action for once in your lives."

Russell. "I always, do you zee, gentlemen, goes with the majority. Domn it, shoot or not is all one to Dick Russell. If you make up your minds to let him go scot free, whoy, I'se not oppose it."

Jones. "Well, well, let him go and sing psalms in his own canting fashion."

The fact is, these men were getting sick of shedding innocent blood, and although ready to spill more on being ordered, rather shunned it than otherwise—especially when their victims were unresisting.

"I see, comrades, you are agreed to let the old fool go unharmed," said Ross. Then walking up to Allan, who still knelt—his daughter, with her arms around him, awaiting in terrible suspense the result of their deliberation—"Get up," said he, "and bless your stars; but take care in future of your treasonable covenanting tricks under the cloak of charity. It is not every day you will get a young fellow to shoot your executioner and save your life. As for you, Graham," turning to his companion, "I hold you prisoner. You must accompany us to head-quarters, and there take your trial for this business. You have committed a black murder on the body of your officer; and if we failed to bring you up, old Dalzell would have us shot like so many piets the minute after."

Graham's carbine and pistols were immediately taken from him, and his hands tied behind his back by the remaining troopers.

"Farewell, young woman," said he to Mary, who looked at him with tears of gratitude; "farewell! I have saved your father's life and forfeited my own: don't forget Jack Graham."

The unfortunate girl was distracted at this heart-rending sight; and she rushed forward to entreat his guards to give him liberty. One of them presented his carbine at her.

"Off, mistress; blast my heart, if it were not for your pretty face I would send an ounce of cold lead through you. What, haven't we spared your father's life, and you would have

us connive at the escape of a murderer, to the risk of our own necks!"

"Do not distress yourself about me, my sweet girl," cried Graham—"farewell, once more!"

And she turned back weeping, while the troopers held their way towards the western outlet of the valley.

Mary was too generous to be happy in the safety even of her father, when that was bought with the life of his brave deliverer. When Graham was taken away she felt a pang as if he had been led to execution. Instead, therefore, of indulging in selfish congratulation, her whole soul was taken up in the romantic and apparently hopeless scheme of extricating him from his danger. There was not a moment to lose; and she asked her father if he could think of any way in which a rescue might be attempted.

"Mary, my dear, I know of none," was his answer. "We live far from any house, and before assistance could be procured they would be miles beyond our reach."

"Yes, father, there is a chance," said she with impatience. "Gallop over to Allaster Wilson's on the other side of the hills. He is a strong and determined man, and, as well as some of his near neighbours, is accustomed to contest. You know he fought desperately at Drumclog; and though he blamed you for not joining the cause, he will not be loath to assist in this bitter extremity."

Allan at these words started up, as if awakened from a reverie. "That will do, my dear bairn. I never thought of it; but your understanding is quicker than mine. I shall get out the horse; follow me, on foot, as hard as you can."

This was the work of a minute. The horse was brought from the stable, and Allan lashed him to his full speed across the moor. Most fortunately he arrived at Allaster's house as the latter was on the point of leaving it. He carried a musket over his shoulder, and a huge claymore hung down from a belt girded around his loins.

"You have just come in time," said this stern son of the Covenant, after Allan had briefly related to him what had happened. "I am on my way to hear that precious saint, Mr. Hervey, hold forth. You see I am armed to defend myself against temporal foes, and so are many others of my friends and brethren in God, who will be present on that blessed occasion. Come away, Allan Hamilton: you are one of the timid and faint-hearted flock of Jacob, but we will aid you as you wish, and peradventure save the young man who has done you such a good turn."

They went on swiftly to a retired spot at the distance of half a mile: it was a small glen nearly surrounded with rocks. There they beheld the Reverend Mr. Hervey standing upon a mound of earth, and preaching to a congregation, the greater part of the males of which were armed with muskets, swords, or pikes; they formed, as it were, the outworks of the assembly, the women, old men, and children being placed in the centre. These were a few of the devoted Christians who, from the rocks and caves of their native land, sent up their fearless voices to heaven—who, disowning the spiritual authority of a tyrannic government, thought it nowise unbecoming or treasonable to oppose the strong arm of lawless power with its own weapons; and who finally triumphed in the glorious contest—establishing that pure religion, for which posterity has proved, alas, too ungrateful! In the pressing urgency of the case Allaster did not scruple to go up to the minister in the midst of his discourse. Such interruptions, indeed, were common in these distracted times, when it was necessary to skulk from place to place, and perform divine worship as if it was an act of treason against the state. Mr. Hervey made known to his flock in a few words what had been communicated to him, taking care to applaud highly the scheme proposed by Wilson. There was no time to be lost, and, under the guidance of Allaster, the whole of the assemblage hurried to a gorge of the mountains through which the troopers must necessarily pass. As the route of the latter was circuitous, time was allowed to this sagacious leader to arrange his forces. This he did by placing all the armed men, about twenty-five in number, in two lines across the pass. Those who were not armed, together with the women and children, were sent to the rear. When, therefore, the soldiers came up, they found to their surprise a formidable body ready to dispute the passage.

"What means this interruption?" said Ross, who acted the part of spokesman to the rest. Whereupon Mr. Hervey advanced in front—"Release," said he, "that young man whom ye have in bonds."

"Release him!" replied Ross. "Would you have us release a murderer? Are you aware that he has shot his officer?"

"I am aware of it," Mr. Hervey answered, "And I blame him not for the deed. Stand forth, Allan Hamilton, and say if that is the soldier who saved your life—and you, Mary Hamilton, stand forth likewise."

Both, to the astonishment of the soldiers, came in front of the crowd. "That," said Allan, "is the man, and may God bless him for his humanity." "It is the same," cried his daughter; "I saw him with these eyes shoot the cruel Clobberton. On my knees I begged him to sue for mercy, and his kind heart had pity upon me, and saved my father."

"Soldiers," said Mr. Hervey, "I have nothing more to say to you. That young man has slain your captain, but he has done no murder. His deed was justifiable; yea, it was praiseworthy, in so far as it saved an upright man, and rid the earth of a cruel persecutor. Deliver him up and go away in peace, or peradventure ye may fare ill among these armed men who stand before you."

The troopers consulted together for a short time, till, seeing that resistance would be utter madness against such odds, they reluctantly let go their prisoner. The first person who came up to him was Mary Hamilton. She loosened the cords that tied him, and presented him with conscious pride to those of her own sex who were assembled round.

"Good bye, Graham!" cried Ross, with a sneer. "You have bit us once, but it will puzzle you to do so again. We shall soon *harry* you and your puritanical friends from your strongholds. An ell of strong hemp is in readiness for you at the Grassmarket of Edinburgh. Take my defiance for a knave, as you are?" added he, with an imprecation.

He had scarcely pronounced the last sentence when Graham unsheathed the weapon which hung at his side, sprang from the middle of the crowd, and stood before his defier.

"Ross, you have challenged me, and you shall abide it—draw!"

Here there was an instantaneous movement among the Covenanters, who rushed in between the two fierce soldiers, who stood with their naked weapons, their eyes glancing fire at each other. Mary Hamilton screamed aloud with terror, and cries of "Separate them!" were heard from all the women. Mr. Hervey came forward and entreated them to put up their swords, and he was seconded by most of the old men; but all entreaties were in vain. They stood fronting each other, and only waiting for free ground to commence their desperate game.

"Let me alone," said Graham furiously to some who were attempting to draw him back; "am I to be bearded to my teeth by that swaggering ruffian?"

"Come on, my sweet cock of the Covenant," cried Ross, with the most insulting derision, "you or any one of your canting crew—or a dozen of you, one after the other."

"Let Graham go," was heard from the deep stern voice of Allaster Wilson; "let him go, or I will meet that man with my own weapon. Mr. Hervey, your advice is dear to us all, and well do we know that the blood of God's creatures must not be shed in vain; but has not that man of blood openly defied us, and shall we hinder our champion from going forward to meet him? No, let them join in combat and try which is the better cause. If the challenger overcomes, we shall do him no harm, but let him depart in peace; if he be overcome, let him rue the consequences of his insolence."

This proposition, though violently opposed by the women and the aged part of the crowd, met the entire approbation of the young men. Each felt himself personally insulted, and allowed, for a time, the turbulent passions of his nature to get the better of every milder feeling. A space of ground was immediately cleared for the combat, the friends of Ross being allowed to arrange matters as they thought fit. They went about it with a coolness and precision which showed that to them this sort of pastime was nothing new. "All is right—fall on," was their cry, and in a moment the combatants met in the area. The three troopers looked on with characteristic *sang froid*, but it was otherwise with the rest of the by-standers, who gazed upon the scene with the most intense interest. Some of the females turned away their eyes from it, and among them Mary Hamilton, who almost sunk to the earth, and was with difficulty supported by her father.

The combat was desperate, for the men were of powerful strength, and of tried courage and skill in their weapons. The blows were parried for some time on both sides with consummate address, and neither could be said to have the advantage. At length, after contending fiercely, Ross exhibited signs of exhaustion—neither guarding himself, nor assaulting his opponent so vigorously as at first. Graham, on noticing this, redoubled his efforts. He acted now wholly on the offensive, sending blow upon blow with the rapidity of lightning. His last and most desperate stroke was made at the head of his enemy. The sword of the latter, which was held up in a masterly manner to receive it, was beat down by Graham's weapon, which descended forcibly upon his helmet. This blow proved decisive, and Ross fell senseless upon the ground. His conqueror immediately wrested the weapon from him, while a shout was set up by the crowd in token of victory. The troopers looked mortified at this result of the duel, which was by them

evidently unexpected. Their first care was to raise up their fellow-comrade. On examination, no wound was perceived upon his head. His helmet had been penetrated by the sword, which however did not go farther. His own weapon had contributed to deaden the blow, by partially arresting that of Graham in its furious descent. It was this only which saved his life. In a few minutes he so far recovered as to get up and look around him. The first object which struck him was his opponent standing in the ring wiping his forehead.

"Well, Ross," said one of his companions, "I always took you to be the best swordsman in the regiment; but I think you have met your match."

"My match? confound me!" returned the vanquished man, "I thought I would have made minced meat of him. There, for three years have I had the character of being one of the best men in the army at my weapon, and here is all this good name taken out of me in a trice. Blast my eyes, how mortifying—and to loose my good sword too!"

"Here is your sword, Ross, and keep it," said Graham. "You have behaved like a brave man; and I honour such a fellow, whether he be my friend or foe. Only don't go on with your insolent bragging—that is all the advice I have to give you; nor call any man a knave till you have good proof that he is so."

"Well, well, Graham," answered the other, "I retract what I said; I have a better opinion of you than I had ten minutes ago. Take care of old Dalzell—his *lambs* will be after you, and you had better keep out of the way. Take this advice in return for my weapon which you have given me back. It would, after all, be a pity to tuck up such a pretty fellow as you are; although I would care very little to see your long-faced acquaintances there dangling by the necks. Give us your hand for old fellowship, and shift your quarters as soon as you choose. Good bye." So saying, he and his three comrades departed.

After these doings, it was considered imprudent for the principal actors to remain longer in this quarter. Mr. Hervey retired about twenty miles to the northward, in company with Allan Hamilton and his daughter, and Allaster Wilson. Graham went by a circuitous route to Argyleshire, where he secreted himself so judiciously, that though the agents of government got information of his being in that county, they could never manage to lay hand upon him. These steps were prudent in all parties; for the very day after the rescue a strong body of dragoons was sent to the Lowthers to apprehend the above-named persons. They behaved with great cruelty, burning the cottages of numbers of the inhabitants, and destroying their cattle. They searched Allan Hamilton's house, took from it everything that could be easily carried away, and such of his cattle as were found on the premises. Among other things, they carried off the body of the sanguinary Clobberton, which they found in the spot where it had been left, and interred it in Lanark churchyard with military honours. None of the individuals, however, whom they sought for were found.

For a short time after this, the persecution raged with great violence in the south of Lanarkshire; but happier days were beginning to dawn; and the arrival of King William and dethronement of the bigoted James put an end to such scenes of cruelty. When these events occurred, the persecuted came forth from their hiding-places. Mr. Hervey, among others, returned to the Lowthers, and enjoyed many happy days in this seat of his ministry and trials. Allan and his daughter were among the first to make their appearance. Their house soon recovered its former comfort; and in the course of time every worldly concern went well with them. Mary, however, for a month or more after their return, did not feel entirely satisfied. She was duller than was her wont; and neither she nor her father could give any explanation why it should be so. At this time a tall young man paid them a visit, and, strange to say, she became perfectly happy. This visitor was no other than the wild, fighting fellow Graham—now perfectly reformed from his former evil courses, by separation from his profligate companions, and by the better company and principles with which his late troubles had brought him acquainted.

A few words more will end our story. This bold trooper and the beautiful daughter of Allan Hamilton were seen five weeks thereafter going to church as man and wife. It was allowed that they were the handsomest couple ever seen in the Lowthers. Graham proved a kind husband; and it is hardly necessary to state that Mary was a most affectionate and exemplary wife. Allan Hamilton attained a happy old age, and saw his grandchildren ripening into fair promise around him. His daughter, many years after his death, used to repeat to them the story of his danger and escape which we have here imperfectly related. The tale is not fictitious. It is handed down in tradition over the upper and middle wards of Lanarkshire, and with a consistency which leaves no doubt of its truth.

COUNT UGOLINO.

[**Dante Alighieri**, born at Florence, May, 1265; died at Ravenna, July or September, 1321. The author of the *Divina Commedia*, or *The Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise*. He also wrote the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convito*, or *The Banquet*, and other works; but it is by the *Vision* that his memory is perpetuated. The following is from Cary's translation.[1] Of the many English versions of this poem Longfellow's is the most recent. Count Ugolino, who relates his sufferings to the poet, was the chief of one of three parties who were competing for the sovereignty of Pisa. By treachery he became victor, only to be himself betrayed by the Archbishop Ruggieri, who reported to the people that their castles had been sold to the citizens of Florence and of Lucca. The count was seized, cast into prison with two of his sons and two grandsons, and they were all starved to death.[2]]

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began:
"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on't. But if words
That I may utter shall prove seed, to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou mayest be
I know not, nor how here below art come:
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and the Archbishop he
Ruggieri. Why I neighbour him so close,
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en
And after murder'd, need is not I tell.
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,
And know if he have wrong'd me. A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seem'd tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?
Now had they waken'd; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath lock'd up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear:
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father!' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Call'd on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,
Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
He fastened like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,
Firm and unyielding.

The Inferno—Canto xxxiii.

[1] Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A., born at Birmingham, 1772; died in London, 14th August, 1844. Educated at Oxford; sometime vicar of Bromley Abbat's, Staffordshire; and afterwards assistant-librarian in the British Museum. In his latter years he enjoyed a pension of £200 a year from government. He won much reputation by his translations, and especially by his version of *The Divine Comedy*, which Southey said was "a translation of magnitude and difficulty, executed with perfect fidelity and admirable skill."

[2] This is the subject of one of Sir Joshua Reynold's most powerful paintings.

THE MIGRATIONS OF A SOLAN GOOSE.

BY MISS CORBET.

"Well, Bryce," said Mrs. Maxwell one day to her housekeeper, "what has the gamekeeper sent this week from Maxwell Hall?"

"Why, madam, there are three pair of partridges, a brace of grouse, a woodcock, three hares, a couple of pheasants, and a solan goose."

"A solan goose!" ejaculated the lady;

"what could induce him to think I would poison my house with a solan goose?"

"He knows it is a dish that my master is very fond of," replied Mrs. Bryce.

"It is more than your mistress is," retorted the lady; "let it be thrown out directly before Mr. Maxwell sees it."

The housekeeper retired, and Mrs. Maxwell resumed her cogitations, the subject of which was how to obtain an introduction to the French noblesse who had recently taken up their abode in Edinburgh.

"Gracious me!" said she, as she hastily rung the bell, "how could I be so stupid?—there is nothing in the world that old Lady Crosby is so fond of as a solan goose, and I understand she knows all the French people, and that they are constantly with her.—Bryce," she continued, as the housekeeper obeyed her summons, "is the goose a fine bird?"

"Very fine indeed, madam; the beak is broken, and one of the legs is a little ruffled, but I never saw a finer bird."

"Well, then, don't throw it away, as I mean to send it to my friend Lady Crosby, as soon as I have written a note."

Mrs. Bryce once more retreated, and Mrs. Maxwell, having selected a beautiful sheet of note-paper, quickly penned the following effusion:

"My dear Lady Crosby,—Permit me to request your acceptance of a solan goose, which has just been sent me from Maxwell Hall. Knowing your fondness for this bird, I am delighted at having it in my power to gratify you. I hope that you continue to enjoy good health. This is to be a very gay winter. By the bye, do you know any one who is acquainted with the French noblesse? I am dying to meet with them. Ever, my dear Lady Crosby, yours truly, M. Maxwell."

Lady Crosby being out when this billet reached her house, it was opened by one of her daughters.

"Bless me, Maria!" she exclaimed to her sister, "how fortunate it was that I opened this note; Mrs. Maxwell has sent mamma a solan goose!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Eliza; "I am sure if mamma hears of it she will have it roasted immediately, and Captain Jessamy, of the Lancers, is to call to-day, and you know a roasted solan goose is enough to contaminate a whole parish.—I shall certainly go distracted!"

"Don't discompose yourself," replied Maria; "I shall take good care to send it out of the house before mamma comes home; meanwhile, I must write a civil answer to Mrs. Maxwell's note. I daresay she will not think of alluding to it; but if she should, mamma, luckily, is pretty deaf, and may never be a bit the wiser."

"I think," said Eliza, "we had better send the goose to the Napiers, as they were rather affronted at not being asked to our last musical party; I daresay they will make no use of it, but it looks attentive."

"An excellent thought," rejoined Maria. No sooner said than done; in five minutes the travelled bird had once more changed its quarters.

"A solan goose!" ejaculated Mrs. Napier, as her footman gave her the intelligence of Lady Crosby's present. "Pray, return my compliments to her ladyship, and I feel much obliged by her polite attention. Truly," continued she, when the domestic had retired to fulfil this mission, "if Lady Crosby thinks to stop our mouths with a solan goose, she will find herself very much mistaken. I suppose she means this as a peace-offering for not having asked us to her last party. I suppose she was afraid, Clara, my dear, you would cut out her clumsy daughters with Sir Charles."

"If I don't, it shall not be my fault," replied her amiable daughter. "I flirted with him in such famous style at the last concert, that I thought Eliza would have fainted on the spot. But what are you going to do with the odious bird?"

"Oh, I shall desire John to carry it to poor Mrs. Johnstone."

"I wonder, mamma, that you would take the trouble of sending all the way to the Canongate for any such purpose; what good can it do you to oblige people who are so wretchedly poor?"

"Why, my dear," replied the lady, "to tell you the truth, your father, in early life, received such valuable assistance from Mr. Johnstone, who was at that time a very rich man, as laid the foundation of his present fortune. Severe losses reduced Mr. Johnstone to poverty; he died, and your father has always been intending, at least promising to do something for the family, but has never found an opportunity. Last year, Mrs. Johnstone most unfortunately heard that he had it in his power to get a young man out to India, and she applied to Mr. Napier on behalf of her son, which, I must say, was a very ill-judged step, as showing that she thought he required to be reminded of his promises, which, to a man of any feeling, must always be a grating circumstance; but I have often observed, that poor people have very little delicacy in such points; how-

ever, as your papa fancies sometimes that these people have a sort of claim on him, I am sure he will be glad to pay them any attention that costs him nothing."

Behold, then, our hero exiled from the fashionable regions of the West, and laid on the broad of his back on a table, in a small but clean room, in a humble tenement in the Canongate, where three hungry children eyed with delight his fat legs, his swelling breast, and magnificent pinions.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," cried the children, skipping round the table, and clapping their hands, "what a beautiful goose! how nice it will be when it is roasted! You must have a great large slice, mamma, for you had very little dinner yesterday. Why have we never any nice dinners now, mamma?"

"Hush, little chatter-box," said her brother Henry, a fine stripling of sixteen, seeing tears gather in his mother's eyes.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Johnstone, "it goes to my heart to think of depriving these poor children of their expected treat, but I think we ought to send this bird to our benefactress, Lady Bethune. But for her, what would have become of us? While the Napiers, who owe all they have to your worthy and unfortunate father, have given us nothing but empty promises, she has been a consoling and ministering angel, and I should wish to take this opportunity of showing my gratitude; trifling as the offering is, I am sure it will be received with kindness."

"I am sure of it," replied Henry; "and I will run and buy a few nuts and apples to console the little ones for losing their expected feast."

The children gazed with lengthened faces as the goose was carried from their sight, and conveyed by Henry to the house of Lady Bethune, who, appreciating the motives which had dictated the gift, received it with benevolent kindness.

"Tell your mother, my dear," said she to Henry, "that I feel most particularly obliged by her attention, and be sure to say that Sir James has hopes of procuring a situation for you; and if he succeeds, I will come over myself to tell her the good news."

Henry bounded away as gay as a lark, while Lady Bethune, after having given orders to her butler to send some bolls of potatoes, meal, and a side of fine mutton, to Mrs. Johnstone, next issued directions for the disposal of the present she had just received.

"La, madam!" exclaimed Mrs. Bryce, as she once more made her appearance before her mistress, "if here be not our identical solan goose come back to us, with Lady Bethune's compliments! I know him by his broken beak and ruffled leg; and as sure as eggs are eggs, that's my master's knock at the door!"

"Run, Bryce! fly!" cried Mrs. Maxwell in despair; "put it out of sight! give it to the house-dog!"

Away ran Mrs. Bryce with her prize to Towler; and he, not recollecting that he had any favour to obtain from any one, or that he had any dear friends to oblige, received the present very gratefully, and, as he lay in his kennel,

"Lazily mumbled the bones of the dead;"

thus ingloriously terminating the migrations of a solan goose.

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

[Geoffrey Chaucer, born in London, 1328; died there 25th October, 1400. "The Father of English poetry." There are few authentic records of his life; but it seems to be generally accepted that he studied at Oxford and Cambridge; visited the Continent—as a soldier, according to some accounts—entered the Inner Temple to study law, and was "fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street;" was a favourite of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whose sister-in-law became his wife; and he received an annuity of twenty marks from Edward III. He was appointed comptroller of wool at the port of London, and was sent as an envoy to Genoa. At another time he was sent to France to treat of a marriage between Richard, Prince of Wales, and a daughter of the French king. In the early years of the reign of Richard II. he became involved in political disturbances, and fled to Holland. He returned to London soon after, and was committed to the Tower, but was released on disclosing the names of his associates in the late conspiracy. He subsequently became master of the works at Westminster, and soon after at Windsor. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the chapel of St. Bennet. His chief poems are: *The Canterbury Tales; The Romaunt of the Rose*, translated from the French; *Troilus and Creseide; The Court of Love; The Complaint of Pitie; The Assembly of Foules; The House of Fame; The Legend of Good Women; The Flower and the Leaf; Chaucer's Dream*, &c. Thomas Warton wrote: "His genius was universal, and adapted to themes of unbounded variety; and his merit was not less in painting familiar manners with humour and propriety, than in moving the passions, and representing the beautiful or grand objects of nature with grace and sublimity." In the following extracts, the orthography is, as far as possible, modernized.]

[Theseus, Duke of Athens, captured in war two cousins of Thebes, Palamon and Arcite, and condemned them to perpetual imprisonment. From the window of their cell the prisoners saw Emelie, sister of the queen, and

love of her filled their hearts. This caused the first misunderstanding that had ever arisen between these faithful friends. Arcite was released from prison, but exiled from the realms of Theseus.]

"'O dear cousin Palamon, quod he,
Thine is the victory of this aventure;
Full blissfully in prison to endure:
In prison? Nay certes, but in paradise.
Well hath fortune yturned thee the dice,
That hath the sight of her, and I the absence.
For possible is, since thou hast her presence,
And art a knight, a worthy and an able,
That by some chance, since fortune is changeable,
Thou mayest to thy desire sometime attain:
But I that am exiled, and barreyne
Of all grace, and in so great despair,
That there n' is water, earth, fire ne air,
Ne creature that of them maked is,
That may me help or comfort in this.
Alas! why plainen men so in commune
Of purveance, of God, or of fortune,
That giveth them full oft in many a guise
Much better than they can themselves devise?
Some man desireth for to have richess,
That cause is of his murder or great sickness;
And some man would out of his prison fain,
That in his house is of his servants slain.
Infinite harms ben in this matere;
We wot never what thing we prayen here."

[Arcite at length returned in disguise to Athens, and entered the Duke's household as a servant, where he was privileged to see his lady every day. He became a favourite and was promoted, but not discovered. Palamon, meanwhile, escaped from prison, and, whilst hiding in the woods, encountered his rival. They were to engage in a duel, but were interrupted by Theseus, who, upon learning the truth, appointed a tournament in which the knights might decide their claims to the lady. The day came: Arcite had placed himself under the protection of Mars; Palamon had obtained that of Venus. A hundred knights followed each leader.]

Up goth the trumpets and the melodie;
And to the lists ride the companie
By ordinance, through the city large,
Hanging with cloth of gold and not with serge.
Full like a lord this noble Duke can ride,
And these two Thebans upon either side;
And after rode the queen and Emelie;
And after them of ladies another companie;
And after them of commons after their degree.
And thus they passeden through that city,
And to the lists comen they be-time:
It was not of the day yet fully prime,
When set was Theseus full rich and high,
Ipolita, the queen, and Emelie,
And other ladies in degrees about.
Unto the seats presseth all the rout,
And westward thorough the gates of Mart,
Arcite, and eke the hundred of his part,
With banners red, is enter'd right anon;
And in that same moment Palamon
Is, under Venus, eastward in the place,
With banner white and hardy cheer and face.
In all the world to seeken up and down,
So even without variation,
There never were such companies twey;
For there was none so wise that coulde say
That any had of other advantage
Of worthiness, nor of estate, nor of visage,
So even were they chosen for to guess:
And in two ranges (ranks, fair they them 'dress.
When that their names read were every one,
That in their number guile were there none;
Then were the gates shut and cried was loud—
"Do now your devoir, young knightes proud."
The heralds left their pricking up and down.
Now ringin trumpets loud and clarion.
There is no more to say, but east and west
In goeth the spears steadily in the rest;
There, see men who can joust and who can ride:
In goeth the sharp spur into the side:
There shiveren shaftes upon shieldes thick:
He feeleth through the hearte soon the prick:
Up springen spears twenty foot on hight;
Out gon the swordes as the silver bright:
The helms they to-hewen and to-shred;[1]
Out burst the blood with stern streames red;
With mighty maces the bones they to-breste;[2]
He through the thickest of the throng 'gan thrust:
There stumble steedes strong, and down can fall;
He rolleth under foot as doth a ball:
He presseth on his foe with a truncheon,
And he him hurtleth with his horse adown:
He through the body hurt is and sith then take
Maugre his head, and brought unto the stake,
As forword (agreement) was, right there he must
Another lad is on that other side: [abide;
And sometime bids them, Theseus, to rest,
Them to refresh and drinken if them lest (list).
Full oft a-day have these same Thebans two
Together met and wrought each other woe:
Unhorsed hath each other of them twey.
There was no tiger in the vale of Galgopley,
When that her whelp is stole when it is lite (little),
So cruel on the hunt as is Arcite,
For jealous heart, upon this Palamon:
Nor in Belmarie there n' is so fell lion
That hunted is, or for his hunger wud (mad),
Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,
As Palamon to slay his foe Arcite:
The jealous strokes on their helmets bite:
Out runneth blood on both their sides red.

[1] To hew and cut to pieces. [2] Broke in pieces.

Sometime an end there is of every deed:
For ere the sun unto the reste went
The strong King Emetrius 'gan hent[1]
This Palamon as he fought with Arcite,
And made his sword deep in his flesh to bite;
And by the force of twenty is he take,
Unyielding, and is drawen to the stake:
And in the rescue of this Palamon
The strong King Ligurgius is borne adown:
And King Emetrius, for all his strength,
Is borne out of his saddle his sworde's length,
So hit him Palamon ere he were take:
But all for nought, he was brought to the stake.
His hardy heart might him helpen nought;
He must abiden when that he was caught
By force and eke by composition.
Who sorroweth now, but woeful Palamon,
That must no more go again to fight?
And when that Theseus had seen that sight,
Unto the folk that foughten thus each one
He cried, "Ho!—no more, for it is done.
I will be true judge and not partie.
Arcite of Thebes shall have Emelie,
That by his fortune hath her fairly won."
Anon there is a noise of people begun
For joy of this, so loud and high withal,
It seemed that the liftes (skies) would fall.
What can now fair Venus do above?
What saith she now? what doth this queen of love
But weepeth so for wanting of her will,
Till that her teares in the liftes fill.
She said, "I am a-shamèd, doubtless."
Saturnus said, "Daughter, hold thy peace:
Mars hath his will, his knight hath all his boon,
And by mine head, thou shalt be eased soon."
The trump'ters with the loud minstrelsy,
The heralds that so loudly yell and cry,
Ben in their joy for weal of Dan[2] Arcite.
But hearkeneth me and stay the noise a lit'e,
What a miracle there befell anon.
This fierce Arcite hath off his helm ydone,
And on his courser for to show his face
He pricketh end-long in the large place,
Looking upward upon this Emelie,
And she again cast him a friendly eye,
(For women as to speaken in commune,
They follow all the favour of fortune)
And was all his in cheer as in heart.
Out of the ground a fury infernal start—
From Pluto sent at the request of Saturne—
For which his horse for fear 'gan to turn,
And leapt aside and foundered as he leap;
And ere that Arcite may take any kepe (care)
He pitched him on the pomel (top) of his head,
That in the place he lay as he were dead.

[Arcite, dying, sent for Emelie and Palamon.]

"Alas the woe, alas the paines strong
That I for you have suffered and so long!
Alas the death, alas my Emelie!
Alas, departing of our companie!
Alas mine hearte's queen, alas my wife!
Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life!
What is this world, what asken men to have
Now with his love, now in his cold grave
Alone withouten any companie.
Farewell my sweet, farewell mine Emelie!
And soft, take me in your armes twey,
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say
"I have here with my cousin Palamon
Had strife and rancour many a day agone
For love of you, and eke for jelousie;
And Jupiter so wis my soule gie[3]
To speaken of a servant properly,
With all circumstances truely,
That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthede,
Wisdom, humbl'ess, estate and high kindrede,
Freedom, and all that 'longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne know I non'
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, that gentle man."
And with that word his speech to fail began. . . .
But on his lady yet cast he his eye;
His last word was, "Mercy, Emelie."

Infinite ben the sorrows and the tears
Of old folk and folk of tender years,
In all the town for death of this Theban—
For him there weepeth both child and man.

[Emelie, Palamon, and Theseus were the chief mourners for the dead knight, and their grief endured long. But—]

By processe and by length of certain years,
All stenten is the mourning and the tears.

[The Duke summoned Emelie and Palamon to his presence, and spoke thus:—]

"The first Mover of the cause above
When he first made the fair chain of love,
Great was th' effect and high was his intent;
Well wist he why and what thereof he meant;
For with that fair chain of love he bond
The fire, the water, the air, and eke the lond,
In certain bonds that they may not flee:
That same Prince and Mover eke (quod he)
Hath 'stablisht in this wretched world adoun
Certain of days and duration
To all that are engendered in this place. . . .
"Lo, the oak that hath so long a nourishing
From the time that it 'ginneth first to spring,

[1] Catch or attack; Emetrius being one of Arcite's supporters.

[2] Lord.

[3] So direct me.

And hath so long a life, as we may see,
Yet at the last wasted is the tree.
Considereth eke how that the harde stone
Under our feet, on which we tread and go'n,
It wasteth as it lieth by the way;
The broad river sometime waxeth dry;
The great towns see we wane and wend:
Then may we see that all thing hath an end.
Of man and woman see we well also,
That wendeth in one of this termes two:
That is to say, in youth or else in age,
He must be dead, the king as shall a page;
Some in his bed, some in the deep sea,
Some in the large field as men may see:
There helpeth nought, all goeth thilke way:
Then may I say that all thing shall die.
What maketh this but Jupiter the king,
The which is prince and cause of all thing,
Converting all unto his proper will,
From which it is derived, sooth to tell?
And here against no creature alive,
Of no degree, availeth for to strive.
Then is it wisdom, as it thinketh me,
To maken virtue of necessitie,
And take it well, that we may not eschew,
And namely that that to us all is due;
And whoso grudgeth ought he doeth follie,
And rebel is to him that all may gi'e.
And certainly a man hath most honour
To dien in his excellence and flower,
When he is siccar of his good name;
Then hath he done his friend, ne him, no shame;
And gladder ought his friend ben of his death
When with honour is yielded up his breath,
Than when his name appalled (made pale) is for age,
For all forgotten is his vassalage;
Then is it best as for a worthy fame,
To dien when a man is best of name.
The contrary of all this is wilfulness.
Why grudgen we? Why have we heaviness,
That good Arcite, of chivalry the flower,
Departed is with worship and honour,
Out of this foule prison of this life?
Why grudgeth here his cousin and his wife
Of his welfare, that loven him so well?
Can he them thank? Nay, God wot, never a del,
That both his soul and eke himself offend,
And yet they may their lustres not amend.
"What may I conclude of this long serie,
But after woe I rede us to be merry,
And thanken Jupiter of all his grace;
And ere that we departen from this place,
I rede that we make of sorrows two
One perfect joy lasting evermo:
And looking now where most sorrow is herein,
There will we first amenden and begin.
"Sister (quod he) this is my full assent,
With all th' advice here of my parlement,
That gentle Palamon, your owen knight,
That serveth you with heart, and will, and might,
And ever hath done since first time you him knew,
That ye shall of your grace upon him rue.
And take him for your husband and for lord:
Lend me your hand, for this is our accord.
"Let see now of your womanly pitee,
He is a kinge's brother's son, pardee;
And though he were a poor bachelere,
Since he hath served you so many a year,
And had for you so great adversity,
It must be considered, trusteth me,
For gentle mercy ought to passen right."
Then said he thus to Palamon, the knight:
"I trow there needeth little sermoning
To maken you assenten to this thing.
Come near, and take your lady by the hond."
Betwixen them was maked anon the bond
That highte matrimony or marriage,
By all the council of the baronage.
And thus with bliss and eke with melody
Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie;
And God, that all this world hath wrought,
Send him his love that hath it dearlybought.
For now is Palamon in alle weal,
Living in bliss, in richess, and in heal';
And Emelie him loveth so tenderly,
And he her serveth so gentilly,
That never was there no word them between
Of jealousy, ne of none other tene (grief).
Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie,
And God save all this fair companie.

FEATHERED LIFE IN AMERICA.

[John Burroughs, an American ornithologist, who, following in the footsteps of Wilson and Audubon, is helping to extend our knowledge of the characteristics of the winged tribes. The following is from an article in the New York *Galaxy Magazine*, August, 1869.]

Years ago, when quite a youth, I was rambling in the woods one Sunday with my brothers, gathering black-birch, wintergreens, &c., when, as we reclined upon the ground, gazing vaguely up into the trees, I caught sight of a bird that paused a moment on a branch above me, the like of which I had never before seen or heard of. It was probably the blue yellow-backed warbler, as I have since found this to be a common bird in those woods; but to my young fancy it seemed like some fairy bird, so curiously marked was it, and so new and unexpected. It seemed like an integral part of the green beech woods. I saw it a moment as the flickering leaves parted, noted the white spot in its wing, and it was gone. How the thought of it clung to me afterward! It was a revelation. It was the first intimation I had had that the woods we knew so well held birds that we knew not at all. Were our eyes

and ears so dull, then? There was the robin, the blue-jay, the blue-bird, the yellow-bird, the cherry-bird, the cat-bird, the chipping-bird, the woodpecker, the high-hole, an occasional red-bird, and a few others, in the woods or along their borders, but who ever dreamed that there were still others that not even the hunters saw, and whose names no one had ever heard?

When, one summer day later in life, I took my gun and went to the woods again in a different, though perhaps a less simple spirit, I found my youthful vision more than realized. There were indeed other birds, plenty of them, singing, nesting, breeding, among the familiar trees, which I had before passed by unheard and unseen.

It is a surprise that awaits every student of ornithology, and the thrill of delight that accompanies it, and the feeling of fresh, eager inquiry that follows, can hardly be awakened by any other pursuit. Take the first step in ornithology, procure one new specimen, and you are ticketed for the whole voyage. There is a fascination about it quite overpowering. It fits so well with other things—with fishing, hunting, farming, walking, camping-out—with all that takes one to the fields and woods. One may go a blackberrying and make some rare discovery; or, while driving his cow to pasture, hear a new song, or make a new observation. Secrets lurk on all sides. There is news in every bush. Expectation is ever on tip-toe. What no man ever saw before may the next moment be revealed to you. What a new interest the woods have! How you long to explore every nook and corner of them! You would even find consolation in being lost in them. You could then hear the night birds and the owls, and in your wanderings might stumble upon some unknown specimen.

In all excursions to the woods or to the shore, the student of ornithology has an advantage over his companions. He has one more resource, one more avenue of delight. He, indeed, kills two birds with one stone, and sometimes three. If others wander, he can never go out of his way. His game is everywhere. The cawing of a crow makes him feel at home, while a new note or a new song drowns all care. Audubon, on the desolate coast of Labrador, is happier than any king ever was; and on shipboard is nearly cured of his sea-sickness when a new gull appears in sight.

One must taste it to understand or appreciate its fascination. The looker-on sees nothing to inspire such enthusiasm. Only a little feathers and a half-musical note or two; why all this ado? "Who would give a hundred and twenty dollars to know about the birds?" said an Eastern governor, half contemptuously, to Wilson, as the latter solicited a subscription to his great work. Sure enough. Bought knowledge is dear at any price. The most precious things have no commercial value. It is not, your excellency, mere technical knowledge of the birds that you are asked to purchase, but a new interest in the fields and woods, a new moral and intellectual tonic, a new key to the treasure-house of nature. Think of the many other things your excellency would get; the air, the sunshine, the sylvan fragrance and coolness, and the many respites from the knavery and turmoil of political life.

The ornithologists divide and subdivide the birds into a great many families, orders, genera, species, &c., which, at first sight, are apt to confuse and discourage the reader. But any unprofessional person can acquaint himself with most of our song birds by keeping in mind a few general divisions, and observing the characteristics of each. By far the greater number of our land birds are either Warblers, Vireos, Fly-catchers, Thrushes, or Finches.

The Warblers are, perhaps, the most puzzling. These are the true Sylvia, the real wood-birds. They are small, very active, but feeble songsters, and, to be seen, must be sought for. In passing through the woods, most persons have a vague consciousness of slight chirping, semi-musical sounds in the trees overhead. In most cases these sounds proceed from the Warblers. Throughout the Middle and Eastern States, half a dozen species or so may be found in almost every locality, as the red-start,[1] the Maryland yellow-throat, the yellow-warbler (not the common goldfinch, with black cap and black wings and tail), the hooded-warbler, the black and white creeping-warbler; or others, according to the locality and the character of the woods. In pine or hemlock woods, one species may predominate; in maple or oak woods, or in mountainous districts, another. The subdivision of ground warblers, the most common members of which are the Maryland yellow-throat, the Kentucky-warbler, and the mourning-ground warbler, are usually found

[1] I am aware that the red-start is generally classed among the Fly-catchers, but its song, its form, and its habits are in every respect those of a Warbler. Its main fly-catcher mark is its beak, but to the *muscicapa* proper it presents little or no resemblance to the general observer.

in low, wet, bushy or half-open woods, often on, and always near the ground.

Audubon figures and describes over forty different Warblers. More recent writers have divided and subdivided the group very much, giving new names to new classifications. But this part is of interest and value only to the professional ornithologist.

The finest songster among the Sylvia, according to my notions, is the black-throated greenback. Its song is sweet and clear, but brief.

The rarest of the species are Swainson's warbler, said to be disappearing; the cerulean-warbler, said to be abundant about Niagara; and the mourning-ground warbler, which I have found breeding about the headwaters of the Delaware in New York.

The Vireos, or Greenlets, are a sort of connecting-link between the Warblers and the true Fly-catchers, and partake of the characteristics of both.

The red-eyed vireo, whose sweet soliloquy is one of the most constant and cheerful sounds in our woods and groves, is, perhaps, the most noticeable and abundant species. The Vireos are a little larger than the Warblers, and are far less brilliant and variegated in colour.

There are four species found in most of our woods, viz. the red-eyed vireo, the white-eyed vireo, the warbling-vireo, and the solitary-vireo—the red-eyed and warbling being most abundant, and the white-eyed being the most lively and animated songster. I meet the latter bird only in the thick, bushy growths of low, swampy localities, where, eluding the observer, it pours forth its song with a sharpness and a rapidity of articulation that are truly astonishing. This strain is very marked, and, though inlaid with the notes of several other birds, is entirely unique. The iris of this bird is white, as that of the red-eyed is red, though in neither case can this mark be distinguished at more than two or three yards. In most cases, the iris of birds is a dark-hazel, which passes for black.

The basket-like nest, pendent to the low branches in the woods, which the falling leaves of autumn reveal to all passers, is, in most cases, the nest of the red-eyed, though the solitary constructs a similar tenement, but in much more remote and secluded localities.

The general colour of this group of birds is very light ash beneath, becoming darker above, with a tinge of green. The red-eyed has a crown of a bluish tinge.

Most birds exhibit great alarm and distress, usually with a strong dash of anger, when you approach their nests; but the demeanour of the red-eyed on such an occasion is an exception to this rule. The parent birds move about softly amid the branches above, eyeing the intruder with a curious, innocent look, uttering now and then a subdued note or plaint, solicitous and watchful, but making no demonstration of anger or distress.

The birds, no more than the animals, like to be caught napping, but I remember, one autumn day of coming upon a red-eyed vireo that was clearly oblivious to all that was passing around it. It was a young bird, though full grown, and it was taking its *siesta* on a low branch in a remote heathery field. Its head was snugly stowed away under its wing, and it would have fallen an easy prey to the first hawk that came along. I approached noiselessly, and when within a few feet of it paused to note its breathings, so much more rapid and full than our own. A bird has greater lung capacity than any other living thing, hence more animal heat, and life at a higher pressure. When I reached out my hand and carefully closed it around the winged sleeper, its sudden terror and consternation almost paralyzed it. Then it struggled and cried piteously, and when released hastened and hid itself in some near bushes. I never expected to surprise it thus a second time.

The Fly-catchers are a larger group than the Vireos, with stronger-marked characteristics. They are not properly Songsters, but are classed by some writers as Screechers. Their pugnacious dispositions are well known, and they not only fight among themselves but are incessantly quarrelling with their neighbours. The king-bird, or tyrant fly-catcher, might serve as the type of the order.

The common pewee excites the most pleasant emotions, both on account of its plaintive note and its exquisite mossy nest.

The phœbe-bird is the pioneer of the Fly-catchers, and comes in April, sometimes in March. It comes familiarly about the house and out-buildings, and usually builds beneath hay-sheds or under bridges.

The Fly-catchers always take their insect prey on the wing, by a sudden darting or swooping movement; often a very audible snap of the beak may be heard.

These birds are the least elegant, both in form and colour, of any of our feathered neighbours. They have short legs, a short neck, large heads, and broad flat beaks, with bristles at the base. They often fly with a peculiar quivering movement of the wings, and when at rest oscillate their tails at short intervals.

There are found in the United States nineteen species. In the middle and eastern districts one may observe in summer, without any special search, about five of them, viz., the king-bird, the phœbe-bird, the wood-pewee, the great-crested fly-catcher (distinguished from all others by the bright ferruginous colour of its tail), and the small green-crested fly-catcher.

The Thrushes are the birds of real melody, and will afford one more delight perhaps than any other class. The robin is the most familiar example. Their manners, flight, and form are the same in each species. See the robin hop along upon the ground, strike an attitude, scratch for a worm, fix his eye upon something before him or upon the beholder, flip his wings suspiciously, fly straight to his perch, or sit at sundown on some high branch carolling his sweet and honest strain, and you have seen what is characteristic of all the Thrushes. Their carriage is pre-eminently marked by grace, and their songs by melody.

Beside the robin, which is in no sense a wood-bird, we have in New York the wood-thrush, the hermit-thrush, the veery or Wilson's thrush, the olive-backed thrush, and, transiently, one or two other species not so clearly defined.

The wood-thrush and the hermit stand at the head as songsters, no two persons, perhaps, agreeing as to which is the superior.

The cast of their songs is so much alike, that any but an experienced observer might easily confound the two. But hear them both at the same time and the difference is quite marked. The song of the hermit is on a higher key, and is more simple, and more wild and ethereal. His instrument is a silver horn, which he winds in the most solitary places. The song of the wood-thrush is more golden and leisurely. Its tone comes nearer to that of some rare stringed instrument.

One feels that perhaps the wood-thrush has more compass and power, if he would only let himself out. His tone is certainly richer; but, on the whole, I am inclined to think that he falls a little short of the pure, serene, hymn-like strain of the hermit.

Under the general head of Finches Audubon describes over sixty different birds, ranging from the sparrows to the grosbeaks, and including the buntings, the linnets, the snow-birds, the cross-bills, and the red-birds.

We have nearly or quite a dozen varieties of the sparrow in the Atlantic States, but perhaps no more than half that number would be discriminated by the unprofessional observer. The song-sparrow, which every child knows, comes first, at least his voice is first heard. And can there be anything more fresh and pleasing than this first simple strain heard from the garden fence, or a near hedge, on some bright, still March morning?

The field or vesper-sparrow, called also grass-finch, and bay-winged sparrow, a bird slightly larger than the song-sparrow, and of a lighter gray colour, is abundant in all our upland fields and pastures, and is a very sweet songster. It builds upon the ground, without the slightest cover or protection, and also roosts there. Walking through the fields at dusk I frequently start them up almost beneath my feet. When disturbed by day they fly with a quick, sharp movement, showing two white quills in the tail. The traveller along the country roads disturbs them earthing their wings in the soft dry earth, or sees them skulking and flitting along the fences in front of him. They run in the furrow in advance of the team, or perch upon the stones a few rods off. They sing much after sundown, hence the aptness of the name vesper-sparrow, which a recent writer, Wilson Flagg, has bestowed upon them.

In the meadows and low wet lands the savannah-sparrow is met with, and may be known by its fine, insect-like song. In the swamp, the swamp-sparrow.

The fox-sparrow, the largest and handsomest species of this family, comes to us in the fall, from the north, where it breeds. Likewise the tree or Canada-sparrow, and the white-crowned and white-throated sparrows.

The social-sparrow, *alias* "hair-bird," *alias* "red-headed chipping-bird," is the smallest of the sparrows, and, I believe, the only one that builds in trees.

A favourite sparrow of my own, but little noticed by bird writers, is the wood, or bush-sparrow, usually called *spizella pusilla* by the ornithologists. Its size and form are nearly that of the *socialis*, but in colour it is less distinctly marked, being of a duller reddish tinge. It prefers remote bushy fields, where its song is one of the sweetest to be heard. Its strain is sometimes very noticeable, especially early in spring. I have sat in the still leafless April woods when one of these birds would suddenly strike up, sending its voice through the woods like a clear soft whistle. On such an occasion, of course, its song is all the more noticeable and charming for being projected upon such a broad unoccupied page of silence.

This song is like the words *fe-o, fe-o, fe-o, few, few, few, fee, fee, fee,* uttered at first

high and leisurely, but running very rapidly toward the close, which is low and soft.

The Finches, as a class, all have short conical bills, with tails more or less forked. The purple-finch heads the list in varied musical ability.

Beside the groups of our more familiar birds which I have thus hastily outlined, there are numerous other groups, more limited in specimens, but comprising some of our best-known songsters. The Bobolink, for instance, has properly no congener. The famous Mocking-bird of the Southern States belongs to a genus which has but two other representatives in the Atlantic States, viz. the Cat-bird and the long-tailed or ferruginous Thrush.

The Wrens are a large and interesting family, and as songsters are noted for vivacity and volubility. The more common species are the house-wren, the wood-wren, the marsh-wren, the great Carolina-wren, and the winter-wren, the latter perhaps deriving its name from the fact that it breeds in the north. It is an exquisite songster, and pours forth its notes so rapidly, and with such sylvan sweetness and cadence, that it seems to *go off* like a musical alarm.

Wilson called the Kinglets Wrens, but they have little to justify the name except their song, which is of the same continuous, gushing, lyrical character as that referred to above. Dr. Brewer was entranced with the song of one of these tiny minstrels in the woods of New Brunswick, and thought he had found the author of the strain in the blackpoll-warbler. He seems loath to believe that a bird so small as either of the kinglets could possess such vocal powers. It may indeed have been the winter-wren, but from my own observation I believe the golden-crowned kinglet quite capable of such a performance.

The Cuckoo, of which we have two species, the yellow-billed and black-billed, the latter abounding in New York, and the former further south, is an interesting bird, though no more a songster than a crow is. Its characteristic sound is a long loud call, which it repeats with a peculiar weird and monkish effect in the depths of the forest. It sometimes suggests the distant voice of a turkey. When near at hand it is like this, *k-k-k-k-kow, kow, kow-ow, kow-ow, kow-ow.* Like all natural sounds it has a charm of its own, and soon becomes associated in the mind with all that is delightful in summer days and woods. The European species is larger than ours, and differently marked; but its habits and call resemble those of our black-billed so closely that Wordsworth's lines have the same beauty and accuracy in America that they have in England.

> O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
> I hear thee and rejoice;
> O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird?
> Or but a wandering voice?
>
> While I am lying on the grass,
> Thy loud note smites my ear!
> From hill to hill it seems to pass,
> At once far off and near!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thrice welcome darling of the spring!
> Even yet thou art to me
> No bird, but an invisible thing—
> A voice, a mystery.

More recent writers and explorers have added to Audubon's list over three hundred new species, the greater share of which belong to the northern and western parts of the continent. Audubon's observations were confined mainly to the Atlantic and Gulf States and the adjacent islands; hence the Western or Pacific birds were but little known to him, and are only briefly mentioned in his works.

As the paramount question in the life of a bird is the question of food, perhaps the most serious troubles our feathered neighbours encounter are early in the spring, after the supply of fat, with which nature stores every corner and by-place of the system, thereby anticipating the scarcity of food, has been exhausted; and the sudden and severe changes in the weather which occur at this season make unusual demands upon their vitality. No doubt many of the earlier birds die from starvation and exposure at this season. Among a troop of Canada-sparrows which I came upon one March day, all of them evidently much reduced, one was so feeble that I caught it in my hand.

During the present season a very severe cold spell, the first week in March, drove the blue-birds to seek shelter about the houses and out-buildings. As night approached, and the winds and the cold increased, they seemed filled with apprehension and alarm, and in the outskirts of the city came about the windows and doors, crept behind the blinds, clung to the gutters and beneath the cornice, flitted from porch to porch, and from house to house, seeking in vain for some safe retreat from the cold. The street pump, which had a small opening just over the handle, was an attraction which they could not resist. And yet they seemed aware of the insecurity of the position, for no sooner would they stow themselves away into the interior of the pump, to the number of six or

eight, than they would come rushing out again, as if apprehensive of some approaching danger. Time after time the cavity was filled and re-filled, with blue and brown intermingled, and as often emptied. Presently they tarried longer than usual, when I made a sudden sally and captured three, that found a warmer and safer lodging for the night in the cellar.

In the fall birds and fowls of all kinds become very fat. The squirrels and mice lay by a supply of food in their dens and retreats; but the birds, to a considerable extent, especially our winter residents, carry an equivalent in their own systems, in the form of adipose tissue. I killed a red-shouldered hawk one December, and on removing the skin found the body completely encased in a coating of fat one-quarter of an inch in thickness. Not a particle of muscle was visible. This coating not only serves as a protection against the cold, but supplies the waste of the system when food is scarce, or fails altogether.

The crows at this season are in the same condition. It is estimated that a crow needs at least half a pound of meat per day, but it is evident that for weeks and months during the winter and spring they must subsist on a mere fraction of this amount. I have no doubt a crow or hawk, when in their fall condition, would live two weeks without a morsel of food passing their beaks; a domestic fowl will do as much. One January I unwittingly shut a hen under the floor of an out-building, where not a particle of food could be obtained, and where she was entirely unprotected from the severe cold. When the luckless Dominick was discovered, about eighteen days afterward, she was brisk and lively, but fearfully pinched up, and as light as a bunch of feathers. The slightest wind carried her before it. But by judicious feeding she was soon restored.

The circumstance of the blue-birds being emboldened by the cold, suggests the fact that the fear of man, which now seems like an instinct in the birds, is evidently an acquired trait, and foreign to them in a state of primitive nature. Every gunner has observed, to his chagrin, how wild the pigeons become after a few days of firing among them; and, to his delight, how easy it is to approach near his game in new or unfrequented woods. Professor Baird tells me that a correspondent of theirs visited a small island in the Pacific Ocean, situated about two hundred miles off Cape St. Lucas, to procure specimens. The island was but a few miles in extent, and had probably never been visited half a dozen times by human beings. The naturalist found the birds and water-fowls so tame that it was but a waste of ammunition to shoot them. Fixing a noose on the end of a long stick, he captured them by putting it over their necks and hauling them in to him. In some cases not even this contrivance was needed. A species of mocking-bird in particular, larger than ours, and a splendid songster, made itself so familiar as to be almost a nuisance, hopping on the table where the collector was writing, and scattering the pens and paper. Eighteen species were found, twelve of them peculiar to the island.

Thoreau relates that in the woods of Maine, the Canada jay will sometimes make its meal with the lumbermen, taking the food out of their hands.

Yet, notwithstanding the birds have come to look upon man as their natural enemy, there can be little doubt that civilization is on the whole favourable to their increase and perpetuity, especially to the smaller species. With man come flies and moths, and insects of all kinds in greater abundance; new plants and weeds are introduced, and, with the clearing up of the country, are sowed broadcast over the land.

The larks and snow-buntings that come to us from the north, subsist almost entirely upon the seeds of grasses and plants; and how many of our more common and abundant species are field birds, and entire strangers to deep forests?

In Europe some birds have become almost domesticated, like the house-sparrow, and in our own country the cliff-swallow seems to have entirely abandoned ledges and shelving rocks as a place to nest, for the eaves and projections of farms and other out-buildings.

The European house-sparrow, by the way, has been introduced with entire success in this country, and in New York and the adjacent cities is already quite numerous, and is rapidly increasing. Before I was aware of this fact I was much puzzled, a couple of years ago, by a bird I saw in the streets of Jersey City. I had occasion one June morning, at a very early hour, to walk from the depot out into the suburbs toward Bergen Hill, and all along the streets, picking up food about the feet of the horses, alighting on the curb-stones, and on the houses, quite unmindful of the passers-by, feeding their young with much chattering, and quarrelling with the martins, with loud squeaking, my attention was attracted by these strange birds, evidently sparrows. The figures of some of the rarer species of buntings, like henslows and the black-throated, kept recurring dimly to my mind, but only to make the puzzle more puzzling, as both these species are shy field

birds. The matter remained a mystery till I heard of the introduction of this house-sparrow. These birds are said to be performing a rare service in the parks of New York, and for the fruit growers round about, by utterly exterminating the canker-worm, and other pests of this kind. I hear they have been introduced in the island of Cuba, with like beneficial results. An importer in Havana, indignant at the duties imposed upon his feathered freight, liberated the birds in the faces of the custom-house officials, when they showed themselves masters of the situation, and at once made themselves at home. Attempts to introduce the English skylark into this country have been less successful, owing largely to the extent to which the birds suffer on the passage over.

THE MANGO-TREE.

[The Rev. Charles Kingsley, born at Holne Vicarage, Devon, 12th June, 1819; died at the Parsonage, Eversley, 23d January, 1875. Educated at Cambridge, where, subsequently, he filled the chair of modern history for several years (1859–69). He was chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, and to the Prince of Wales, and canon of Chester. In the church and in literature he worked with much industry; and his interest in the labouring classes found fervent expression in his books. He won high distinction as preacher, poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer. His chief works (published by Macmillan & Co.) are: *The Saint's Tragedy, and other Poems; Alton Locke*, Tailor and Poet —a novel which obtained much favour, and helped to earn for the writer the name of the "Chartist parson;" *Yeast; Westward, Ho! Hypatia; Glaucus; Two Years Ago; The Water Babies; Hereward*, the Last of the English; *The Heroes;* or Greek Fairy Tales; *Miscellanies; At Last*, a Christmas in the West Indies, &c. &c. He also published several volumes of sermons.]

He wiled me through the furzy croft;
  He wiled me down the sandy lane.
He told his boy's love, soft and oft,
  Until I told him mine again.

We married, and we sailed the main;
  A soldier and a soldier's wife.
We marched through many a burning plain;
  We sighed for many a gallant life.

But his—God keep it safe from harm.
  He toiled, and dared, and earned command,
And those three stripes upon his arm
  Were more to me than gold or land.

Sure he would win some great renown:
  Our lives were strong, our hearts were high.
One night the fever struck him down.
  I sat, and stared, and saw him die.

I had his children—one, two, three.
  One week I had them, blithe and sound.
The next—beneath this mango-tree,
  By him in barrack burying-ground.

I sit beneath the mango-shade;
  I live my five years' life all o'er–
Round yonder stems his children played;
  He mounted guard at yonder door.

'Tis I, not they, am gone and dead.
  They live; they know; they feel; they see.
Their spirits light the golden shade
  Beneath the giant mango-tree.

All things, save I, are full of life:
  The minas, pluming velvet breasts;
The monkeys, in their foolish strife;
  The swooping hawks, the swinging nests.

The lizards basking on the soil,
  The butterflies who sun their wings;
The bees about their household toil,
  They live, they love, the blissful things.

Each tender purple mango shoot,
  That folds and droops so bashful down;
It lives, it sucks some hidden root;
  It rears at last a broad green crown.

It blossoms; and the children cry—
  "Watch when the mango-apples fall."
It lives; but rootless, fruitless, I—
  I breathe and dream;—and that is all.

Thus am I dead; yet cannot die:
  But still within my foolish brain
There hangs a pale blue evening sky;
  A furzy croft; a sandy lane.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry—a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct when I can forget that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential when I can shut my eyes to the fact that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest significantly declares, "she should be welcome to his seat if she were a little younger and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer;—when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the directors of the South Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed—smile if you please—to a poor servant-girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton—who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on

her coldness of yesterday, she confessed with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (*naming the milliner*), and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female like myself might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid or dependant—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score: and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference be so many pretty addjtaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex*.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

[Sir Robert Aytoun, born in Fifeshire, 1570; died in London, March, 1638. A courtier and poet, a friend of Ben Jonson, and acquainted with all the wits of his time. He served James I. and Charles I., and was knighted by the first-named monarch. He was an ancestor of W. Edmondstone Aytoun. Several of his poems are quoted in Watson's *Scottish Poems*, 1706–11, and in Ritson's *Caledonian Muse*.]

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wert before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unlov'd again
Hath better store of love than brain;
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine:
But thou thy freedom did recal,
That if thou might elsewhere enthral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so;
Since we are taught our prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee,
To love thee still, but go no more
A-begging at a beggar's door.[1]

[1] Burns took from this poem the idea for his song, "I do confess thou art sae fair."

ROTTERDAM.

BY ALEXANDER WHITELAW.

Rotterdam is the birth-place of Desiderius Erasmus, the reviver of learning, and within its magnificent cathedral sleep the patriotic De Wittses. These are the first thoughts which, to the man of letters, occur regarding Rotterdam, yet they are small matters in the eyes of its honest inhabitants, who value their town for its more substantial attractions—its comprehensive canals, its accommodating wharfs, its many-piled stores, and its heavy-sterned argosies. The merchant there is the honourable of the earth. This claim to distinction is not founded alone on his individual resources or aggrandizement: he has, in most cases, a long line of ancestry to boast of, being himself but the latest link of an unbroken family chain, which reaches back to the brightest ages of the Dutch republic. He is no upstart speculator—no builder of his own fortune. His father and his father's father held the same situation which he holds, and he only continues a business the foundations of which were laid ages before he was born. To this circumstance may be attributed much of that repose and placidity which characterize the Dutch merchant. He has not, as others have, his way to make in the world; his road is carved out for him, his path smoothed; and he is consequently free from that anxiety and bustle which mark his less favoured fellow-traders.

Of all the families of Rotterdam that of the Slows was one of the most ancient, and had from time immemorial possessed a reputable store and wharf near the cathedral of St. Lawrence.[1] Its latest descendant was Mynheer Van Double Slow, in whose person the name was like to become extinct. Mynheer had married, it is true, but the only result was a daughter, who could not be supposed to support either the name or the mercantile distinction of the family. This circumstance harassed Mynheer, so far as it was possible for a man of his enviable disposition to be harassed. He loved Agatha, but he lamented that he had no son to continue the honours of his line. In the absence of one, he took under his protection a young man distantly related to him, whom he instructed in all the mysteries of his merchandise. This young man was named Carl Van Speed, and was in every respect worthy of the patronage bestowed on him. As he lived under the same roof with his master, and sat at the same table, he had every opportunity of cultivating an intimacy with the daughter. The consequence was that they fell speedily in love with one another, which was the more remarkable, that nothing could be more natural or appropriate.

Whether the father wished or contemplated this result, no one could gather from his conversation, for more silent and unfathomable than Delphic oracle was Mynheer Van Double Slow. He was, indeed, the most philosophic of Dutch Pythagoreans. Not only was he never known to utter an unnecessary word, but he even refrained from articulating those which were necessary. An explanation from him was hopeless—the human pyramid! To speak, interfered with the business of his life, which was to smoke. Yet three smokes were all that he required in the day—one, when he rose till breakfast-time—another, from breakfast-time till dinner-time—and another, from dinner-time till he went to bed. In bed he was never known to use the meerschaum, except when he happened to be awake!

Agatha, his daughter, bore the same relation to her father that a rainbow does to a cloud. She owed her existence to him, yet was sprightly and beautiful as he was sombre and gross. No maiden of Rotterdam stepped so lightly—laughed so merrily—or held in her bosom so generous a spirit.

"My father loves you, Carl," she said one day to her lover, who was insisting on their speedy union; "I know it from the manner in which he puffs in your face; but it is almost hopeless to expect that he will ever exert himself so far as to approve of our marriage. I sometimes imagine he is on the eve of advising it, but his resolution dies away in the smoke of the pipe. Still, let us give him four weeks of trial longer, and if in that time he says nothing, why I suppose we may—just marry without him."

All the world of Rotterdam visit the tea-gardens once a week. Parties are there held of every description; for a Dutchman's home is sacred from friendly intrusions, and it is only in public where he displays his hospitality. Mynheer Van Double Slow was not behind the world of Rotterdam. He had a favourite bower in the tea-gardens, where, with his daughter and her lover, he regularly spent his

[1] The church, which has been recently restored, is a brick structure of 1472 in the later Gothic style. The interior is of fine proportions, and contains numerous monuments of Dutch naval heroes. Its organ possesses three keyboards, 72 stops, and 4762 pipes, the largest of which is 32 feet long and 17 inches diameter.

Saturday afternoons. While he enjoyed himself with his schnaps and meerschaum, Carl played divinely on the fiddle, and Agatha danced like an angel. The old man generally indicated his satisfaction by a grunt or an extra prolific puff; but on the first week after the resolution of Agatha recorded above, he approached the subject on which the lovers' souls were bent.

"Carl, my prince," he said, "would you wish to mary?"

Carl's heart leaped to his mouth, as he bowed an acquiescent affirmative—but the oracle had spoken, and not another word issued from the lips of Mynheer Van Double Slow!

Next Saturday, Mynheer again enjoyed his meerschaum in his favourite bower—again Carl played divinely on the fiddle—and again Agatha danced like an angel. Again, also, was Mynheer moved to open his mouth.

"Agatha, my dove," he said, "would you?"

Agatha blushed and curtsied an affirmative—but the oracle had spoken, and not another word issued from the lips of Mynheer Van Double Slow!

Another Saturday came with its usual enjoyments, and again did Mynheer open his mouth.

"In that case," he said, laying down his pipe, "you had better"——

He took up his pipe again—lay back in his seat—and sacrificed the sentence in beatific puffs.

The fourth Saturday came. Carl played more divinely than ever on the fiddle, and Agatha danced with tenfold grace and vigour. Mynheer had at length reached his goal. He opened his mouth, and concluded his last week's sentence.

——"marry one another," he said.

"We are married already, father," said Agatha. "This morning we went to the church of St. Lawrence, and took our vows."

"That's good children," said Mynheer Van Double Slow, relapsing into his pipe, as of old.

Months have now passed. Mynheer Van Double Slow still spends his Saturday afternoons in the bower, and Carl Van Speed still plays divinely on the fiddle, but Agatha is scarcely so nimble in the dance. People shake their heads, and talk of the march of intellect, which only means that the SPEEDS are likely to supplant the SLOWS.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING;
OR, TEN YEARS AFTER.

[Alexander Smith, born in Kilmarnock, 31st December, 1830; died at Wardie, Edinburgh, 5th January, 1867. He was the son of a pattern designer, and was apprenticed to that business; but before he had attained his majority he had written the *Life Drama*, which secured for him immediate recognition as a poet of high promise, thanks to the enthusiasm of the Rev. George Gilfillan. He was then appointed secretary to the University of Edinburgh, which appointment afforded him a settled income and some leisure for composition. *City Poems* (from which we quote) and *Edwin of Deira* were his next important poetical works (Macmillan & Co.) His chief prose writings were: *Dreamthorpe; Alfred Haggart's Household;* and *A Summer in Skye.* "On the whole, then, we think Mr. Smith a true poet, and a poet of no common order."—*North British Review.*]

The country ways are full of mire,
The boughs toss in the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And sudden droppeth down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly dying pint of port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong errors over which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone,
Like autumn 'mid his wither'd leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past; the good, the fair;
To-morrow, and my wedding bells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour,—and now 'tis come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart fill'd with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the pansy blows;
Nor call her eyes twin-stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.
Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,
Talk of my raptures. Oh, how sore
The fond romance of twenty-two
Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past,—
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open cast,
An empty future wide and new

Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm,
Will Love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm.

The man who knew, while he was young,
Some soft and soul-subduing air,
Melts when again he hears it sung,
Although 'tis only half so fair.
So love I thee, and love is sweet
(My Florence, 'tis the cruel truth),
Because it can to age repeat
That long-lost passion of my youth.

Oh, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,
I've kissed thee many a million times!
And now 'tis done.—My passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years,
Are blacken'd ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding chimes;
Smile, villagers, at every door;
Old churchyard, stuff'd with buried crimes,
Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er;
And youthful maidens, white and sweet,
Scatter your blossoms far and wide;
And with a bridal chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom!" there is sin
At bottom of my thankless mood:
What if desert alone could win
For me, life's chiefest grace and good?
Love gives itself; and if not given,
No genius, beauty, state, or wit,
No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Is rich enough to purchase it.

It may be, Florence, loving thee,
My heart will its old memories keep;
Like some worn sea-shell from the sea,
Fill'd with the music of the deep.
And you may watch, on nights of rain,
A shadow on my brow encroach;
Be startled by my sudden pain,
And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will brim my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung;
And, in the awful trance of death,
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Ye phantoms, born of bitter blood,
Ye ghosts of passion, lean and worn,
Ye terrors of a lonely mood,
What do you here on a wedding-morn?
For, as the dawning sweet and fast
Through all the heaven spreads and flows,
Within life's discord rude and vast,
Love's subtle music grows and grows.

And lighten'd is the heavy curse,
And clearer is the weary road;
The very worm the sea-weeds nurse
Is cared for by the Eternal God.
My love, pale blossom of the snow,
Has pierced earth wet with wintry showers,—
O may it drink the sun, and blow,
And be follow'd by all the year of flowers!

Black Bayard from the stable bring;
The rain is o'er, the wind is down,
Round stirring farms the birds will sing,
The dawn stand in the sleeping town,
Within an hour. This is her gate,
Her sodden roses droop in night,
And—emblem of my happy fate—
In one dear window there is light.

The dawn is oozing pale and cold
Through the damp east for many a mile;
When half my tale of life is told
Grim-featured Time begins to smile.
Last star of night that lingerest yet
In that long rift of rainy gray,
Gather thy wasted splendours, set,
And die into my wedding-day.

THE DILEMMA.

BY H. G. BELL.

"By St. Agatha! I believe there is something in the shape of a tear in those dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully," said the young Fitzclarence, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malhamdale.

He stood upon the neighbouring heights, and watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, and saw the last beams of the setting sun playing upon the western walls of his father's old baronial mansion, and, a little farther off, he could distinguish the trees and pleasure-grounds of Sir Meredith Appleby's less ancient seat. Then he thought of Julia Appleby, the baronet's only child, his youthful playmate, his first friend, and his first love; and as he thought of her, he sighed. I won-

der why he sighed! When they parted two years before, sanctioned and encouraged by their respective parents (for there was nothing the old people wished more than a union between the families), they had sworn eternal fidelity, and plighted their hearts irrevocably to each other. Fitzclarence thought of all this, and again he sighed. Different people are differently affected by the same things. After so long an absence many a man would, in the exuberance of his feelings, have thrown himself down upon the first bed of wild flowers he came to, and spouted long speeches to himself out of all known plays. Our hero preferred indulging in the following little soliloquy:—

"My father will be amazingly glad to see me," said he to himself; "and so will my mother, and so will my old friend the antediluvian butler Morgan ap-Morgan, and so will the pointer Juno, and so will my pony Troilus;—a pretty figure, by-the-by, I should cut now upon Troilus, in this gay military garb of mine, with my sword rattling between his legs, and my white plumes streaming in the air like a rainbow over him! And Sir Meredith Appleby, too, with his great gouty leg, will hobble through the room in ecstacy as soon as I present myself before him;—and Julia—*poor* Julia, will blush, and smile, and come flying into my arms like a shuttle-cock. Heigho!—I am a very miserable young officer. The silly girl loves me; her imagination is all crammed with hearts and darts; she will bore me to death with her sighs, and her tender glances, and her allusions to time past, and her hopes of time to come, and all the artillery of a love-sick child's brain. What, in the name of the Pleiades, am I to do? I believe I had a sort of *penchant* for her once, when I was a mere boy in my nurse's leading-strings; I believe I *did* give her some slight hopes at one time or other; but now—O Rosalind! dear—delightful" ——

Here his feelings overpowered him, and pulling a miniature from his bosom, he covered it with kisses. Sorry am I to be obliged to confess that it was *not* the miniature of Julia.

"But what is to be done?" he at length resumed. "The poor girl will go mad; she will hang herself in her garters; or drown herself, like Ophelia, in a brook under a willow. And I shall be her murderer! I, who have never yet knocked on the head a single man in the field of battle, will commence my warlike operations by breaking the heart of a woman. By St. Agatha! it must not be; I must be true to my engagement. Yes! though I become myself a martyr, I must obey the dictates of honour. Forgive me, Rosalind, beautiful object of my adoration! Let not thy Fitzclarence"——

Here his voice became again inarticulate; and, as he winded down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the multitudinous kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly-set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning Sir Meredith Appleby was just in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast (for notwithstanding his gout, the baronet contrived to preserve his appetite), and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table, immediately opposite her papa, with the large long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever and anon looking wistfully into her face, when a servant brought in, on a little silver tray, a letter for Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the Elder Fitzclarence:

"My dear friend, Alfred arrived last night. He and I will dine with you to-day. Yours, Fitzclarence."

Julia's cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over, she retired to her own apartment, whither we must, for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror, and deliberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of fictitious flowers, which she had fastened in it when she rose. One naturally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few jewels, perhaps; but she was not going to do any such thing. She rung the bell; her confidential attendant, Alice, answered the summons.

"La! ma'am," said she, "what is the matter? You look as ill as my aunt Bridget."

"You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarence, Alice, have you not?" said the lady, languidly, and at the same time slightly blushing.

"O! yes, ma'am, I think I have. He was to be married to you before he went to the wars."

"He has returned, Alice, and he will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away; and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me; and his tastes and mine are so congenial;—I'm sure you know, Alice, I am not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is so handsome, and so amiable!"

"To be sure, ma'am, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Mr. Fitzclarence

must just break his heart if he pleases, or else fight a desperate duel with Mr. Dalton, with his swords and guns."

"O! Alice, you frighten me to death. There shall be no duels fought for me. Though my bridal bed should be my grave, I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he dotes upon me. I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him, you may depend upon it, he would put an end to his existence with five loaded pistols. Only think of that, Alice; what could I say for myself, were his remains found in his bed next morning?"

History does not report what Alice said her mistress might, under such circumstances, say for herself; but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner-bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagements, but notwithstanding every exertion on the part of the two old gentlemen, they could not exactly bring about that "flow of soul" which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length, after the cloth was removed, and a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith's heart, he said boldly,

"Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine-bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hot-houses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over a few family matters."

Alfred, thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat, and offering Julia his arm. She took it with a blush, and they walked off together in silence.

"How devotedly he loves me!" thought Julia, with a sigh. "No, no, I cannot break his heart."

"Poor girl!" thought Alfred, bringing one of the curls of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; "her affections are irrevocably fixed upon me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs; but, except that the pebbles rubbed against each other as they passed over them, there was not a sound to be heard. Julia, however, was observed to hem twice, and we have been told that Fitzclarence coughed more than once. At length the lady stopped, and plucked a rose. Fitzclarence stopped also, and plucked a lily. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh; Alfred immediately sighed also. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation.

"Miss Appleby!" said he at last.

"Sir?"

"It is two years, I think, since we parted."

"Yes; two years on the fifteenth of this month."

Alfred was silent. "How she adores me!" thought he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."—There was a pause.

"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia.

"O! a very great deal," replied her lover. Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and then drew in a vast mouthful of courage.

"I understand the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."

"Generally speaking, I believe they are."

"Sir!"

"That is—I mean, I beg your pardon—the truth is—I should have said—that—that—you have dropped your rose."

Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up; but in so doing, the little miniature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuous on his breast, like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens! Fitzclarence, that is my cousin Rosalind."

"Your cousin Rosalind! where? how?—the miniature! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me! Julia, how pale you have grown; yet hear me! be comforted. I am a very wretch; but I shall be faithful; do not turn away, love; do not weep; Julia! Julia! what is the matter with you?—By Jove! she is in hysterics; she will go distracted! Julia! I will marry you, I swear to you by"———

"Do not swear by anything at all," cried Julia, unable any longer to conceal her rapture, "lest you be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred!"

"Mad, quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature too," proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence.

"Julia!"

"Alfred!"

"We have *both* been faithless!"

"And now we are both happy."

"By St. Agatha! I am sure of it. Only I

cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that stripling has actually no whiskers!"

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind; yet you found her resistless."

"Well, I believe you are right; and, besides, *de gustibus*—I beg your pardon, I was going to quote Latin."

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

[William Edmondstoune Aytoun, D.C.L., born in Edinburgh, 21st June, 1813; died at Blackhills, Elgin, 4th August, 1865. He was a descendant of Sir Robert Aytoun, a poet who lived in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. He studied at the university of his native city, and was called to the bar in 1840. He gave early indication of his taste for literature, and in 1832 issued a small volume, entitled *Poland, Homer, and other Poems*. He was appointed professor of belles-lettres and rhetoric in the Edinburgh University in 1845; and his services to the Conservative party were recognized in 1852 by his appointment as sheriff of Orkney. As joint author with Mr Theodore Martin of the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*,[1] and by his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, Professor Aytoun won for himself a distinguished place in literature. He was for a number of years a regular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine;* and he produced many translations, chiefly from the German poets Uhland and Goethe. Of his other works the most notable are: *Firmilian*, a spasmodic tragedy by T. Percy Jones—a satire upon the spasmodic school of poetry; *Bothwell*, a poem; *Norman Sinclair*, a novel; *Life and Times of Richard I.* (1840); and he edited a collection of Scottish Ballads. Mr. T. Martin, who was Aytoun's partner in many bright sketches, poems, and translations, and who has written the biography of his friend, says: "Fashions in poetry may alter, but so long as the themes with which they deal have an interest for his countrymen, his *Lays* will find, as they do now, a wide circle of admirers. His powers as a humourist were perhaps greater than as a poet. They have certainly been more widely appreciated. His immediate contemporaries owe him much, for he has contributed largely to that kindly mirth without which the strain and struggle of modern life would be intolerable."[2]]

The Rhine is running deep and red,
The island lies before—
"Now is there one of all the host
Will dare to venture o'er?

For not alone the river's sweep
Might make a brave man quail:
The foe are on the further side,
Their shot comes fast as hail.
God help us, if the middle isle
We may not hope to win!
Now is there any of the host
Will dare to venture in?"

"The ford is deep, the banks are steep,
The island-shore lies wide:
Nor man nor horse could stem its force,
Or reach the further side.
See there! amidst the willow-boughs
The serried bayonets gleam;
They've flung their bridge—they've won the isle;
The foe have crossed the stream!
Their volley flashes sharp and strong—
By all the saints! I trow
There never yet was soldier born
Could force that passage now!"

So spoke the bold French Mareschal
With him who led the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view
The turbid river ran.
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross
The wild and swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank
Far stretched the German line.
Hard by there stood a swarthy man
Was leaning on his sword,
And a saddened smile lit up his face
As he heard the Captain's word.
"I've seen a wilder stream ere now
Than that which rushes there;
I've stemmed a heavier torrent yet,
And never thought to dare.
If German steel be sharp and keen,
Is ours not strong and true?
There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honour too."

The old lord in his saddle turned,
And hastily he said—
"Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart
Awakened from the dead?

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[1] "Some of the best of these were exclusively Aytoun's, such as "The Massacre of the M'Pherson," "The Rhyme of Sir Lancelot Bogle," "The Broken Pitcher," "The Red Friar and Little John," "The Lay of Mr. Colt," and that best of all imitations of the Scottish ballad, "The Queen in France."—*Biography by T. Martin.*

[2] This poem is founded upon an exploit performed by a company of Scottish gentlemen, who, having been officers in the army of Dundee, escaped to France upon the defeat of that general, and took service under the standard of the French King. A work published in London in 1714, entitled *An Account of Dundee's Officers after they went to France*, by an Officer of the Army, thus describes the adventure: "In December, 1697, General Stirk, who commanded for the Germans, appeared with 16,000 men on the other side of the Rhine, which obliged the Marquis de Sell to draw out all the garrisons in Alsace, who made up about 4000 men; and he encamped on the other side of the Rhine, over against General Stirk, to prevent his passing the Rhine and carrying a bridge over into an island in the middle of it, which the French foresaw would be of great prejudice to them. For the enemy's guns, placed on that island, would extremely gall their camp, which they could not hinder for the deepness of the water, and their wanting of boats—for which the Marquis quickly sent; but

Thou art the leader of the Scots—
Now well and sure I know,
That gentle blood in dangerous hour
Ne'er yet ran cold nor slow,
And I have seen thee in the fight
Do all that mortal may:
If honour is the boon ye seek,
It may be won this day—
The prize is in the middle isle,
There lies the adventurous way.
And armies twain are on the plain,
The daring deed to see—
Now ask thy gallant company
If they will follow thee!"

Right gladsome looked the Captain then,
And nothing did he say,
But he turned him to his little band—
Oh few, I ween, were they!
The relics of the bravest force
That ever fought in fray.
No one of all that company
But bore a gentle name,
Not one whose fathers had not stood
In Scotland's fields of fame.

All they had marched with great Dundee
To where he fought and fell,
And in the deadly battle strife
Had venged their leader well:
And they had bent the knee to earth
When every eye was dim,
As o'er their hero's buried corpse
They sang the funeral hymn;
And they had trod the Pass once more,
And stooped on either side
To pluck the heather from the spot
Where he had dropped and died;
And they had bound it next their hearts,
And ta'en a last farewell
Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky,
Where Scotland's glory fell.
Then went they forth to foreign lands
Like bent and broken men,
Who leave their dearest hope behind,
And may not turn again.

"The stream," he said, "is broad and deep,
And stubborn is the foe—
Yon island-strength is guarded well—
Say, brothers, will ye go?

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arriving too late, the Germans had carried a bridge over into the island, where they had posted above 500 men, who, by order of their engineers, intrenched themselves; which the company of officers perceiving, who always grasped after honour, and scorned all thoughts of danger, resolved to wade the river, and attack the Germans in the island; and for that effect, desired Captain John Foster, who then commanded them, to beg of the Marquis that they might have liberty to attack the Germans in the island; who told Captain Foster, when the boats came up, they should be the first that attacked. Foster courteously thanked the Marquis, and told him they would wade into the island, who shrunk up his shoulders, prayed God to bless them, and desired them to do what they pleased." Whereupon the officers, with the other two Scottish companies, made themselves ready; and, having secured their arms round their necks, waded into the river hand-in-hand, "according to the Highland fashion," with the water as high as their breasts; and, having crossed the heavy stream, fell upon the Germans in their intrenchment. These were presently thrown into confusion, and retreated, breaking down their own bridges, whilst many of them were drowned. This movement, having been made in the dusk of the evening, partook of the character of a surprise; but it appears to me a very remarkable one, as having been effected under such circumstances, in the dead of winter, and in the face of an enemy who possessed the advantages both of position and of numerical superiority. The author of the narrative adds:—"When the Marquis de Sell heard the firing, and understood that the Germans were beat out of the island, he made the sign of the cross on his face and breast, and declared publicly that it was the bravest action that ever he saw, and that his army had no honour by it. As soon as the boats came, the Marquis sent into the island to acquaint the officers that he would send them both troops and provisions, who thanked his excellency, and desired he should be informed that they wanted no troops, and could not spare time to make use of provisions, and only desired spades, shovels, and pickaxes, wherewith they might intrench themselves—which were immediately sent to them. The next morning, the Marquis came into the island, and kindly embraced every officer, and thanked them for the good service they had done his master, assuring them he would write a true account of their honour and bravery to the court of France, which, at the reading his letters, immediately went to St. Germains, and thanked King James for the services his subjects had done on the Rhine."

The company kept possession of the island for nearly six weeks, notwithstanding repeated attempts on the part of the Germans to surprise and dislodge them; but all these having been defeated by the extreme watchfulness of the Scots, General Stirk at length drew off his army, and retreated. "In consequence of this action," says the chronicler, "that island is called at present Isle d'Ecosse, and will in likelihood bear that name until the general conflagration."

Two years afterwards, a treaty of peace was concluded; and this gallant company of soldiers, worthy of a better fate, was broken up and dispersed. At the time when the narrative, from which I have quoted so freely, was compiled, not more than sixteen of Dundee's veterans were alive. The author concludes thus:—"And thus was dissolved one of the best companies that ever marched under command! Gentlemen who, in the midst of all their pressures and obscurity, never forgot they were gentlemen; and whom the sweets of a brave, a just, and honourable conscience rendered perhaps more happy under those sufferings than the most prosperous and triumphant in iniquity, since our minds stamp our happiness."

From home and kin for many a year
Our steps have wandered wide,
And never may our bones be laid
Our fathers' graves beside.
No children have we to lament,
No wives to wail our fall;
The traitor's and the spoiler's hand
Have reft our hearths of all.
But we have hearts, and we have arms,
As strong to will and dare
As when our ancient banners flew
Within the northern air.
Come, brothers! let me name a spell
Shall rouse your souls again,
And send the old blood bounding free
Through pulse and heart and vein.
Call back the days of bygone years—
Be young and strong once more;
Think yonder stream, so stark and red,
Is one we've crossed before.
Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood!
Rise up on either hand—
Again upon the Garry's banks,
On Scottish soil we stand!
Again I see the tartans wave,
Again the trumpets ring;
Again I hear our leader's call—
'Upon them for the King!'
Stayed we behind that glorious day
For roaring flood or linn?
The soul of Græme is with us still—
Now, brothers! will ye in?"

No stay—no pause. With one accord
They grasped each other's hand,
Then plunged into the angry flood,
That bold and dauntless band.
High flew the spray above their heads,
Yet onward still they bore,
Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell,
And shot, and cannon-roar—
"Now, by the Holy Cross! I swear,
Since earth and sea began,
Was never such a daring deed
Essayed by mortal man!"

Thick blew the smoke across the stream,
And faster flashed the flame:
The water plashed in hissing jets
As ball and bullet came.
Yet onwards pushed the Cavaliers
All stern and undismayed,
With thousand armed foes before,
And none behind to aid.
Once, as they neared the middle stream,
So strong the torrent swept,
That scarce that long and living wall
Their dangerous footing kept.
Then rose a warning cry behind,
A joyous shout before:
"The current's strong—the way is long—
They'll never reach the shore!
See, see! they stagger in the midst,
They waver in their line!
Fire on the madmen! break their ranks,
And whelm them in the Rhine!"

Have you seen the tall trees swaying
When the blast is sounding shrill,
And the whirlwind reels in fury
Down the gorges of the hill?
How they toss their mighty branches,
Struggling with the tempest's shock;
How they keep their place of vantage,
Cleaving firmly to the rock?
Even so the Scottish warriors
Held their own against the river;
Though the water flashed around them,
Not an eye was seen to quiver;
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,
Not a man relaxed his hold:
For their hearts were big and thrilling
With the mighty thoughts of old.
One word was spoke among them,
And through the ranks it spread—
"Remember our dead Claverhouse!"
Was all the Captain said.
Then, sternly bending forward,
They wrestled on awhile,
Until they cleared the heavy stream,
Then rushed towards the isle.

The German heart is stout and true,
The German arm is strong;
The German foot goes seldom back
Where armèd foemen throng.
But never had they faced in field
So stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep
Of Scotland's broad claymore.
Not fiercer pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline,
That rises o'er the parent-springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven
Than came the Scottish band
Right up against the guarded trench,
And o'er it sword in hand.
In vain their leaders forward press—
They meet the deadly brand!

O lonely island of the Rhine—
Where seed was never sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands,
By those strong reapers thrown?
What saw the winter-moon that night,
As, struggling through the rain,
She poured a wan and fitful light
On marsh, and stream, and plain?

A dreary spot with corpses strewn,
And bayonets glistening round;
A broken bridge, a stranded boat,
A bare and battered mound;
And one huge watchfire's kindled pile,
That sent its quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host
The conquering Scots were there!

And did they twine the laurel-wreath
For those who fought so well?
And did they honour those who lived,
And weep for those who fell?
What meed of thanks was given to them
Let agèd annals tell.
Why should they bring the laurel-wreath—
Why crown the cup with wine?
It was not Frenchman's blood that flowed
So freely on the Rhine—
A stranger band of beggared men
Had done the venturous deed:
The glory was to France alone,
The danger was their meed.
And what cared they for idle thanks
From foreign prince and peer?
What virtue had such honeyed words
The exiled heart to cheer?
What mattered it that men should vaunt
And loud and fondly swear,
That higher feat of chivalry
Was never wrought elsewhere?
They bore within their breasts the grief
That fame can never heal—
The deep, unutterable woe
Which none save exiles feel.
Their hearts were yearning for the land
They ne'er might see again—
For Scotland's high and heathered hills,
For mountain, loch, and glen—
For those who haply lay at rest
Beyond the distant sea,
Beneath the green and daisied turf
Where they would gladly be!

Long years went by. The lonely isle
In Rhine's impetuous flood
Has ta'en another name from those
Who bought it with their blood:
And, though the legend does not live—
For legends lightly die—
The peasant, as he sees the stream
In winter rolling by,
And foaming o'er its channel-bed
Between him and the spot
Won by the warriors of the sword,
Still calls that deep and dangerous ford,
The Passage of the Scot.

MENSCHIKOFF'S DEFEAT.

[Alexander William Kinglake was born at Taunton, England, 1811, educated at Eton and Cambridge, was called to the bar at Lincolns Inn, 1837, and acquired an extensive practice, but retired from the law in 1856. After visiting the East, he published the result of his observations in "*Eothen*," 1844, which had a large circulation. He accompanied Lord Raglan to the Crimea, and wrote, chiefly from the papers of that general, a "*History of the Crimean War*." From this work we have selected the following extract. He died in 1891.]

Lord Raglan now descended from the knoll whither Fortune, in her wild and puissant governance of human events, had happily chosen to lead him. Bending his steps towards the ground just won by the Duke of Cambridge's division, he rode across the main causeway.

At that very time, as I make it, there was riding towards Lord Raglan, and riding, too, along the same road, though at a distance of some few hundred yards, a man confounded and troubled, who had helped to bring great woe on his country.

Clearly wanting in many, nay, perhaps in most, of the qualities which make a noble commander, Prince Menschikoff was still a brave man. It could not but be that his heart was in the cause. A momentous battle had been raging. Of one of the contending armies he was commander-in-chief. He was in full health. He yearned to be acting. Yet from the moment when he entrusted Kiriakoff with the great column of the eight battalions, his mind had given no impress of events.

In order to see how this came to be possible, it must be remembered, first, that the tract of ground over which Prince Menschikoff watched was somewhat broad, and secondly, that all the decisive fighting of that day was condensed into a narrow period of time. The allies had been advancing upon a front of five miles; and all the fights in which the combatants had engaged with their ranged battalions took place, as I reckon it, within a period of some thirty-five minutes. Now, if any man used to the saddle, and acquainted also with a country of open downs, much divided by ravines, will fasten his mind upon any two hill-tops or other landmarks which he knows to be five miles asunder, and will then imagine a number of of brief events to be happening, first in one part of this extended tract, and then in another, but all within little more

than half an hour, he will be able to understand how it might be possible for the Russian general to be eagerly riding from east to west and from west to east, yet always being so luckless as never once to strike in upon the ground where the event, which he yearned to witness and to control, was swiftly passing. It was not, I am sure, from any delinquency that Prince Menschikoff came to be annulled during all the heavy stress of the battle.

We left the Prince handing over to Kiriakoff the charge of the great column of the eight battalions, and it is only by conjecture that I can form an idea of what became of him during the critical period of several minutes which then immediately followed. He would not have abandoned the personal command of the column which he had eagerly gathered together for a great enterprise, unless he had been dragged away by tidings of what was happening in the English part of the field. Thither therefore he would ride, and he would ride, no doubt, with the knowledge (for that was what his last tidings must have taught him) that the English had stormed and carried the Great Redoubt. But he would have to cross the great road, and before he got thither he would see, and would see one may imagine with unspeakable astonishment, that the columns which formed his "great reserves" were no longer in their place. Finding that they were retiring, or had already retired, and knowing nothing of the way in which Lord Raglan had driven them from the field by the use of his two guns on the knoll, the Prince would be likely to ride in the direction which the reserve columns took, very eager to find some man upon whom to vent his anger. The minutes it took him to ride after the reserves to seek out the cause of their retreat, and to come back to the front, would be those very minutes in which the position held by the centre and the right of the Russian army was falling into the hands of the English.

This, I repeat, is only a conjectural mode of filling the chasm left open by the Russian narrators; but the spot where the Prince is found when he re-appears to the eye of history is exactly the one in which those who adopt my surmise would expect to see him riding. For it was by the great road where his reserves had been posted that Prince Menschikoff came back into that part of the field with which the English had dealt. When last he saw it, the position, immensely strong by nature, was held in the gripe of powerful batteries, and battalions standing rigid as granite. Since that time, it is true, some hours had passed, but it was only a few minutes before that he had been the assailant in the other part of the field, placing a mighty column in the hands of Kiriakoff with orders to make an onslaught upon Canrobert's division. Now he gazed, and gazed again, being slow to understand, being slow to let in the belief that the grey rolling masses which approached him were the ruins of two-thirds of his army. But presently he came upon a sight scarcely less strange, hardly less shocking to him than his retreating soldiery. He met on the road a lone man—a lone man on foot—walking away from the field. He looked, and came to make out that this lone pedestrian was Prince Gortschakoff—Prince Gortschakoff, the chief to whom he had entrusted the command of the whole centre and the whole right wing of his army. "What is this? What is the matter? Why are you on foot? Why are you alone?" These, as was natural, were the questions hurled at Prince Gortschakoff by his troubled, amazed commander. "My horse," says Gortschakoff, "was killed near the river. I am alone, because all the aides-de-camp and officers of my staff have been killed or wounded. I have received six shots;" and then, in a spirit scarce worthy of historic moments, scarce matching with the greatness of the disaster which his overthrow had brought upon a proud and mighty empire, Prince Gortschakoff showed the rents which the shot had made in his clothes.

At this time, as far as I know, Prince Menschikoff used none of the means by which, though forced to retreat, skilled commanders can make themselves feared. On the very road where he stood, the Czar's faithful infantry—infantry famous for its heroism in the trying hour of a retreat—was left to extricate itself from the field by brute fight. It would seem that Prince Menschikoff's authority—already for some time neutralized by the mischances which all the day long had been throwing him into the wrong part of the field—now slipped out of his hands. He had no longer a grasp of his army. A little later he was seen borne along with the ebb, a dismal unit in the throng. Endued with a high spirit, and having a good deal of the pride which a man may justly take in his country, so long

as it is warlike and honest, he broke out with a loud angry cry. "It is a disgrace," he said, "for a Russian soldier to retreat!"

An officer hearing his words, and being maddened partly by the defeat, and partly as they say by strong drink, fiercely answered his general and told him to his face, in the hearing of the soldiery, that if he had ordered the men to stand they would have held their ground. To this depth of wretchedness Prince Menschikoff fell in the nineteenth month from the time when, in the name of a mighty empire, and under the gaze of all Europe, he came down into the Bosphorus with a commission to trample upon the Ottoman State.

A SCENE FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

The advance-post of the insurgents, at its north-western extremity, was covered by a small barricade, which crossed the Boulevard at a point close to the Gymnase Theatre. Some twenty men, with weapons and a drum taken in part from the "property room" of the theatre, were behind this rampart, and a small flag, which the insurgents had chanced to find, was planted on the top of the barricade.

Facing this little barricade, at a distance of about 150 yards, was the head of the vast column of troops which now occupied the whole of the western Boulevard, and a couple of field-pieces stood pointed towards the barricade. In the neutral space between the barricade and the head of the column the shops and almost all the windows were closed, but numbers of spectators, including many women, crowded the foot-pavement. These gazers were obviously incurring the risk of receiving stray shots. But westward of the point occupied by the head of the column the state of the Boulevards was different. From that point home to the Madeleine the whole carriage-way was occupied by troops; the infantry was drawn up in subdivisions at quarter distance. Along this part of the gay and glittering Boulevard the windows, the balconies, and the foot-pavements were crowded with men and women who were gazing at the military display. These gazers had no reason for supposing that they incurred any danger, for they could see no one with whom the army would have to contend. It is true that notices had been placed upon the walls recommending people not to encumber the streets, and warning them that they would be liable to be dispersed by the troops without being summoned; but of course those who had chanced to see this announcement naturally imagined that it was a menace addressed to the riotous crowds which might be pressing upon the troops in a hostile way.

At three o'clock one of the field-pieces ranged in front of the column was fired at the little barricade near the Gymnase. The shot went high over the mark. The troops at the head of the column sent a few musket-shots in the direction of the barricade, and there was a slight attempt at reply, but no one on either side was wounded; and the engagement, if so it could be called, was so languid and harmless that even the gazers who stood on the foot-pavement between the troops and the barricade were not deterred from remaining where they were. And, with regard to the spectators further west, there was nothing which tended to cause them alarm, for they could see no one who was in antagonism with the troops. So, along the whole Boulevard, from the Madeleine to near the Rue du Sentier, the foot-pavements, the windows, and the balconies still remained crowded with men, and women, and children, and from near the Rue du Sentier to the little barricade at the Gymnase, spectators still lined the foot-pavement; but in that last part of the Boulevard the windows were closed.

According to some, a shot was fired from a window or a house-top near the Rue du Sentier. This is denied by others, and one witness declares that the first shot came from a soldier near the centre of one of the battalions, who fired straight up into the air: but what followed was this: the troops at the head of the column faced about to the south and opened fire. Some of the soldiery fired point-blank into the mass of spectators who stood gazing upon them from the foot-pavement, and the rest of the troops fired up at the gay crowded windows and balconies. The officers in general did not order the firing, but seemingly they were agitated in the same way as the men of the rank and file, for such of them as could be seen from a balcony at the corner of the Rue Montmartre appeared to acquiesce in all that the soldiery did.

The impulse which had thus come upon the soldiery near the head of the column,

was a motive akin to panic, for it was carried by swift contagion from man to man, till it ran westward from the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle into the Boulevard Poissonière, and gained the Boulevard Montmartre, and ran swiftly through its whole length, and entered the Boulevard des Italiens. Thus, by a movement in the nature of that which tacticians describe as "conversion," a column of some 16,000 men facing eastwards towards St. Denis was suddenly formed, as it were, into an order of battle fronting southward, and busily firing into the crowd which lined the foot-pavement, and upon the men, women, and children who stood at the balconies and windows on that side of the Boulevard. What made the fire at the houses the more deadly was that, even after it had begun at the eastern part of the Boulevard Montmartre, people standing at the balconies and windows farther west could not see or believe that the troops were really firing in at the windows with ball-cartridge, and they remained in the front rooms, and even continued standing at the windows, until a volley came crashing in. At one of the windows there stood a young Russian noble with his sister at his side. Suddenly they received the fire of the soldiery, and both of them were wounded with musket-shots. An English surgeon who had been gazing from another window in the same house had the fortune to stand unscathed; and when he began to give his care to the wounded brother and sister he was so touched, he says, by their forgetfulness of self, and the love they seemed to bear the one for the other, that more than ever before in all his life he prized the power of warding off death.

Of the people on the foot-pavement who were not struck down at first some rushed and strove to find a shelter, or even a half-shelter, at any spot within reach. Others tried to crawl away on their hands and knees; for they hoped that perhaps the balls might fly over them. The impulse to shoot people had been sudden, but was not momentary. The soldiers loaded and reloaded with a strange industry, and made haste to kill and kill, as though their lives depended upon the quantity of the slaughter they could get through in some given period of time.

When there was no longer a crowd to fire into, the soldiers would aim carefully at any single fugitive who was trying to effect his escape, and if a man tried to save himself by coming close up to the troops, and asking for mercy, the soldiers would force or persuade the supplicant to keep off and hasten away, and then if they could, they killed him running. This slaughter of unarmed men and women was continued for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. It chanced that amongst the persons standing at the balconies, near the corner of the Rue Montmartre, there was an English officer; and, because of the position in which he stood, the professional knowledge which guided his observation, the composure with which he was able to see and to describe, and the more than common responsibility which attaches upon a military narrator, it is probable that his testimony will be always appealed to by historians who shall seek to give a truthful account of the founding of the Second French Empire.

At the moment when the firing began, this officer was looking upon the military display with his wife at his side, and was so placed, that if he looked eastward, he could carry his eye along the Boulevard for a distance of about 800 yards, and see as far as the head of the column, and if he looked westward he could see to the point where the Boulevard Montmartre runs into the Boulevard des Italiens. This is what he writes:—"I went to the balcony at which my wife was standing, and remained there watching the troops. The whole Boulevard, as far as the eye could reach, was crowded with them, principally infantry in subdivisions at quarter distance, with here and there a batch of twelve-pounders and howitzers, some of which occupied the rising ground of the Boulevard Poissonière. The officers were smoking their cigars. The windows were crowded with people, principally women, tradesmen, servants, and children, or, like ourselves, the occupants of apartments. Suddenly, as I was intently looking with my glass at the troops in the distance eastward, a few musket-shots were fired at the head of the column, which consisted of about 3,000 men. In a few moments it spread, and, after hanging a little, came down the Boulevard in a waving sheet of flame. So regular, however, was the fire that at first I thought it was a *feu de joie* for some barricade taken in advance, or to signal their position to some other division; and it was not till it came within fifty yards of me, that I recognised the sharp ringing report of ball-cartridge; but even then I could scarcely believe the evi-

dence of my ears, for as to my eyes I could not discover any enemy to fire at; and I continued looking at the men until the company below me were actually raising their firelocks, and one vagabond sharper than the rest—a mere lad without whisker or moustache—had covered me. In an instant I dashed my wife, who had just stepped back, against the pier between the windows, when a shot struck the ceiling immediately over our heads, and covered us with dust and broken plaster. In a second after I placed her upon the floor, and in another, a volley came against the whole front of the house, the balcony, and windows; one shot broke the mirror over the chimney-piece, another the shade of the clock, every pane of glass but one was smashed, the curtains and window-frames cut; the room, in short, was riddled. The iron balcony, though rather low, was a great protection; still fire-balls entered the room, and in the pause for reloading I drew my wife to the door, and took refuge in the back rooms of the house. The rattle of musketry was incessant, for more than a quarter of an hour after this; and in a very few minutes the guns were unlimbered and pointed at the 'Magasin' of M. Sallandrouse five houses on our right. What the object or meaning of all this might be was a perfect enigma to every individual in the house, French or foreigners. Some thought the troops had turned round and joined the Reds; others suggested that they must have been fired upon somewhere, though they certainly had not from our house or any other on the Boulevard Montmartre, or we must have seen it from the balcony. . . . This wanton fusillade must have been the result of a panic, lest the windows should have been lined with concealed enemies, and they wanted to secure their skins by the first fire, or else it was a sanguinary impulse. . . . The men, as I have already stated, fired volley upon volley for more than a quarter of an hour without any return; they shot down many of the unhappy individuals who remained on the Boulevard and could not obtain an entrance into any house; some persons were killed close to our door." The like of what was calmly seen by this English officer, was seen with frenzied horror by thousands of French men and women.

If the officers in general abstained from ordering the slaughter, Colonel Rocheforte did not follow their example. He was an officer in the Lancers, and he had already done execution with his horsemen amongst the chairs and the idlers in the neighborhood of Tortoni's; but afterwards, imagining a shot to have been fired from a part of the Boulevard occupied by infantry, he put himself at the head of a detachment which made a charge upon the crowd; and the military historian of these events relates with triumph that about thirty corpses, almost all of them in the clothes of gentlemen, were the trophies of this exploit. Along a distance of 1,000 yards, going eastward from the Rue Richelieu, the dead bodies were strewed upon the foot-pavement of the Boulevard, but at several spots they lay in heaps.

Some of the people mortally struck would be able to stagger blindly for a pace or two until they were tripped up by a corpse, and this perhaps is why a large proportion of the bodies lay heaped one on the other. Before one shop-front they counted thirty-three corpses. By the peaceful little nook or court which is called the Cité Bergère they counted thirty-seven. The slayers were many thousands of armed soldiery: the slain were of a number that never will be reckoned; but amongst all these slayers and all these slain there was not one combatant. There was no fight, no riot, no fray, no quarrel, no dispute. What happened was a slaughter of unarmed men, and women, and children. Where they lay, the dead bore witness. Corpses lying apart struck deeper into people's memory than the dead who were lying in heaps. Some were haunted with the look of an old man with silver hair, whose only weapon was the umbrella which lay at his side. Some shuddered because of seeing the gay idler of the Boulevard sitting dead against the wall of a house, and scarce parted from the cigar which lay on the ground near his hand. Some carried in their minds the sight of a printer's boy leaning back against a shop-front, because, though the lad was killed, the proof-sheets which he was carrying had remained in his hands, and were red with his blood, and were fluttering in the wind. The military historian of these achievements permitted himself to speak with a kind of joy of the number of women who suffered. After accusing the gentler sex of the crime of sheltering men from the fire of the troops, the Colonel writes it down that "many an amazon of the Boulevard has paid dearly for her imprudent collusion

with that new sort of barricade," and then he goes on to express a hope that women will profit by the example, and derive from it "a lesson for the future." One woman who fell and died clasping her child, was suffered to keep her hold in death as in life, for the child too was killed. Words which long have been used for making figures of speech recovered their ancient use, being wanted again in the world for the picturing of things real and physical. Musket-shots do not shed much blood in proportion to the slaughter which they work, but still in so many places the foot-pavement was wet and red, that, except by care, no one could pass along it without gathering blood. Round each of the trees in the Boulevards a little space of earth is left unpaved in order to give room for the expansion of the trunk. The blood collecting in pools upon the asphalte, drained down at last into these hollows, and, there becoming coagulated, it remained for more than a day, and was observed by many. "Their blood," says the English officer before quoted, "their blood lay in the hollows round the trees the next morning when we passed at twelve o'clock. The Boulevards and the adjacent streets," he goes on to say, "were at some points a perfect shambles." Incredible as it may seem, artillery was brought to bear upon some of the houses in the Boulevard. On its north side the houses were so battered that the foot-pavement beneath them was laden with plaster and such ruins as field-guns can bring down.

A. W. Kinglake.

FROM "TWICE AROUND THE CLOCK."

TWO P. M.—REGENT STREET.

I breathe again. I see before me, broad spread, a vista of gentility. I have done, for many hours to come, with shabby subjects. No more dams I'll make for fish, in Billingsgate; nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish, at second-rate eating-houses; nor fetch firing at requiring in Covent Garden or the Docks. Prospero must get a new man, for Caliban has got a new master: Fashion, in Regent Street.

I declare that when I approach this solemnly genteel theme my frame dilates, my eyes kindle, my heart dances. I experience an intense desire to array myself in purple and fine linen, knee shorts, lace ruffles, pink silk stockings, diamond buckles, and a silver-hilted sword; to have my hair powdered, and my jewelled *tabatiere* filled with scented rappee; to sit with my feet on a Turkey carpet, before a table inlaid with *marqueterie*, wax candles in silver sconces (the candles are green with fillagree *bobêches*) on either side; and then, while my Dulcinea in a hoop petticoat, a point lace apron, red-heeled *mules*, a *toupet* and a patch on the left cheek—her feathered fan, painted by Fragonard on the finest chicken-skin, lying beside her—plays the minuet from "Ariadne" in an adjoining and gilded *salon*, decorated in the *Style Pompadour*, on the harpsichord; and on pink scented note-paper, with a diamond pointed pen and violet ink—the golden pounce-box at my elbow—to indite matter concerning Regent Street in the smoothest dythirambics. This is rather a violent contrast to the dry skittle-ground, the cows, and the depraved sow which inspired me in the last chapter; but only take my subject into consideration: only permit me to inoculate you with one drop of the etherial nectar which should be quaffed by every writer who would look upon Regent Street from a proper point of view. Ladies and gentlemen moving in the political circles accuse me of being of Bohemia, and to the manner born, of writing a great deal too much about the Virginian weed in its manufactured state, and the fermented infusion of malt and hops; publishers refuse to purchase my novels because they contain too many descriptions of "low life;" because my heroes and heroines are too frequently ragged and forlorn creatures, who must go into "society," who don't go to church, who are never seen at the May meetings in Exeter Hall. Oh, lords and ladies! oh, brilliant butterflies of society! oh, respectable people of every degree! whose ears coarse language wounds, but who would have, believe me, to undergo much coarser deeds from the ragged ones you despise, were it not for the humble efforts of us poor pen-and-ink missionaries, think that you are but thousands to the millions of the tattered and torn, who have never studied the "Handbook to Etiquette," nor heard of Burke and Debrett, and would eat peas with their knives if they had any peas to eat. They are around and about you always. I have no greed of gain in advocating their cause, for I am unknown to

them, and am of your middle class, and am as liable to be stoned for having a better coat than they any day. But woe be to you, respectables, if you shut your ears to their plaints and your eyes to their condition. For the stones may fly thick and fast some day; there may be none to help you, and it may be too late to cry for help.

I have heard Regent Street compared to the Boulevard des Italiens, Unter den Linden at Berlin, to Broadway at New York, to the Montagne de la Cour at Brussels, to the Corso de' Servi at Milan, and to the Nevskoi Perspecktive at Petersburg. In my opinion, it is an amalgamation of all of them, and surpasses them all. Their elements are strained, filtered, refined, condensed, sublimated, to make up one glorious thoroughfare. Add to this, the unique and almost indescribable *câchet* which the presence of English aristocracy lends to every place it chooses for its *habitat*, and the result is Regent Street. Of the many cities I have wandered into and about, there is but one possessing a street that can challenge comparison with—and that, I must confess, well nigh equals—the street that Nash, prince of architects, built for the fourth George. At right angles from the pleasant waters of the river Liffey, there runs a street, wide in dimensions, magnificent in the proportions of its edifices, splendid in its temples and its palaces, though many of the latter, alas! are converted now into hotels, now into linendrapers' shops; but on a golden summer's afternoon, when you see, speeding towards the column of Nelson in the distance, the glittering equipages of the rich and noble, who yet have their dwelling in Eblana; the clattering orderlies, on sleek-groomed horses, and with burnished accoutrements, spurring from the Castle towards the Post Office—and beauty of beauties, the side walks on either side parterres of living flowers, the grand and glorious Irish girls, with their bright raiment and brighter eyes; you will acknowledge that Regent Street has a rival, that beyond St. George's Channel is a street that the triumphal procession of a Zenobia or a Semiramis might pass down, and that it is Sackville Street, Dublin.

Do you know, youth of the present generation—that Regent Street has its antiquities, its archæologia, its topographical curiosities? Mr. Peter Cunningham knows them all by heart; I am not about to steal from the "Handbook of London" of our modern Camden; but will just tell you, in my desultory way, that, in the days when the Mews reared their heads, an unsightly mass of brick buildings in the area which is now Trafalgar Square; when Carlton House loomed at the eastern end of Pall Mall, instead of the ugly post erected as a monument of national gratitude to the Royal Prince who paid nobody; when the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, was hemmed in by a cobweb mass of dirty tenements, and Hungerford Market was yet unbuilt; when the old "Courier" newspaper office stood (over against Mr. Cross's older Exeter 'Change, with the elephant's tusks displayed outside, the shops beneath, and Chunee and the wild beasts all alive and roaring up stairs) in the space that now forms the approach to Waterloo Bridge; and when the vicinity of Temple Bar was blocked up by a brick-and-mortar cloaca, since swept away to form what is now termed Picket Place; that the area of Regent Street, the superb, was occupied by mean and shambling tenth-rate avenues, among which the chiefest was a large, dirty highway, called Great Swallow Street. Old Fuller (I don't know why he should be called "old" so persistently, for he did not attain anything like a venerable age) was in the habit of collecting information for the "Worthies of England" from the tottering crones who sat spinning by the ingle-nook, and white-headed grandsires sunning themselves on the bench by the almshouse door. In like manner, I owe much of the information I possess on the aspect of London streets just previous to my nonage to communing with nurses, and nurses' female friends. The good folks who tend children seldom deem that the little pitchers they say jestingly have long ears, will suck their lore in so greedily, or retain it so long.

My personal acquaintance with Regent Street dates from the year 'thirty-two, when I remember a great scrambling procession of operatives, with parti-coloured flags, emblazoned with devices I could not read, passing down it. Mrs. Esner, who was then attached to my person in a domestic capacity (she often calls upon me now, and, saying that she "nussed" me, expatiates on the benefits of a pound of green tea) told me that these operatives belonged to the "Trades Union." She said—though the good woman must have exaggerated—that they were half a million in number, and I recollect her portending, in a grave low

voice, that there would be riots that night. I don't think that any occurred. This was about the time that they used to call the great Duke of Wellington "Nosey," and "Sawbones," and to break his windows. I was too young to know then, that the Athenians grew tired of hearing Aristides called "The Just;" and that a nation once grumbled at having to pay for the palace it had bestowed upon that John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, who won the battle of Blenheim. I think, too, there must have been something about the cholera in my earliest recollections of Regent Street; yet no; I lived in North Audley Street at that time, and opposite the mansion of the great Earl of Clarendon; for, as clearly as though it were yesterday, I see a hot autumn afternoon. I am at the nursery-window in sad disgrace, and pouting because I have wrenched the sprightly wooden hussar from the horse which had the semi-circle of wire with the bullet at the end fixed in his stomach, and who used, with that impetus, to swing so deftly. There is much commotion in the great earl's mansion; for one of the servants partook too plentifully last night of gooseberry-fool after a rout his lordship gave—where are the "routs" and the "gooseberry-fools" now?—and she is dead of cholera morbus this morning. My female *entourage* are unanimously exacting in calling it cholera "morbus." The undertaker's men bring the body out; the shell gleams white in the afternoon's sunshine, and it is begirt with cords; "for," says the domestic oracles behind me, "it was so mortal swole that it would 'ave bust else." A horrible rumor runs about, that the coffin has been "pitched and sealed." What can "pitching and sealing" mean? There is a great crowd before the earl's door, who are violent and clamorous because the body has not been washed. My nurse says that they will have to send for the "padroll" with "cutlashes." All these things sink into my little mind; and then the whole sequel, with a train of years behind it, fades away, leaving me with but one more recollection—that we had a twopenny cottage-loaf boiled in milk that day for dinner, which was consequently swollen to twice its natural size; and which the Eumenides of the nursery authoritatively assured me was, with brown sugar, the "best puddin' out." I know now that congested loaf to have been an insipid swindle.

I am again in Regent Street, but at another window, and in another house. There is no nurse now, but a genteel young woman, aged about thirty—she asked me once, for fun, how old she was, and I guessed, in all youthful seriousness, fifty, whereupon she slapped me—to take care of me. Her name is Sprackmore, she has long corkscrew ringlets, and is very pious, and beneath her auspices I first study the "Loss of the *Kent* East Indiaman," and the "Dairyman's Daughter." She has fits, too, occasionally. I am just of that age to be a hollow-eyed little boy in a tunic, with a frill and a belt, and to be dreadfully afraid of the parent I used a year before to love and caress with such fearless confidence. They say I am a clever child, and my cleverness is encouraged by being told that I am not to ask questions, and that I had much better go and play with my toys than mope over that big volume of Lyttelton's "History of England," lent to me by Mr. Somebody, the lawyer—I see him now, very stout and gray, at the funeral whenever any of us dies: of which volume—it is in very shabby condition—I break the top cover off by letting it fall from the chair, which is my reading-desk. I suffer agonies of terror and remorse for months, lest the fracture should be discovered, though I have temporarily repaired it by means of a gimlet and a piece of twine. Then, one bright day, my cousin Sarah gives me a bright five-shilling piece—I take her to the opera now, but she always remembers my childish dependence upon her, and insists upon paying the cab home—and take Lyttelton's "History," still with great fear and trembling, to a bookbinder's in Broad Street, Golden Square, who tells me that the "hends is jagged," and that there must be a new back, lettering, and gilding to the book. He works his will with it, and charges me four shillings and sixpence out of the five shilling piece for working it; but to tell of the joyful relief I feel when I bring Lyttleton's "History" back safe and sound! I do not get rid of my perturbation entirely, however, till I have rubbed the back against the carpet a little to soil it, in order that it may not look too new. Oh! the agonies, the Laocoon-like conscience windings, the Promethean tortures, that children suffer through these accidental breakages! Oh! the unreasoning cruelty of parents, who punish children for such mischances! So I am the little boy in a tunic; and I daresay, that, with my inquisitiveness, and my moping over books, I am an intolerable

little nuisance. I am at the Regent Street window, and much speculation is rife as to whether the King, who is lying mortally sick at Windsor, is dead. For it is within a few minutes of eleven, and at that time the well-known troop of Horse Guards pass on their way to St. James's; and it is reasonably inferred that, if King William be gathered to his fathers, the standard will be furled. The Guards pass; they wore helmets with plumes above them shaped like black mutton chops—not the casques with the flowing horse-hair they wear now; and to be sure the standard is furled, in a species of drab umbrella case. The King is dead for sure; nay, he does not die for a full week afterwards; the flag was merely furled because the day was dark and louring, presaging rain.

I lived in the house in Regent Street in which the Marquis de Bourbel forged his letters of credit. I think, without vanity, that I am pretty well qualified to speak of the place, for, walking down it the other day, I counted no less than eleven houses, between the two circuses, in which I had at one time dwelt. But they were all early, those remembrances, and connected with the time when the colonnade of the Quadrant existed. Whatever could have possessed our Commissioners of Woods and Forests to allow those unrivalled arcades to be demolished! The stupid avarice of tradesmen who petitioned for the removal of the columns gained nothing by the change, for the Quadrant, as a lounge in wet weather, was at once destroyed; and I see now many of the houses, once let out in superior apartments, occupied as billiard-rooms and photographic studios, and many of the shops invaded and conquered by cheap tailors. The Quadrant colonnade afforded not only a convenient shelter beneath, but it was a capital promenade for the dwellers in the first floors above. The entresols, certes, were slightly gloomy; and moustached foreigners with some gaily-dressed company still naughtier, could with difficulty be restrained from prowling backwards and forwards between Glasshouse Street and the County Fire Office; but perambulating Regent Street at all hours of the day and night, as I do now frequently, I see no diminution in the number of moustached, or rouged, or naughty faces, whose prototypes were familiar to me, years agone, in the brilliant Quadrant. As to the first-floor balconies above, they were in my childhood most glorious playgrounds. There I kept preserves of broken bottles and flowerpots; on these leads I inscribed fantastic devices; and often have I come to domestic grief through an irresistible propensity for poaching on the balconies of the neighbours on either side. Still in a state of tunic-hood, I remember a very tall, handsome gentleman, with a crimson velvet under-waistcoat—I saw his grave in Perè la Chaise last winter—who was my great aider and abetter in these juvenile escapades. He had a wondrous weapon of offence called a "sabarcane," a delightful thing (to me then), half walking-stick, half pea-shooter, from which he used to discharge clay pellets at the vagrant cats on the adjoining balconies. He it was who was wont to lean over the balcony, and fish for people's hats with a salmon-hook affixed to the extremity of a tandem-whip; he it was who came home from the Derby (quite in a friendly manner) to see us one evening, all white—white hat, white coat, white trousers, white waistcoat, white neckerchief, white boots, to say nothing of the dust and the flour with which he had been plentifully besprinkled at Kennington Gate, and insisted upon winding-up our new French clock with the snuffers. He it was who made nocturnal excursions from parapet to parapet along the leads, returned with bewildering accounts of bearded men who were playing at dice at No. 92; of the tenor of the Italian Opera, who, knife in hand, was pursuing his wife (in her night-dress) about the balcony, at No. 74; and of Mademoiselle Follejambes, the *premier sujet* of the same establishment, who was practising *pirouttes* before a cheval glass at the open window of No. 86, while Mademoiselle Follejambe's mamma, with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief tied round her snuffy old head, was drinking *anisette* out of a tea-cup. You must be forbearing with me, if, while I speak of Regent Street, I interlard my speech with foreign languages a little. For, from its first ædification, the Quadrant end of Regent Street, has been the home of the artistic foreigners, who are attracted to London during the musical and operatic season, less by inclination for the climate and respect for the institutions of England, than by a profound admiration for the circular effigies, in gold, of her Majesty the Queen, which John Bull so liberally bestows on those who squall or fiddle for him, provided they be of foreign extraction. From

the balconies of Regent Street, I have seen the greatest *cantatrici* and *ballerine* of this age. The king of tenors, who has *never* been replaced—no Signor Mario, no Signor Giuglini—the incomparable Rubini, had lodgings opposite once, to where we dwelt, at a shawl shop.

GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA.

SUNDAY.

[**Rev. George Herbert**, born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, 3d April, 1593; died at Bemerton, 1632. He was the fifth of seven sons, a descendant of the Pembroke family, and his elder brother, Edward, who distinguished himself in the camp, the court, and in literature, became Lord Herbert of Cherbury. George was educated at Westminster and Cambridge, took orders, and was presented by Charles I. to the living of Bemerton. The immediate cause of his early death was consumption. Izaak Walton in his biography sums up Herbert's character: "Thus he lived, and thus he died like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life." *The Temple*, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations, were first published in 1633. His chief prose works are: *A Priest to the Temple*, or the Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Holy Life; and *Jacula Prudentum*, or Outlandish Proverbs, Sentences, &c., selected by George Herbert.]

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-days are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for His:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

TREES.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

Trees are indeed the glory, the beauty, and the delight of nature. The man who loves not trees—to look at them—to lie under them—to climb up them (once more a school-boy)—would make no bones of murdering Mrs. Jeffs. In what one imaginable attribute, that it ought to possess, is a tree, pray, deficient? Light, shade, shelter, coolness, freshness, music, all the colours of the rainbow, dew and dreams dropping through their umbrageous twilight at eve or morn,—dropping direct, soft, sweet, soothing, and restorative, from

heaven. Without trees, how in the name of wonder could we have had houses, ships, bridges, easy-chairs, or coffins, or almost any single one of the necessaries, conveniences, or comforts of life? Without trees, one man might have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but not another with a wooden ladle.

Tree by itself Tree, "such tents the patriarchs loved,"—Ipse nemus,—"the brotherhood of Trees,"—the Grove, the Coppice, the Wood, the Forest,—dearly, and after a different fashion, do we love you all!—And love you all we shall, while our dim eyes can catch the glimmer, our dull ears the murmur, of the leaves, or our imagination hear at midnight, the far-off swing of old branches groaning in the tempest. Oh! is not Merry also Sylvan England? And has not Scotland, too, her old pine forests, blackening up her Highland mountains? Are not many of her rivered valleys not unadorned with woods,—her braes beautiful with their birken shaws? And does not stately ash or sycamore tower above the kirk-spire in many a quiet glen, overshadowing the humble house of God, "the dial-stone aged and green," and all the deep-sunk, sinking, or upright array of grave-stones, beneath which

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep?"

We have the highest respect for the ghost of Dr. Johnson; yet were we to meet it by moonlight, how should we make it hang its head on the subject of Scottish trees! Look there, you old, blind, blundering blockhead! That Pine Forest is twenty miles square! Many million trees there have at least five hundred arms each, six times as thick as ever your body was, sir, when you were at your very fattest in Bolt Court. As for their trunks—some straight as cathedral pillars—some flung all awry in their strength across cataracts—some without a twig till your eye meets the hawk's nest diminished to a black-bird's, and some overspread, from within a man's height of the mossy sward, with fantastic branches, cone-covered, and green as emerald—what say you, you great, big, lumbering, unweildy ghost you, to trunks like these? And are not the Forests of Scotland the most forgiving that ever were self-sown, to suffer you to flit to and fro, haunting unharmed their ancient umbrage? Yet, Doctor, you were a fine old Tory every inch of you, for all that, my boy; so come glimmering away with you into the gloom after us—don't stumble over the roots—we smell a still at work—and neither you nor I —shadow nor substance (but, prithee, why so wan, good Doctor? Prithee, why so wan?) can be much the worse, eh, of a caulker of Glenlivat?

Every man of landed property, that lies fairly out of arm's length of a town, whether free or copyhold, be its rental above or below forty shillings a-year, should be a planter. Even an old bachelor, who has no right to become the father of a child, is not only free, but in duty bound to plant a tree. Unless his organ of philoprogenitiveness be small indeed, as he looks at the young tender plants in his own nursery-garden his heart will yearn towards them with all the longing and instinctive fondness of a father. As he beholds them putting forth the tender buds of hope, he will be careful to preserve them from all blight—he will "teach the young idea how to shoot,"—and, according to their different natures, he will send them to different places to complete their education, according as they are ultimately intended for the church, the bar, or the navy. The old gentleman will be surprised to see how soon his young plants have grown as tall as himself, even though he should be an extraordinary member of the Six Feet Club. An oak sapling of some five or six springs shall measure with him on his stocking-soles, and a larch considerably younger, laugh to shake its pink cones far over his wig. But they are all dutiful children, never go stravaiging from home after youthful follies; and standing together in beautiful bands, and in majestic masses, they will not suffer the noonday sun to smite their father's head, nor the winds of heaven to "visit his face too roughly."

People are sometimes prevented from planting trees by the slowness of their growth. What a mistake that is! People might just as well be prevented from being wed, because a man-child takes one-and-twenty years to get out of his minority, and a woman-child, except in hot climates, is rarely marriageable before fifteen. Not the least fear in the world, that Tommy and Thomasine and the tree will grow up fast enough—wither at the top—and die! It is a strange fear to feel—a strange complaint to utter—that any one thing in this world, animate or inanimate, is of too slow growth; for the nearer to its perfection, the nearer to its decay.

No man who enjoys good health at fifty, or even sixty, would hesitate, if much in love, to take a wife, on the ground that he could have no hope or chance of seeing his numerous children all grown up into hobbledehoys and Priscilla Tomboys. Get your children first,

and let them grow at their own leisure afterwards. In like manner, let no man, Bachelor or Benedict, be his age beyond the limit of conversational confession, fear to lay out a nursery-garden,—to fill it with young seedlings, and thenceforward to keep planting away, up hill and down brae, all the rest of his life.

Besides, in every stage how interesting, both a wood and sap tree, and a flesh and blood child! Look at pretty, ten-year-old, rosy-cheeked, golden-haired Mary, gazing, with all the blue brightness of her eyes, at that large dew-drop, which the sun has let escape unmelted even on into the meridian hours, on the topmost pink-bud, within which the teeming leaf struggles to expand into beauty,—the topmost pink-bud of that little lime-tree, but three winters old and half a spring!—Hark! that is Harry, at home on a holiday, rustling like a roe in the coppice-wood, in search of the nest of the blackbird or mavis; —yet ten years ago that rocky hillside was unplanted, and "that bold boy, so bright and beautiful," unborn. Who, then, be his age what it may, would either linger, "with fond, reluctant, amorous delay," to take unto himself a wife, for the purpose of having children, or to inclose a waste for the purpose of having trees.

At what time of life a human being—man or woman—looks best, it might be hard to say. A virgin of eighteen, straight and tall, bright, blooming, and balmy, seems, to our old eyes, a very beautiful and delightful sight. Inwardly we bless her, and pray that she may be as happy as she is innocent. So, too, is an Oak-tree about the same age, standing by itself, without a twig on its straight, smooth, round, glossy, silver stem for some feet from the ground, and then branching out into a stately flutter of dark-green leaves: the shape being indistinct in its regular but not formal over-fallings, and over-foldings, and over-hangings, of light and shade. Such an Oak-tree is indeed truly beautiful, with all its tenderness, gracefulness, and delicacy—ay, a delicacy almost seeming to be fragile—as if the cushat, whirring from its concealment, would crush the new spring-shoots, sensitive almost as the gossamer, with which every twig is intertwined. Leaning on our staff, we bless it, and call it even by that very virgin's name; and ever thenceforth behold Louisa lying in its shade. Gentle reader, what it is to be an old, dreamy, visionary, prosing poet!

Let any one who accuses trees of laziness in growing only keep out of sight of them for a few years; and then, returning home to them under cloud of night, all at once open his eyes, of a fine, sunny, summer's morning, and ask them how they have been since he and they mutually murmured farewell! He will not recognize the face or the figure of a single tree. That sycamore, whose top-shoot a cow, you know, browsed off, to the breaking of your heart, some four or five years ago, is now as high as the "riggin" of the cottage, and is murmuring with bees among its blossoms quite like an old tree. What precocity! That wych elm, hide-bound as it seemed of yore, and with only one arm that it could hardly lift from its side, is now a Briareus. Is that the larch you used to hop over?—now almost fit to be a mast of one of the fairy fleet on Windermere! You thought you would never have forgotten the Triangle of the Three Birches, but you stare at them now as if they had dropped from the clouds! And since you think that beech—that round hill of leaves—is not the same shabby shrub you left sticking in the gravel, why call the old gardener hither, and swear him to its identity on the Bible?

Before this confounded gout attacked our toe we were great pedestrians, and used to stalk about all over the banks and braes from sunrising to sunsetting, through all seasons of the year. Few sights used to please us more than that of a new Mansion-house, or Villa, or Cottage ornee, rising up in some sheltered, but open-fronted nook, commanding a view of a few bends of a stream or river winding along old lea, or rich holm ploughed-fields,—sloping uplands, with here and there a farm-house and trees,—and in the distance hill-tops quite clear, and cutting the sky, wreathed with mists, or for a time hidden in clouds. It set the imagination and the heart at work together to look on the young hedgerows and plantations, belts, clumps, and single trees, hurdled in from the nibbling sheep. Ay, some younger brother who, twenty, or thirty, or forty years ago, went abroad to the East, or the West, to push his fortune, has returned to the neighbourhood of his native vale at last, to live and to die among the braes where once, among the yellow broom, the school-boy sported gladsome as any bird. Busy has he been in adorning—perhaps the man who fixes his faith on Price on the Picturesque, would say in disfiguring—the inland haven where he has dropped anchor, and will continue to ride till the vessel of life parts from her moorings, and drifts away on the shoreless sea of eternity. For our own parts, we are not easily offended

by any conformation into which trees can be thrown—the bad taste of another must not be suffered to throw us into a bad temper—and as long as the trees are green in their season, and in their season purple, and orange, and yellow, and refrain from murdering each other, to our eye they are pleasant to look upon—to our ear it is music, indeed, to hear them all a-murmur along with the murmuring winds. Hundreds—thousands of such dwellings have, in our time, arisen all over the face of Scotland; and there is room enough, we devoutly trust, and verily believe, for hundreds and thousands more. Of a people's prosperity what pleasanter proof! And, therefore, may all the well-fenced woods make more and more wonderful shoots every year. Beneath and among their shelter, may not a single slate be blown from the blue roof, peering through the trees, on the eyes of distant traveller, as he wheels along on the top of his most gracious majesty's mail-coach;—may the dryads soon wipe away their tears for the death of the children that must, in thinnings, be "wede away;"—and may the rookeries and heronries of Scotland increase in number for the long space of ten thousand revolving years!

Not that we hold it to be a matter of pure indifference how people plant trees. We have an eye for the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful, and cannot open it without seeing at once the very spirit of the scene. O ye who have had the happiness to be born among the murmurs of hereditary trees! can ye be blind to the system pursued by that planter—Nature? Nature plants often on a great scale, darkening, far as the telescope can command the umbrage, sides of mountains that are heard roaring still with hundreds of hidden cataracts. And Nature often plants on a small scale, dropping down the stately birk so beautiful, among the sprinkled hazels, by the side of the little waterfall of the wimpling burnie, that stands dishevelling there her tresses to the dew-wind, like a queen's daughter, who hath just issued from the pool of pearls and shines aloft and aloof from her attendant maidens. But man is so proud of his own works that he ceases to regard those of Nature. Why keep poring on that book of plates, purchased at less than half price at a sale, when Nature flutters before your eyes her own folio, which all who run may read; although to study it as it ought to be studied, you must certainly sit down on mossy stump, ledge of an old bridge, stone-wall, stream-bank, or broomy brae, and gaze, and gaze, and gaze, till woods and sky become like your very self, and your very self like them, at once incorporated together and spiritualized. After a few years' such lessons you may become a planter; and under your hands not only shall the desert blossom like the rose, but murmur like the palm, and if "southward through Eden goes a river large," and your name be Adam, what a sceptic not to believe yourself the first of men, your wife the fairest of her daughters Eve, and your policy Paradise!

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

[**John Greenleaf Whittier**, born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, 1808. A member of the Society of Friends, and one of the most distinguished of American poets. His early years were occupied in the labours of his father's farm; he then engaged in newspaper work, and distinguished himself as an earnest student, and as an earnest advocate for the abolition of slavery. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, Masachussetts, where he continues to reside (1873). Numerous editions of his works have been published in America, and several in England; of these the most important are: *Mogg Megone; The Bridal of Pennacook; Legendary Ballads; Voices of Freedom; Songs of Labour; The Chapel of the Hermits; The Panorama; Home Ballads; Poems and Lyrics; In War Time; Snow-Bound; The Tent on the Beach; National Poems; Among the Hills; Miriam; Poems for Public Occasions; The Pennsylvania Pilgrim;* the foregoing works, with the miscellaneous poems, have been issued in one volume complete by Messrs. Osgood & Co., Boston. Dr. Channing wrote: "His poetry bursts from the soul with the fire and energy of an ancient prophet." H. T. Tuckerman says: "He is a true son of New England: and, beneath the calm fraternal bearing of the Quaker, nurses the imaginative ardour of a devotee, both of nature and of humanity."]

When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbour in the shallop "Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer morn,
With the newly-planted orchards dropping their fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts green;—
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led.
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed: at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,
The blackening sky at midnight its starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied!

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock, and wood, and sand;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore:
"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause of wave and wind:
"All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find!

"In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy word!—
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard!—
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ, our Lord!

"In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,
And let me follow up to thee my household and my kin!
Open the sea-gate of thy heaven and let me enter in!"

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the listening heavens draw near,
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear
How the notes so faint and broken, swell to music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet hymn upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks of Marblehead;
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read;
And long, by board and hearthstone, the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of Avery's Fall!

CALEB WILLIAMS.

[William Godwin, born at Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, 3d March, 1756; died in London, 7th April, 1836. He laboured for five years as a dissenting minister, and then devoted himself to authorship. His political opinions were of the advanced liberal school, and he openly sympathized with the French revolution at a time when it was dangerous to avow such sympathy. He was not prosecuted, however, and his talents as an author won reputation, and obtained for him in his closing years a lucrative appointment in one of the public offices. His works are: *Political Justice; Life of Geoffrey Chaucer; Life of the Earl of Chatham; On Population*, being an answer to the celebrated theory of Malthus; *History of the Commonwealth of England*, &c. His novels are: *Caleb Williams; St. Leon; Mandeville; Cloudesley;* and *Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling.* He wrote a tragedy, *Faulkner*, which was hissed off the stage. *Caleb Williams* achieved extensive popularity. Sir T. N. Talfourd wrote of it: "There is no work of fiction which so rivets the attention—no tragedy which exhibits a struggle more sublime, or sufferings more intense than this; yet to produce the effect no complicated machinery is employed."]

[Falkland, a country gentleman of generous disposition but morbidly sensitive to every wind that might tarnish his personal fame, was publicly insulted and struck by a big boorish squire. Falkland in his frenzy of shame killed the man. Two peasants were charged with the murder and hung. Falkland, a prey to keenest remorse, devoted his life to charity, and to the fostering of that good name for which he had sacrificed so much. His secretary, Caleb Williams—who narrates the events—surprised the secret. Then followed persecution on the part of Falkland, and wild efforts on the part of Williams to escape beyond his influence. At length, worn out and despairing, having been in prison and denounced as a thief, Caleb is resolved to bring matters to a crisis.]

All is over. I have carried into execution my meditated attempt. My situation is totally changed. I now sit down to give an account of it. For several weeks after the completion of this dreadful business, my mind was in too tumultuous a state to permit me to write. I think I shall now be able to arrange my thoughts sufficiently for that purpose. How wondrous, how terrible are the events that have intervened since I was last employed in a similar manner! It is no wonder that my thoughts were solemn, and my mind filled with horrible forebodings!

Having formed my resolution, I set out from Harwich for the metropolitan town of the county in which Mr. Falkland resided. Gines (a detective), I well knew, was in my rear. That was of no consequence to me. He might wonder at the direction I pursued, but he could not tell with what purpose I pursued it. My design was a secret, carefully locked up in my own breast. It was not without a sentiment of terror that I entered a town which had been the scene of my long imprisonment. I proceeded to the house of the chief magistrate the instant I arrived, that I might give no time to my adversary to counterwork my proceeding.

I told him who I was, and that I was come from a distant part of the kingdom for the purpose of rendering him the medium of a charge of murder against my former patron. My name was already familiar to him. He answered, that he could not take cognizance of my deposition; that I was an object of universal execration in that part of the world; and he was determined upon no account to be the vehicle of my depravity.

I warned him to consider well what he was doing. I called upon him for no favour; I only applied to him in the regular exercise of his function. Would he take upon him to say that he had a right at his pleasure to suppress a charge of this complicated nature? I had to accuse Mr. Falkland of repeated murders. The perpetrator knew that I was in possession of the truth upon the subject; and knowing that, I went perpetually in danger of my life from his malice and revenge. I was resolved to go through with the business, if justice were to obtained from any court in England. Upon what pretence did he refuse my deposition? I was in every respect a competent witness. I was of age to understand the nature of an oath; I was in my perfect senses; I was untarnished by the verdict of any jury, or the sentence of any judge. His private opinion of my character could not alter the law of the land. I demanded to be confronted with Mr. Falkland, and I was well assured I should substantiate the charge to the satisfaction of the whole world. If he did not think proper to apprehend him upon my single testimony, I should be satisfied if he only sent him notice of the charge, and summoned him to appear.

The magistrate, finding me thus resolute, thought proper a little to lower his tone. He no longer absolutely refused to comply with my requisition, but condescended to expostulate with me. He represented to me Mr. Falkland's health, which had for some years been exceedingly indifferent; his having been once already brought to the most solemn examination upon this charge; the diabolical malice in which alone my proceeding must have ori-

ginated; and the tenfold ruin it would bring down upon my head. To all these representations my answer was short. "I was determined to go on, and would abide the consequences." A summons was at length granted, and notice sent to Mr. Falkland of the charge preferred against him.

Three days elapsed before any further step could be taken in this business. This interval in no degree contributed to tranquillize my mind. The thought of preferring a capital accusation against, and hastening the death of, such a man as Mr. Falkland, was by no means an opiate to reflection. At one time I commended the action, either as just revenge (for the benevolence of my nature was in a great degree turned to gall), or as necessary self-defence, or as that which, in an impartial and philanthropical estimate, included the smallest evil. At another time I was haunted with doubts. But in spite of these variations of sentiment, I uniformly determined to persist! I felt as if impelled by a tide of unconquerable impulse. The consequences were such as might well appal the stoutest heart. Either the ignominious execution of a man whom I had once so deeply venerated, and whom now I sometimes suspected not to be without his claims to veneration; or a confirmation, perhaps an increase, of the calamities I had so long endured. Yet these I preferred to a state of uncertainty. I desired to know the worst; to put an end to the hope, however faint, which had been so long my torment; and, above all, to exhaust and finish the catalogue of expedients that were at my disposition. My mind was worked up to a state little short of frenzy. My body was in a burning fever with the agitation of my thoughts. When I laid my hand upon my bosom or my head, it seemed to scorch them with the fervency of its heat. I could not sit still for a moment. I panted with incessant desire that the dreadful crisis I had so eagerly invoked were come, and were over.

After an interval of three days, I met Mr. Falkland in the presence of the magistrate to whom I had applied upon the subject. I had only two hours' notice to prepare myself; Mr. Falkland seeming as eager as I to have the question brought to a crisis, and laid at rest for ever. I had an opportunity, before the examination, to learn that Mr. Forester was drawn by some business on an excursion on the continent; and that Collins, whose health when I saw him was in a very precarious state, was at this time confined with an alarming illness. His constitution had been wholly broken by his West Indian expedition. The audience I met at the house of the magistrate consisted of several gentlemen and others selected for the purpose; the plan being, in some respects, as in the former instance, to find a medium between the suspicious air of a private examination, and the indelicacy, as it was styled, of an examination exposed to the remark of every casual spectator.

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr. Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost-like, and wild, energy in his gestures, and frenzy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless; his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance; immediately after which he sunk back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks; but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered he insisted upon being conveyed, with all practical expedition, to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Till the moment that Falkland was presented to my view my breast was steeled to pity. I thought that I had coolly entered into the reason of the case (passion, in a state of solemn and omnipotent vehemence, always appears to be coolness to him in whom it domineers), and that I had determined impartially and justly. I believed that, if Mr. Falkland were permitted to persist in his schemes, we must both of us be completely wretched. I believed that it was in my power, by the resolution I had formed, to throw my share of this wretchedness from me, and that his could scarcely be increased. It appeared therefore to my mind, to be a mere piece of equity and justice, such as an impartial spectator would desire, that one person should be miserable in preference to two; that one person rather than two should be incapacitated from acting his part, and contributing his share to the general welfare. I thought that in this business I had risen superior to personal

considerations, and judged with a total neglect of the suggestions of self-regard. It is true, Mr. Falkland was mortal; but, notwithstanding his apparent decay, he might live long. Ought I to submit to waste the best years of my life in my present wretched situation? He had declared that his reputation should be for ever inviolate; this was his ruling passion, the thought that worked his soul to madness. He would probably therefore leave a legacy of persecution, to be received by me from the hands of Gines, or some other villain equally atrocious, when he should himself be no more. Now or never was the time for me to redeem my future life from endless woe.

But all these fine-spun reasonings vanished before the object that was now presented to me. "Shall I trample upon a man thus dreadfully reduced? Shall I point my animosity against one whom the system of nature has brought down to the grave? Shall I poison, with sounds the most intolerable to his ears, the last moments of a man like Falkland? It is impossible. There must have been some dreadful mistake in the train of argument that persuaded me to be the author of this hateful scene. There must have been a better and more magnanimous remedy to the evils under which I groaned."

It was too late: the mistake I had committed was now gone past all power of recall. Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and, thus situated, I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I however believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr. Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr. Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began:—

"Why cannot I recall the last four days of my life? How was it possible for me to be so eager, so obstinate, in a purpose so diabolical? Oh, that I had listened to the expostulations of the magistrate that hears me, or submitted to the well-meant despotism of his authority! Hitherto I have been only miserable; henceforth I shall account myself base! Hitherto, though hardly treated by mankind, I stood acquitted at the bar of my own conscience. I had not filled up the measure of my wretchedness!

"Would it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word! I would brave the consequences—I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr. Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr. Falkland himself, forbid me. He, in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart.

"No penitence, no anguish, can expiate the folly and the cruelty of this last act I have perpetrated. But Mr. Falkland well knows—I affirm it in his presence—how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have reverenced him; he was worthy of reverence: I have loved him; he was endowed with qualities that partook of divine.

"From the first moment I saw him, I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fulness of my affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune.

"What shall I say?—He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel; he suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing that they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty. After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale!

"Mr. Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burden to me; it was the extremest folly that led me unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and to conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct.

"You began in confidence; why did you not continue in confidence? The evil that resulted from my original imprudence would then have been comparatively little. You threatened me: did I then betray you? A word from my lips at that time would have freed me from your threats for ever. I bore them for a considerable period, and at last quitted your service, and threw myself a fugitive upon the world in silence. Why did you not suffer me to depart? You brought me back by stratagem and violence, and wantonly accused me of an

enormous felony! Did I then mention a syllable of the murder, the secret of which was in my possession?

"Where is the man that has suffered more from the injustice of society than I have done? I was accused of a villany that my heart abhorred. I was sent to jail. I will not enumerate the horrors of my prison, the lightest of which would make the heart of humanity shudder. I looked forward to the gallows! Young, ambitious, fond of life, innocent as the child unborn, I looked forward to the gallows! I believed that one word of resolute accusation against my patron would deliver me, yet I was silent; I armed myself with patience, uncertain whether it were better to accuse or to die. Did this show me a man unworthy to be trusted?

"I determined to break out of prison. With infinite difficulty, and repeated miscarriages, I at length effected my purpose. Instantly a proclamation, with a hundred guineas reward, was issued for apprehending me. I was obliged to take shelter among the refuse of mankind, in the midst of a gang of thieves. I encountered the most imminent peril of my life when I entered this retreat, and when I quitted it. Immediately after, I travelled almost the whole length of the kingdom, in poverty and distress, in hourly danger of being re-taken and manacled like a felon. I would have fled my country; I was prevented. I had recourse to various disguises; I was innocent, and yet was compelled to as many arts and subterfuges as could have been entailed on the worst of villains. In London I was as much harassed and as repeatedly alarmed as I had been in my flight through the country. Did all these persecutions persuade me to put an end to my silence? No: I suffered them with patience and submission; I did not make one attempt to retort them upon their author.

"I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants that are nourished with human blood. In this terrible situation I for the first time attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt.

"I soon, and long, repented of my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage.

"I acknowledge that, in various ways, Mr. Falkland showed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first; he contributed towards my subsistence during my detention; he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me; he at length procured my discharge, when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation.

"The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr. Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene.

"I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr. Falkland, if I had told to him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must ultimately have depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure that, if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety, in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty?

"Mr. Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes; in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkinses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and the fervour in which the whole soul is poured out. I despaired, while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth.

"I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world, that Mr. Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious

of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me, and embitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting I have been a murderer —a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer.—I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please! I ask no favour. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!"

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity; for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man? Before I began he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the murder I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed, lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him thus, as it might be, to the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and—to my infinite astonishment—threw himself into my arms!

"Williams," said he, "you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault and not yours—that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be for ever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs; but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now,"—turning to the magistrate—"and now, do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law. You cannot inflict on me more than I deserve. You cannot hate me more than I hate myself. I am the most execrable of all villains. I have for many years (I know not how long) dragged on a miserable existence in insupportable pain. I am at last, in recompense for all my labours and my crimes, dismissed from it with the disappointment of my only remaining hope—the destruction of that for the sake of which alone I consented to exist. It was worthy of such a life, that it should continue just long enough to witness this final overthrow. If however you wish to punish me, you must be speedy in your justice; for, as reputation was the blood that warmed my heart, so I feel that death and infamy must seize me together."

I record the praises bestowed on me by Falkland, not because I deserved them, but because they serve to aggravate the baseness of my cruelty. He survived this dreadful scene but three days. I have been his murderer. It was fit that he should praise my patience, who has fallen a victim, life and fame, to my precipitation! It would have been merciful in comparison if I had planted a dagger in his heart. He would have thanked me for my kindness. But, atrocious, execrable wretch that I have been! I wantonly inflicted on him an anguish a thousand times worse than death. Meanwhile I endure the penalty of my crime. His figure is ever in imagination before me. Waking or sleeping, I still behold him. He seems mildly to expostulate with me for my unfeeling behaviour. I live the devoted victim of conscious reproach. Alas! I am the same Caleb Williams that, so short a time ago, boasted that, however great were the calamities I endured, I was still innocent.

Such has been the result of a project I formed for delivering myself from the evil that had so long attended me. I thought that, if Falkland were dead, I should return once again to all that makes life worth possessing. I thought that, if the guilt of Falkland were established, fortune and the world would smile upon my efforts. Both these events are accomplished; and it is now only that I am truly miserable.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A BISHOP.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Here followeth the history of HATTO, Archbishop of Mentz.

It happened in the year 914 that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho, surnamed the Great, was emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two-and-thirtieth, of the archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto, in the time of this great famine aforementioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a barn, and, like a most accursed and merciless caitiff, burned up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelate to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease if those unprofitable beggars, that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were despatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corn. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks' quarrel, did not long suffer this heinous tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of mice against the archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the prelate, thinking that he should be secure from the injury of mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the town, betook himself into the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troops of mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swam unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those silly creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and gnawed his very name from the walls and tapestry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the mice is shown to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious prelate, being situate in a little green island in the midst of the Rhine, near to the town of Bing,[1] and is commonly called in the German tongue, the MOWSE-TURN.—CORYAT'S *Crudities*, p. 571, 572.

Other authors who record this tale say that the bishop was eaten by rats.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell,
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day,
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

"I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm,
"My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be,
"Fly! my lord bishop, fly," quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way,—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday."

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany,
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes;—
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd;—it was only the cat:
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she was screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,

[1] *Hodie* Bingen.

And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones,
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

LADY BETTY'S POCKET-BOOK.

[R. Sullivan, a miscellaneous writer for the annuals and magazines between 1825–35. He was the author of *The Lovers' Quarrels*.]

I passed my five-and-twentieth birthday at Oakenshade. Sweet sentimental age! Dear, deeply-regretted place. Oakenshade is the fairest child of Father Thames, from Gloucestershire to Blackwall. She is the very queen of cottages, for she has fourteen best bedrooms, and stabling for a squadron. Her trees are the finest in Europe, and her inhabitants the fairest in the world. Her old mistress is the Lady Bountiful of the country, and her young mistresses are its pride. Lady Barbara is black-eyed and hyacinthine, Lady Betty blue-eyed and Madonna-like.

In situations of this kind it is absolutely necessary for a man to fall in love, and in due compliance with the established custom, I fell in love both with Lady Betty and Lady Barbara. Now Barbara was a soft-hearted, high-minded rogue, and pretended, as I thought, not to care for me, that she might not interfere with the interests of her sister; and Betty was a reckless, giddy-witted baggage, who cared for nobody and nothing upon earth, except the delightful occupation of doing what she pleased. Accordingly, we became the Romeo and Juliet of the place, excepting that I never could sigh, and she never could apostrophize. Nevertheless, we loved terribly. Oh, what a time was that! I will just give a sample of a day.—We rose at seven (it was July), and wandered amongst moss roses, velvet lawns, and sequestered summer-houses, till the lady-mother summoned us to the breakfast-table. I know not how it was, but the footman on these occasions always found dear Barbara absent on a butterfly chase, gathering flowers, or feeding her pet robin, and Betty and myself on a sweet honeysuckle seat just large enough to hold two, and hidden round a happy corner as snug as a bird's nest. The moment the villain came within hearing, I used to begin, in an audible voice, to discourse upon the beauties of nature, and Betty allowed me to be the best moral philosopher of the age. After breakfast we used to retire to the young ladies' study, in which blest retreat I filled some hundred pages of their albums, whilst Betty looked over my shoulder, and Barbara hammered with all her might upon the grand piano, that we might not be afraid to talk. I was acknowledged to be the prince of poets and riddle-mongers, and in the graphic art I was a prodigy perfectly unrivalled. *Sans doute*, I was a little overrated. My riddles were so plain, and my metaphors so puzzling—and then my trees were like mountains, and my men were like monkeys. But love had such penetrating optics! Lady Betty could perceive beauties to which the rest of the world were perfectly blind. Then followed our "equestrian exercises." Now Barbara was a good horsewoman, and Betty was a bad one; consequently, Barbara rode a pony, and Betty rode a donkey; consequently, Barbara rode a mile before, and Betty rode a mile behind; and consequently, it was absolutely necessary for me to keep fast hold of Betty's hand, for fear she should tumble off. Thus did we journey through wood and through valley, by flood and by field, through the loveliest and most love-making scenes that ever figured in rhyme or on canvas. The trees never looked so green, the flowers never smelt so sweetly, and the exercise and the fears of her high-mettled palfrey gave my companion a blush which is quite beyond the reach of simile. Of course, we always lost ourselves, and trusted to Barbara to guide us home, which she generally did by the most circuitous routes she could find. At dinner the lady-mother would inquire what had become of us, but none of us could tell where we had been, excepting Barbara.

"Why Betty, my dear, you understood our geography well enough when you were guide to our good old friend, the general!"

Ah, but Betty found it was quite a different thing to be guide to her good young friend, the captain; and her explanation was generally a zigzag sort of performance, which outdid the

best riddle of her album. It was the custom of the lady-mother to take a nap after dinner, and having a due regard for her, we always left her to this enjoyment as soon as possible. Sometimes we floated in a little skiff down the broad and tranquil river, which, kindled by the setting sun, moved onward like a stream of fire, tuning our voices to glees and duets, till the nightingales themselves were astonished. Oh, the witchery of bright eyes at sunset and music on the water! Sometimes we stole through the cavernous recesses of the old oak wood, conjuring up fawns and satyrs at every step, and sending Barbara to detect the deceptions, and play at hide and seek with us. At last our mistress the moon would open her eye and warn us home, where, on the little study sofa, we watched her progress, and repeated sweet poesy. Many a time did I long to break the footman's head when he brought the lights and announced the tea. The lady-mother never slept after this, and the business of the day was ended.

Things went on in this way for a week or ten days, and Lady Betty appeared to have less spirits, and a more serious and languid air than heretofore. There was now nothing hoydenish in her behaviour, and instead of the upper lip curling with scorn, the under one was dropping with sentiment. Her voice was not so loud, and fell in a gentler cadence, and the Madonna braid was festooned with a more exquisite grace. When I besought her to let me hear the subject of her thoughts, the little budget was always of so mournful a description, that I could not choose but use my tenderest mode of comforting her. She had, she knew not why, become more serious. She supposed it was because she was growing older, she hoped it was because she was growing better. In fine, she had determined to mend her life, and appointed me master of the ceremonies to her conscience, which, sooth to say, had been in a woful state of anarchy.

I could not, of course, have any doubt that my sweet society had been the cause of this metamorphosis, and I congratulated myself with fervency. She was becoming the very pattern for a wife, and I contemplated in her the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children. It was cruel to postpone my declaration, but though I have no Scotch blood in my veins, I was always a little given to caution. Lady Betty had been a sad madcap, and might not this be a mere freak of the moment? Besides there was a charm about the very uncertainty which a declared lover has no idea of, so I determined to observe, and act with deliberation.

Our pastimes continued the same as before, and our interchanges of kindness increased. Amongst other things, Lady Betty signalized me by a purse and pencil case, and in return was troubled with an extreme longing for a lilac and gold pocket-book, in which I was sometimes rash enough to note down my fugitive thoughts. It had been given me by—no matter whom—there was nothing on earth that I would not have sacrificed to Lady Betty. She received it in both her hands, pressed it to her bosom, and promised faithfully that she would pursue the plan I had adopted in it; casting up her delinquencies at the end of the year to see what might be amended.

Alas! the pinnacle of happiness is but a sorry resting-place, from which the chief occupation of mankind is to push one another headlong! Of my own case I have particular reason to complain, for I was precipitated from the midst of my burning, palpitating existence by the veriest blockhead in life. He came upon us like the simoom, devastating every green spot in his progress, and leaving our hearts a blank. In short, he was a spark of quality, who drove four bloods, and cut his own coats. His visage was dangerously dissipated and cadaverous, his figure as taper as a fishing-rod, and his manner had a *je ne sais quoi* of languid impertinence which was a great deal too overwhelming. Altogether, he was a gallant whose incursion would have caused me very considerable uneasiness, had I not felt secure that my mistress was already won.

I shall never forget the bustle which was occasioned by the arrival of this worthy. He was some sort of connection of the lady-mother, thought himself privileged to come without invitation, and declared his intention of remaining till he was tired. He ordered the servants about, and gave directions for his accommodation precisely as if he had been at home, and scarcely deigned to tender his forefinger to the ladies, till he had made himself perfectly comfortable. When I was introduced from the back-ground, from which I had been scowling with indignation and amazement, he regarded my commonplace appearance with careless contempt; made me a bow as cold as if it had come from Lapland, and, in return, received one from the North Pole. I considered that he was usurping all my rights in the establishment; perfect freedom with Betty and Barbara were a violation of my private property, and I even grudged him his jokes with the lady-mother. We were foes from first sight.

Lady Betty saw how the spirit was working within me, and hastened to prevent its effervescence. She gave me one of her overpowering looks, and besought me to assist her in being civil to him; for, in truth, the attentions of common politeness had already completely exhausted her. I was quite charmed with the vexation she felt at his intrusion, and loved her a thousand times better because she detested him. His visit, indeed, had such an effect upon her, that before the day was over she complained to me, in confidence, of being seriously unwell.

From this time the whole tenor of our amusements was revolutionized. Lady Betty's illness was not fancied; she was too weak to ride her donkey, too qualmish to go inside the barouche, which was turned out every day to keep the bloods in wind, and nothing agreed with her delicate health but being mounted on the box beside Lord S——. The evenings passed off as heavily as the mornings. Lady Barbara used to ask me to take the usual stroll with her; and Lady Betty, being afraid to venture upon the damp grass, was again left to the mercy of Lord S——, to whom walking was a low-lifed amusement, for which he had no taste. The lady-mother, as usual, had her sleeping-fits; and when we returned, we invariably found things in disorder. The candles had not been lighted, the tea-things had not been brought in, and Lord S—— had turned sulky with his bottle, and was sitting quietly with Lady Betty. I felt for her more than I can express, and could not, for the life of me, conceive where she picked up patience to be civil to him. She even affected to be delighted with his conversation, and her good breeding was beyond all praise.

With such an example of endurance before me, and the pacific promises which I had made, I could not avoid wearing a benevolent aspect. Indeed, though the enemy had effectually cut off the direct communication of sentiment between us, I was not altogether without my triumphs and secret satisfactions. The general outline which I have given was occasionally intersected with little episodes which were quite charming. For instance, Lady Betty used constantly to employ me upon errands to her mother, who was usually absent in her private room, manufacturing caudle and flannel petticoats for the workhouse. When I returned, she would despatch me to her sister, who was requiring my advice upon her drawing, in the study; and thus Lord S—— could not fail to observe the familiar terms we were upon, and that we perfectly understood each other. What gave me more pleasure than all was, that he must see I had no fears of leaving my liege lady alone with him, which must have galled him to the quick. When she had no other means of showing her devotion to me, she would produce the lilac pocket-book, and pursue the work of amendment which I had suggested to her; indeed, this was done with a regularity which, when I considered her former hair-brained character, I knew could only be sustained by the most ardent attachment. My pride and my passion increased daily.

At last, by a happy reverse of fortune, I was led to look for the termination of my trials. Lord S—— was a personage of too great importance to the nation to be permitted to enjoy his own peace and quiet, and his bilious visage was required to countenance mighty concerns in other parts. His dressing case was packed up, and the barouche was ordered to the door, but poor Lady Betty was still doomed to be a sufferer; she was, somehow or other, hampered with an engagement to ride with him as far as the village, in order to pay a visit for her mother to the charity-school, and I saw her borne off, the most bewitching example of patience and resignation. I did not offer to accompany them, for I thought it would have looked like jealousy, but engaged, in answer to a sweetly-whispered invitation, to meet her in her walk back.

When I returned to the drawing-room, Barbara and the lady-mother were absent on their usual occupations, and I sat down for a moment of happy reflection on the delights which awaited me; my heart was tingling with anticipation, and every thought was poetry. A scrap of paper lay upon the table, and was presently enriched with a sonnet on each side, which I had the vanity to think were quite good enough to be transferred to Lady Betty's most beloved and lilac pocket-book. I raised my eyes, and lo! in the bustle of parting with Lord S——, she had forgotten to deposit it in her desk. What an agreeable surprise it would be for her to find how I had been employed! How fondly would she thank me for such a delicate mode of showing my attention! The sonnets were written in my best hand, and I was about to close the book, when I was struck with the extreme beauty of Lady Betty's caligraphy. Might I venture to peruse a page or so, and enjoy the luxury of knowing her private thoughts of me? Nay, was it not evidently a sweet little finesse to teach me the secrets of her heart, and should I not mortify her exceedingly if I neglected to take advantage of it? This reflection was quite

sufficient, and I commenced the chronicle of her innocent cogitations forthwith. It began with noting the day of the month on which I had presented the gift, and stated prettily the plan of improvement which I had suggested. The very first memorandum contained her reasons for loving her dear M——. I pressed the book to my lips, and proceeded to

"REASON THE FIRST.

"A good temper is better in a companion than a great wit. If dear M—— is deficient in the latter it is not his fault, and his excellence in the former makes ample amends."

How! As much as to say I am a good-natured fool. Was there no other construction? No error of the press? None. The context assured me that I was not mistaken.

"REASON THE SECOND.

"Personal beauty is not requisite in a husband; and if he is a little mistaken in his estimate of himself in this respect, it will make him happy, and save me the trouble of labouring for that end."

Conceited and ill-favoured! My head began to swim.

"REASON THE THIRD.

"I have been told that very passionate attachments between married people are productive of much disquietude and jealousy. The temperate regard, therefore, which I feel for dear M—— argues well for the serenity of our lives.—Heigh-ho!"

Furies!

"REASON THE FOURTH.

"I have sometimes doubted whether this temperate regard be really love; but, as pity is next a-kin to love, and I pity him on so many points, I think I cannot be mistaken."

Pity!

"REASON THE FIFTH.

"I pity him, because it is necessary that I should place him on the shelf during Lord S——'s visit, for fear S—— should be discouraged by appearances, and not make the declaration which I have been so long expecting."

Place me on the shelf!!

"REASON THE SIXTH.

"I pity him, because if S—— really comes forward, I shall be obliged to submit poor dear M—— to the mortification of a dismissal."

!!!

"REASON THE SEVENTH.

"I pity him, because he is so extremely kind and obliging in quitting the room whenever his presence becomes troublesome."

!!!!

"REASON THE EIGHTH.

"I pity him, because his great confidence in my affection makes him appear so ridiculous, and because S—— laughs at him."

!!!!!

"REASON THE NINTH.

"I pity him, because, if I do ultimately marry him, S—— will tell everybody that it is only because I could not obtain the barouche and four.—Heigh—heigh-ho."

!!!!!!

"REASON THE TENTH.

"I pity him, because he has so kindly consented to meet me on my return from the charity-school, without once suspecting that I go to give S—— a last opportunity. He is really a very good young man.—Ah, well-a-day!"—

And ah, well-a-day!!!!!! &c. &c.—Let no man henceforth endeavour to enjoy the luxury of his mistress's secret thoughts.

I closed the book and walked to the window. The river flowed temptingly beneath. Would it be best to drown myself or shoot myself? Or would it be best to take horse after the barouche, and shoot Lord S——? I was puzzled with the alternatives. It was absolutely necessary that *somebody* should be put to death, but my confusion was too great to decide upon the victim.

At this critical juncture of my fate, when I was wavering between the gallows and "a grave where four roads meet," Lady Barbara came dancing in, to request my assistance upon her drawing. She was petrified at my suicidal appearance, and, indeed, seemed in doubt whether the act of immolation had not been already effected. Her fears rushed in crimson to her cheeks, as she inquired the cause of my disorder; and her beauty, and the interesting concern she expressed, cast an entire new light upon me. I would be revenged on Lady Betty in a manner far more cutting than either drowning or shooting. Barbara was the prettiest by far—Barbara was the best by infinity. Sweet, simple, gentle Barbara! How generously had she sacrificed her feelings, and given me up to her sister! How happy was I to have it in my power to reward her for it. *She* now should be the partner of my declining years,

the soother of my cares, the mother of my children; and as for Lady Betty, I renounced her. I found that my heart had all along been Barbara's, and I congratulated myself upon being brought to my senses.

The business was soon opened, and we were all eloquence and blushes. I expressed my warm admiration of her self-denial and affection for her sister; hinted at my knowledge of her sentiments for myself; explained every particular of my passion, prospects, and genealogy, fixed upon our place of residence, and allotted her pin-money. It was now Barbara's turn.

"She was confused—she was distressed—she feared—she hoped—she knew not what to say." She paused for composure, and I waited in an ecstasy.

"Why," I exclaimed, "why will you hesitate, my own, my gentle Barbara? Let me not lose one delicious word of this heavenly confession." Barbara regained her courage.

"Indeed, then—indeed, and indeed—I have been engaged to my cousin for more than three years!"

This was a stroke upon which I had never once calculated, and my astonishment was awful. Barbara then was not in love with me after all, and the concern which I had felt for her blighted affections was altogether erroneous! I had made the proposal to be revenged on Lady Betty, and my disappointment had completely turned the tables upon me. Instead of bringing her to shame, I was ashamed of myself, and my mortification made me feel as though she had heaped a new injury upon me. What I said upon the occasion I cannot precisely remember, and if I could, I doubt whether my reader would be able to make head or tail of it. I concluded, however, with my compliments to the lady-mother, and an urgent necessity to decamp. Barbara knew not whether she ought to laugh or to cry. I gave her no time to recover herself, for Betty would be home presently, and it was material to be off before they had an opportunity of comparing notes. In three minutes I was mounted on my horse, and again ruminating on the various advantages of hanging, drowning, and shooting.

I thought I had got clear off; but at the end of the lawn I was fated to encounter the bewitching smile of Lady Betty, on her return from the village. Her words were brimming with tenderness, and her delight to be rid of that odious Lord S—— was beyond measure. It had quite restored her health; she was able to recommence her rides, and would order the donkey to be got ready immediately.

So then, it appeared that the drive to the charity school had not answered the purpose after all, and I was to be the *locum tenens* of Lady Betty's affections till the arrival of a new acquaintance. I know not whether my constitution is different from that of other people. A pretty face is certainly a terrible criterion of a man's resolution; but for the honour of manhood I contrived for once to be superior to its fascinations. To adhere strictly to truth, I must confess, however humiliating the confession may be, that this dignified behaviour was very materially sustained by the transactions with Lady Barbara, for the consequence of whose communications there was no answering. I declined the donkey ride, looked a most explanatory look of reproach, and declared my necessity of returning to town. Lady Betty was amazed—remonstrated—entreated—looked like an angel—and finally put her handkerchief to her eyes. There was no standing this.

"I go," said I, "I go, because it is proper to quit whenever my *presence becomes troublesome*—I will not oblige you to *put me on the shelf*—I will not be too encroaching upon your *temperate regard*—*Heigh—heigh-ho!*"

With that I plunged my spurs into my steed, and vanished at full gallop.

It was long before I heard anything more of Oakenshade or its inhabitants. In the middle of the following December I received a piece of wedding-cake from the gentle Barbara, and in the same packet a letter from Lady Betty.

She had written instead of mamma, who was troubled with a gouty affection in the hand. She spoke much (and I have no doubt sincerely) of the cruel separation from her sister. Touched feelingly upon the happiness of the time I had spent at Oakenshade, and trusted she might venture to claim a week of me at Christmas. She was truly sorry that she had no inducement to hold out beyond the satisfaction of communicating happiness, which she knew was always a paramount feeling with me. She was all alone, and wretched in the long evenings when mamma went to sleep; and reverted plaintively and prettily to the little study and the ghost stories. As for the lilac pocket-book, she had cast up her follies and misdemeanours, and found the total, even *before* the end of the year, so full of shame and repentance that she had incontinently thrown it into the fire, trusting to my kindness to give her another with fresh advice. Dear Lady Betty! my resentment was long gone by—I had long felt a conviction that her little follies were blameless, and not at all uncommon;

and I vow, that had her happiness depended upon me, I would have done anything to insure it. I was obliged, however, to send an excuse for the present, for I had only been married a week.

THE INVITATION.

[Cornelius Webbe, miscellaneous writer, and author of *Posthumous Papers of a Person about Town; Lyric Leaves; Glances at Life in City and Suburb;* &c. He was for many years proof-reader of the *Quarterly Review*. "He has feeling and fancy—an eye and a heart for nature."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*]

Mary, when the sun is down,
Steal unnoticed from the town,
Through the dew of daisied green,
Like a shadow dimly seen,
Unto where the lilied-rill
Winds around the woody hill,—
Giving to thy lover's arms,
Truth, and youth, and sacred charms.

When the night doth darken eve,
Thou thy bower mayst safely leave:—
Thou canst have no dread of night,
Having thoughts as pure as light!
Vice may then not be a-bed,
But the wicked have a dread
Of a chaste-eyed maiden's frown,
That keeps ruder passions down.

When the bat hath tired his wing,
And the cricket ceased to sing,
And the sad, sweet nightingale
'Gins to tell her tender tale;
Steal thy path across the green,
Like a shadow dimly seen,
Or a late-returning dove
Winging lonely to her love.

When the first star of the night
Beams with rays of ruddy light,
(Like the lashes of thine eyes
Startling sleep, that sweetly lies
As the bee upon his bed,
Nestling by a blue-bell's head,)
Steal thy way through green and grove,
Silent as the moon doth move.

When the dew is on our feet,
Then the woodland walk is sweet:
When no eye but Heaven's doth see,
Then 'tis sweet with thee to be:
We have passed long hours alone,
Overseen and heard by none;
And may wile a many more,
Till our life, not love, be o'er.

CHANGEABLE CHARLIE:

THE DOMINIE'S TALE.

[Andrew Picken, born in Paisley, 1788; died in London, 23d November, 1833. After various experiences in trade in the West Indies, in Ireland, Glasgow, and Liverpool, he settled in London as a professional author in 1826. His works obtained a fair portion of success, and he was rapidly winning a good position in literature when he was suddenly stricken by apoplexy. He wrote: *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*, in which first appeared, *Mary Ogilvie; The Sectarian, or The Church and the Meeting House*, a novel; *The Dominie's Legacy*, a collection of tales, from which we quote; *Travels and Researches of English Missionaries; The Club Book*, a collection of tales to which G. P. R. James, D. M. Moir, John Galt, Tyrone Power, James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, and William Jerdan contributed; *The Canadas*, compiled from memoranda supplied by Galt; *Waltham*, a romance; and *The Black Watch*, a novel completed shortly before the author's death, and containing the history of the 42d Regiment.]

Really when I come to think on the various fortunes of my pupils after they went from under my charge, I am as much diverted and moved to laughter at the ways and proceedings that were followed out by some, as I am sobered into sorrow at the sad and pathetic fate that befell several others. If I could say conscientiously, that the wisest man always turned to be the happiest or the most fortunate, greatly should I be gratified. But truly, it hath never consisted with the little philosophy that I have gathered in going about the world, to deal much in general rules or specified conclusions; and I have often from my observations been rather tempted to say, with the proverb-making king, that folly was in some cases better than wisdom, and lightness of heart more to be envied than sobriety and sense.

It was in the early part of my life, when I was yet in the apprenticeship of my fortune, that I had the teaching of a pleasant boy, whose name was Charlie Cheap. Charlie's father was a weel-speeked witless body, who kept a shop in the largest village near; and having made money by mere want of sense, and selling of the jigs and jags of a country town, was called by the name of John Cheap the Chapman, after the classical story of that personage with which we used to be diverted when we were children: so the old man, seeing indications of genius in his son, sent the lad to me to finish his education.

There was not a better-liked boy in the whole school than Charlie Cheap; for though he never would learn anything effectually, and was the head and ringleader of every trick

that was hatched, he had such a laughing happy disposition, and took his very punishment so good-humouredly, that it went to my heart to think of chastising him; and as for the fool's cap and the broom sceptre, they were no punishment to him, for he never seemed better pleased than when he had them on; and when mounted thus on the top of the black stool, he seemed so delighted, and pulled such faces at the rest of the boys, that no mortal flesh could stand to their gravity near him, and my seat of learning was in danger of becoming a perfect hobbleshew of diversion. How to master this was past my power. But Charlie's versatility ended it by his own will, and before he was half learned in his preliminary humanities, his father and he had taken some scheme into their heads, and he was removed from me and sent to the college.

I know not how it was, but for several years I lost sight of Charlie, until I heard that his father was dead, and that he was now a grown man, and was likely to make a great fortune. This news was no surprise to me, for I now began to make the observation, that the greatest fools that I had the honour of preparing for the world most generally became the wealthiest men.

It was one day when on a summer tramp, that entering a decentish town, and looking about at the shop windows, I began to bethink me of the necessity that had befallen upon me, by the tear and wear of the journey, of being at the expense of a new hat, so I entered a magazine of miscellaneous commodities, when who should astonish me in the person of the shopkeeper, but my old pupil, Charlie Cheap. "Merciful me! Charlie," said I, "who would have expected to find you at this trade! I thought you had gone to the college to serve your time for a minister of the gospel."

"Indeed," said Charlie, "that was once the intent, but, in truth, my head got rather confused with the lair and the logic. I had not the least conjugality to the Greek conjugations, and when I came to the Hebrew that is read every word backwards, faith, I could neither read it backwards nor forwards, and fairly stuck, and grew a sticked minister. But I had long begun to see that the minister trade was but a poor business, and that a man might wait for the mustard till the meat was all eaten, and so I just took up a chop like my father before me; and faith, Mr. Dominie, I'm making a fortune."

"Well," said I, "I am really happy to hear it, and I hope, besides that, that you like your employment."

"I'm quite delighted with the chop-keeping, Mr. Balgownie; a very different life from chapping verbs in a cauld college. Besides, I am a respected man in the town; nothing but Mr. Cheap here and Mrs. Cheap there, and ladies coming in at all hours of the day, and bowing and becking to me—and throwing the money to me across the counter;—I would not wonder if they should make me a bailie yet."

"Well, I am really delighted too," said I: "and from my knowledge of bailies, I would not wonder in the least—so good bye, Mr. Cheap. I think this hat looks very well on me."

"Makes you ten years younger, sir—good bye! wish you your health to wear it."

It might be a twelvemonth after that, I was plodding along a country road some ten miles from the forementioned town, when looking over the hedge by my side I saw a team of horses pulling a plough towards me; and my cogitations were disturbed by the yo-ing and yau-ing of the man who followed it. Something struck me that I knew the voice, and when the last of the men came up I discovered, under the plush waistcoat and farmer's bonnet, my old friend Charlie Cheap.

"Soul and conscience!" cried he, thrusting his clay hand through the hedge and grasping mine—"if this is not my old master the dominie!" and truly, he gave me the farmer's gripe, as if my hand had been made of cast metal.

"What are you doing here, Charlie?" said I. "Why are you not minding your shop instead of marching there in the furrows at the plough-tail?"

"Chop," said he, "what chop? Na, na, Dominie, I've gotten a better trade by the hand."

"It cannot be possible, Charlie, that ye've turned farmer?"

"Whether it be possible or no, it is true," said Charlie; "but dinna be standing there whistling through the hedge, but come in by the slap at the corner, and ye shall taste my wife's treacle ale."

"Well really," said I, when I had got down into the farm-house, "this is the most marvellous change."

"No change to speak of," said he; "do ye think I was going to be tied up to haberdrabbery all my days? No, no, I knew I had a genius for farming, the chop-keeping grew flat and unprofitable, a chield from England set up next door to me, so a country customer took a fancy for a town life. I sold him my stock in trade, and he sold me the stock on

his farm. He stepped in behind the counter, and I got behind the plough; so here I am, happier than ever; besides, harkie! I am making money fast."

"Are you really? But how do you know that?"

"Can I not count my ten fingers? Have I not figured it on black and white over and over again? There's great profits with management such as mine, that I can assure you, sir."

"But how could you possibly learn farming? That, I believe, is not taught at college."

"Pooh! my friend; I can learn anything. Besides, my wife's mother was a farmer's daughter, and Lizzy herself understands farming already, as if she was reared to it. She makes all the butter, and the children drink all the milk, and we live so happy: birds singing in the morning—cows lowing at night—drinking treacle ale all day; and nothing to do but watch the corn growing. In short, farming is the natural state of man. Adam and Eve were a farmer and his wife, just like me and Lizzy Cheap!"

"But you'll change again shortly, I am afraid, Mr. Cheap!"

"That's impossible, for I've got a nineteen years' lease. I'll grow gray as a farmer. Well, good bye, Dominie. Be sure you give us a call the next time ye pass, and get a drink of our treacle ale."

"Well, really this is the most extraordinary thing," said I to myself, as I walked up the lane from the farm-house. "I shall be curious to ascertain of his going to stick to the farming till he's ruined."

I thought no more of Changeable Charlie for above a year, when, coming towards the same neighbourhood, I resolved to go a short distance out of my way to pay him a visit. My road lay across a clear country stream which winded along a pleasant green valley beneath me; and as I drew near the rustic bridge, my ear caught the lively sound of a waterfall, which murmured from a picturesque spot among opening woods, a little way above the bridge. A little mill-race, with its narrow channel of deep level water, next attracted my notice; and presently after, the regular splash of a water-wheel and the boom of a corn-mill became objects of my meditative observation. The mill looked so quaint and rustic by the stream, the banks were so green and the water so clear, that I was tempted to wander towards it, down from the bridge, just to make the whole a subject of closer observation.

A barefooted girl came forth from the house and stared in my face, as a Scottish lassie may be supposed to do at a reasonable man. "Can you tell me," said I, willing to make up an excuse for my intrusion, "if this road will lead me to the farm of Longriggs, which is occupied by one Mr. Cheap?" The lassie looked in my face with a thieveless smile, and without answering a word, took a bare-legged race into the mill. Presently, a great lumbering miller came out, like a walking bag of flower from beside the hopper, and I immediately saw he was going to address me.

Never did I see such a snowy man. His miller's hat was inch thick with flour; he whitened the green earth as he walked, the knees of his breeches were loose, and the stockings that hung about his heels would have made a hearty meal for a starving garrison.

"What can the impudent rascal be staring at?" I said, and I began to cast my eyes down on my person, to see if I could find any cause in my own appearance, that the miller and his lassie should thus treat me as a world's wonder.

"Ye were asking I think," he said, "after Charlie Cheap, of the Longriggs?"

"Yes," said I, "but his farm must be some miles from this. Perhaps as you are the miller of the neighbourhood, you can direct me the nearest road to it."

The burley scoundrel first lifted up his eye-winkers, which were clotted with flour, shook out about a pound of it from his bushy whiskers, and then burst into a laugh in my very face as loud as the neighing of a miller's horse.

"Ho, ho, hough!" grinned he, coughing upon me a shower of flour. "Is it possible, Dominie, that ye dinna ken me?" and opening a mouth at least as wide as his own hopper, I began to recognize the exaggerated features of Changeable Charlie.

"Well really," said I, gazing at his grin, and the hills of flour that arose from his cheeks, —"really this beats everything! and so, Charlie, ye're now turned into a miller."

"As sure's a gun!" said he. "Lord bless your soul, Dominie! do you think I could bear to spread dung and turn up dirt all my life? no! I have a soul above that. Besides, your miller is a man in power. He is an aristocrat over the farmers, and with the power has its privileges too, for he takes a multre out of every man's sack, and levies his revenues like a prime minister. No one gets so soon fat as those that live by the labour of others, as you may see; for the landed interest supports me by day, and my water-wheel works for me all night, so if I don't get rich now, the deuce is in it."

"I suppose," said I, following him into the mill, "you are just making a fortune."

"How can I help it?" said he, "making money while I sleep, for I hear the musical click of the hopper in my dreams, and my bairns learn their lessons by the jog of it. I wish every man who has passed a purgatory at college were just as happy as the miller and his wife. Is not that the case, Lizzy?" he added, addressing his better half, who now came forth hung round by children—"as the song goes,"

"Merry may the maid be that marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day, he's aye bringing till her—
His ample hand's in ilk man's pock,
His mill grinds muckle siller,
His wife is dressed in silk and lawn,
For he's aye bringing till her."

"But dear me, Mr. Cheap," said I, "what was it that put you out of the farm, where I thought you were so happy, and making a fortune?"

"I was as happy as a man could be, and making money too, and nothing put me out of the farm, although I was quite glad of the change, but just a penny of fair debt, the which, you know, is a good man's case—and a little argument about the rent. But everything turned out for the best, for Willie Happer, the former miller, just ran awa the same week: I got a dead bargain of the mill, and so I came in to reign in his stead. Am I not a fortunate man?"

"Never was a man so lucky," said I; "but do you really mean to be a waiter on a mill-hopper all your days?"

"As long as wood turns round and water runs; but, Lizzy," he added to his wife, "what are you standing glowering there for, and me like to choke. Gang and fetch us a jug of your best treacle ale."

"It surely cannot be," said I to myself when I had left the mill, "that Changeable Charlie will ever adopt a new profession now, but live and die a miller." I was, however, entirely mistaken in my calculation, as I found before I was two years older, and though I have not time, at this present sitting, to tell the whole of Charlie's story, and have a strong suspicion that my veracity might be put in jeopardy were I to condescend thereto, I am quite ready to take my oath, that after this I found him in not less than five different characters, in all of which he was equally happy and equally certain of making a fortune. Where the mutations of Charlie might have run to, and whether, to speak with a little agreeable stultification, he might not, like another remarkable man, have exhausted worlds, and then imagined new, it is impossible to predicate, if Fortune had not, in her usual injustice, put an end to his career of change, by leaving his wife Lizzy a considerable legacy.

The last character then that I found Charlie striving to enact, was that of a gentleman—that is, a man who has plenty of money to live upon, and nothing whatever to do. It did not appear, however, that Charlie's happiness was at all improved by this last change; for, besides that, it had taken from him all his private joys, in the *hope* of one day making a fortune, it had raised up a most unexpected enemy, in the shape of old father Time, whom he found it more troublesome and less hopeful to contend with, than all the obstacles that had formerly seemed to stand in his way to the making of an independent fortune.

When the legacy was first showered upon him, however, he seemed as happy under the dispensation as he had been before under any other of his changes. In the hey-day of his joy, he sent for me to witness his felicity, and to give him my advice as to the spending of his money. This invitation I was thoughtless enough to accept, but it was more that I might pick up a little philosophy out of what I should observe, than from any pleasure that I expected, or any good that I was likely to do. When I got to his house I was worried to death by all the fine things I was forced to look at, that had been sent to him from Jamaica, and all that from him and his wife I was forced to hear. I tried to impress him concerning the good that he might do with his money, in reference to many who sorely wanted it; but I found that he had too little feeling himself to understand the feelings of others, and that affliction had never yet driven a nail into his own flesh to open his heart to sympathy. Instead of entering into any rational plans, his wife and he laughed all day at nothing whatever, his children turned the house upside down in their ecstasy at being rich; and, in short, never before had I been so wearied at seeing people happy.

In all this, however, I heard not one single word of thankfulness for this unlooked-for deliverance from constant vicissitude, or one grateful expression to Providence for being so unreasonably kind to this family; while thousands around them struggled incessantly in ill-rewarded industry and unavailing anxiety. So I wound up the story of Changeable Charlie in reflective melancholy; for I had seen so many who would, for any little good fortune, have been most thankful and happy, yet never were

able to attain thereto; and I inclined to the sombre conclusion, that in this world the wise and virtuous man was often less fortunate, and generally less happy, than the fool.

FREELY GIVE.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—Matthew x. 8.
"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Acts xx. 35.

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give:—
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God, and the gift that he gave.

THE FOIL.

If we could see below,
The sphere of virtue, and each shining grace,
As plainly as that above doth show;
This were the better sky, the brighter place.

God hath made stars the foil
To set off virtues; griefs to set off sinning.
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PLAYS AND PURITANS.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Puritans held too exclusively to one pole of a double truth. They did so, no doubt, in their hatred of the drama. Their belief that human relations were, if not exactly sinful, at least altogether carnal and unspiritual, prevented their conceiving the possibility of any truly Christian drama, and led them at times into strange and sad errors, like that New England ukase of Cotton Mather's, who punished the woman who should kiss her infant on the Sabbath-day. Yet their extravagances on this point were but the honest revulsion from other extravagances on the opposite side. If the undistinguishing and immoral Autotheism of the playwrights, and the luxury and heathendom of the higher classes, first in Italy and then in England, were the natural revolt of the human mind against the Manichæism of Popish monkery, then the severity and exclusiveness of Puritanism was a natural and necessary revolt against that luxury and immorality: a protest for man's God-given superiority over nature, against that Naturalism which threatened to end in sheer brutality. While Italian prelates have found an apologist in Mr. Roscoe, and English playwrights in Mr. Gifford, the old Puritans, who felt and asserted, however extravagantly, that there was an eternal law which was above all Borgias and Machiavels, Stuarts and Fletchers, have surely a right to a fair trial. If they went too far in their contempt for humanity, certainly no one interfered to set them right. The Anglicans of that time, who held intrinsically the same anthropologic notions, and yet wanted the courage and sincerity to carry them out as honestly, neither could nor would throw any light upon the controversy; and the only class who sided with the poor playwrights in asserting that there were more things in man, and more excuses for man, than were dreamt of in Prynne's philosophy, were the Jesuit Casuists, who, by a fatal perverseness, used all their little knowledge of human nature to the same undesirable purpose as the playwrights; namely, to prove how it was possible to commit every conceivable sinful action without sinning. No wonder that in an age in which courtiers and theatre-hunters were turning Romanists by the dozen, and the priest-ridden Queen was the chief patroness of the theatre, the Puritans should have classed players and Jesuits in the same category, and deduced the

parentage of both alike from the father of lies.

But as for these Puritans having been merely the sour, narrow, inhuman persons they are vulgarly supposed to have been, credat Judæus. There were sour and narrow men enough among them; so there were in the opposite party. No Puritan could have had less poetry in him, less taste, less feeling, than Laud himself. But is there no poetry save words? no drama save that which is presented on the stage? Is this glorious earth, and the souls of living men, mere prose, as long as "carent vate sacro," who will, forsooth, do them the honour to make poetry out of a little of them (and of how little)! by translating them into words, which he himself, just in proportion as he is a good poet, will confess to be clumsy, tawdry, ineffectual? Was there no poetry in these Puritans, because they wrote no poetry? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-psalm and the charge; but simple idyllic poetry and quiet home-drama, love-poetry of the heart and the hearth, and the beauties of everyday human life? Take the most commonplace of them: was Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, of Thoresby Rise in Deeping Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent his being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it, his cheeks the less ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair of the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half-way to his waist in essenced curls; but was he therefore the less of a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors who won the Danelagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise, to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation in the old moated grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-boot: but did that prevent him, as Oliver rode past him with an approving smile on Naseby-field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his mustache and imperial, and bright-red coat, and cuirass well polished, in spite of many a dint, as he sate his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet Cousin Patience far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had of himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant, with manly shame for letting such "carnal vanities" rise in his heart, while he was "doing the Lord's work" in the teeth of death and hell: but was there no poetry in him then? No poetry in him, five minutes after, as the long rapier swung round his head, redder and redder at every sweep? We are befooled by names. Call him Crusader instead of Round-head, and he seems at once (granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind) as complete a knight-errant as ever watched and prayed, ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath "storied windows richly dight." Was there no poetry in him, either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of the gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumbled for the Bible in his boot, and tried to hum a psalm, and thought of Cousin Patience, and his father, and his mother, and how they would hear, at least, that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the Man of Sin?

And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresby dyke, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising over the broad misty flat, and the one great abele tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child-memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple? There is the dyke where he and his brothers snared the great pike which stole the ducklings—how many years ago? while pretty little Patience stood by trembling, and shrieked at each snap of the brute's wide jaws; and there, down that long dark lode, ruffling with crimson in the sunset breeze, he and his brothers skated home in triumph with Patience when his uncle died. What a day that was! when, in the clear, bright winter noon, they laid the gate upon the ice, and tied the beef-bones under the four corners, and packed little Patience on it.—How pretty she looked, though her eyes were red with weeping, as she peeped out from among the heap of blankets and horse-hides, and how merrily their long fen-runners whistled along the ice-lane, between the high banks of sighing reed, as they towed home their new treasure in triumph, at a pace like the race-horse's, to the dear old home among the poplar trees. And now he was going home to meet her, after a mighty victory, a deliverance from Heaven, second only in his eyes to that Red Sea one. Was there no poetry in his heart at that

thought? Did not the glowing sunset, and the reed-beds which it transfigured before him into sheets of golden flame, seem tokens that the glory of God was going before him in his path? Did not the sweet clamour of the wild-fowl, gathering for one rich pæan ere they sank into rest, seem to him as God's bells chiming him home in triumph, with peals sweeter and bolder than those of Lincoln or Peterborough steeple-house? Did not the very lapwing, as she tumbled softly wailing before his path, as she did years ago, seem to welcome the wanderer home in the name of Heaven?

Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheek flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw far off the red-coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the strait fen-bank, and fled upstairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might be, half that it might not be he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the courtyard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him, hold him at arm's length, and hug him again as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints? And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring even to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she the less lovely in his eyes because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coif and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, ay, and more beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herrick's Dianemes, Waller's Saccharissas, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the insincere cant of the court? What if Zeal-for-Truth had never strung two rhymes together in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, "My love, my dove, my undefiled, is but one," than if he had filled pages with sonnets about Venuses and Cupids, love-sick shepherds, and cruel nymphs?

And was there no poetry, true idyllic poetry, as of Longfellow's "Evangeline" itself, in that trip round the old farm next morning; when Zeal-for-Truth, after looking over every heifer, and peeping into every sty, would needs canter down by his father's side to the horse-fen, with his arm in a sling; while the partridges whirred up before them, and the lurchers flashed like gray snakes after the hare, and the colts came whinnying round, with staring eyes and streaming manes, and the two chatted on in the same sober business-like English tone, alternately of "The Lord's great dealings" by General Cromwell, the pride of all honest fen-men, and the price of troop-horses at the next Horncastle fair?

Poetry in those old Puritans? Why not? They were men of like passions with ourselves. They loved, they married, they brought up children; they feared, they sinned, they sorrowed, they fought—they conquered. There was poetry enough in them, be sure, though they acted it like men, instead of singing it like birds.—*Miscellanies.*

THERE'S MAGIC IN THAT LITTLE SONG.

BY REV. J. M'GEORGE.

There's magic in that little song;
  Its simple liquid melody
Can chase the gloom of care away,
  And make grief's phantoms fly.
When gnawing pain around my couch
  Keeps sleepless watch the drear night long,
My brain will cool and calm, if thou
  But sing that little song.

When fortune hides her fickle face,
  When sunshine friends turn cold away,
When first-love's holy vow is broke
  Like foam on ocean spray;
When youth's bright hopes, by gaunt despair,
  Are crushed as by a giant strong,
I will not curse my lot, if thou
  But sing that little song.

There's magic in that little song;
  It soothes each stormy passion down,—
The hopes which bless'd me when a boy
  Again my day-dreams crown.
Sweet visions of departed joys
  Fantastic on my memory throng;
I am a child again when thou
  Dost sing that little song.

GRAVE DOINGS.

[**Samuel Warren**, D.C.L., Q.C., born in Denbighshire, 1807. Educated at the Edinburgh University, at first with a view to the medical profession, but subsequently entered the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar in 1837. He became Recorder of Hull, 1852, and M.P. for Midhurst in 1856, re-elected in the following year, and resigned his seat in 1859, upon being appointed one of the two Masters in Lunacy. He has published a number of legal works, and contributed many miscellaneous articles to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His principal works in fiction are: *The Diary of a Late Physician* (from which we quote); *Ten Thousand a Year; Now and Then;* and *The Lily and the Bee*, an apologue of the Crystal Palace in unrhymed verse. Sir Archibald Alison, in his *History of Europe*, says: "Mr. Warren has taken a lasting place among the imaginative writers." He died in 1877.]

My gentle reader—start not at learning that I have been, in my time, a RESURRECTIONIST. Let not this appalling word, this humiliating confession, conjure up in your fancy a throng of vampire-like images and associations, or earn your "Physician's" dismissal from your hearts and hearths. It is your own groundless fears, my fair trembler!—your own superstitious prejudices—that have driven me, and will drive many others of my brethren, to such dreadful doings as those hereafter detailed. Come, come—let us have one word of reason between us on the abstract question—and then for my tale. You expect us to cure you of disease, and yet deny us the only means of learning *how!* You would have us bring you the ore of skill and experience, yet forbid us to break the soil or sink a shaft! Is this fair, *fair* reader? Is this reasonable?

What I am now going to describe was my first and last exploit in the way of body-stealing. It was a grotesque if not a ludicrous scene, and occurred during the period of my "walking the hospitals," as it is called, which occupied the two seasons immediately after my leaving Cambridge. A young and rather interesting female was admitted a patient at the hospital I attended; her case baffled all our skill, and her symptoms even defied diagnosis. *Now*, it seemed an enlargement of the heart—now, an ossification—then this, that, and the other; and at last it was plain we knew nothing at all about the matter—no, not even whether her disorder was organic or functional, primary or symptomatic—or whether it *was* really the heart that was at fault. She received no benefit at all under the fluctuating schemes of treatment we pursued, and at length fell into dying circumstances. As soon as her friends were apprised of her situation, and had an inkling of our intention to open the body, they insisted on removing her immediately from the hospital, that she might "die at home." In vain did Sir —— and his dressers expostulate vehemently with them, and represent, in exaggerated terms, the imminent peril attending such a step. Her two brothers avowed their apprehension of our designs, and were inflexible in exercising their right of removing their sister. I used all my rhetoric on the occasion, but in vain; and at last said to the young men, "Well, if you are afraid only of our *dissecting* her, we can get hold of her, if we are so disposed, as easily if she die with you as with us."

"Well—we'll *troy* that, measter," replied the elder, while his Herculean fist oscillated somewhat significantly before my eyes. The poor girl was removed accordingly to her father's house, which was at a certain village about five miles from London, and survived her arrival scarcely ten minutes! We soon contrived to receive intelligence of the event; and as I and Sir ——'s two dressers had taken great interest in the case throughout, and felt intense curiosity about the real nature of the disease, we met together and entered into a solemn compact, that, come what might, we would have her body out of the ground. A trusty spy informed us of the time and exact place of the girl's burial; and on expressing to Sir —— our determination about the matter, he patted me on the back, saying, "Ah, my fine fellow!—IF you have SPIRIT enough—dangerous," &c. &c. Was it not skilfully said? The baronet further told us, he felt himself so curious about the matter that if fifty pounds would be of use to us in furthering our purpose, they were at our service. It needed not this, nor a glance at the *éclat* with which the successful issue of the affair would be attended among our fellow-students, to spur our resolves.

The notable scheme was finally adjusted at my rooms in the Borough. M—— and E——, Sir ——'s dressers, and myself, with an experienced "*grab*"—that is to say, a *professional* resurrectionist—were to set off from the Borough about nine o'clock the next evening—which would be the third day after the burial—in a glass coach provided with all "appliances and means to boot." During the day, however, our friend the grab suffered so severely from an overnight's excess as to disappoint us of his invaluable assistance. This unexpected *contretemps* nearly put an end to our project; for the few other grabs we knew

were absent on *professional tours!* Luckily, however, I bethought me of a poor Irish porter—a sort of "ne'er-do-weel" hanger-on at the hospital—whom I had several times hired to go on errands. This man I sent for to my rooms, and, in the presence of my two coadjutors, persuaded, threatened, and bothered into acquiescence, promising him half-a-guinea for his evening's work—and as much whisky as he could drink prudently. As Mr. Tip—that was the name he went by—had some personal acquaintance with the sick grab, he succeeded in borrowing his chief tools; with which, in a sack large enough to contain our expected prize, he repaired to my rooms about nine o'clock, while the coach was standing at the door. Our Jehu had received a quiet douceur in addition to the hire of himself and coach. As soon as we had exhibited sundry doses of Irish cordial to our friend Tip—under the effects of which he became quite "bouncible," and *ranted* about the feat he was to take a prominent part in—and equipped ourselves in our worst clothes, and white top-coats, we entered the vehicle—four in number—and drove off. The weather had been exceedingly capricious all the evening—moonlight, rain, thunder, and lightning, fitfully alternating. The only thing we were anxious about was the darkness, to shield us from all possible observation. I must own that, in analyzing the feelings that prompted me to undertake and go through with this affair, the mere love of adventure operated quite as powerfully as the wish to benefit the cause of anatomical science. A midnight expedition to the tombs!—It took our fancy amazingly; and then Sir ——'s cunning hint about the "danger"—and our "spirit!"

The garrulous Tip supplied us with amusement all the way down—rattle, rattle, rattle, incessantly; but as soon as we had arrived at that part of the road where we were to stop, and caught sight of —— church, with its hoary steeple—glistening in the fading moonlight, as though it were standing sentinel over the graves around it, one of which we were going so rudely to violate—Tip's spirits began to falter a little. He said little—and that at intervals. To be very candid with the reader, *none* of us felt over much at our ease. Our expedition began to wear a somewhat hair-brained aspect, and to be environed with formidable contingencies which we had not taken sufficiently into our calculations. What, for instance, if the two stout fellows, the brothers, should be out watching their sister's grave? They were not likely to stand on much ceremony with us. And then the manual difficulties! E—— was the only one of us that had ever assisted at the exhumation of a body—and the rest of us were likely to prove but bungling workmen. However, we had gone too far to think of retreating. We none of us *spoke* our suspicions, but the silence that reigned within the coach was tolerably significant. In contemplation, however, of some such contingency, we had put a bottle of brandy in the coach pocket; and before we drew up, had all four of us drunk pretty deeply of it. At length the coach turned down a by-lane to the left, which led directly to the churchyard wall; and after moving a few steps down it, in order to shelter our vehicle from the observation of highway passengers, the coach stopped, and the driver opened the door.

"Come, Tip," said I, "out with you."

"Get out, did you say, sir? To be sure I will—Och! to be sure I will." But there was small show of alacrity in his movements as he descended the steps; for, while I was speaking I was interrupted by the solemn clangour of the church clock announcing the hour of midnight. The sounds seemed to *warn* us against what we were going to do.

"'Tis a cowld night, yer honours," said Tip, in an under tone, as we successively alighted, and stood together, looking up and down the dark lane, to see if anything was stirring but ourselves. "'Tis a cowld night—and—and—and," he stammered.

"Why, you cowardly old scoundrel," grumbled M——, "are you frightened already? What's the matter, eh? Hoist up the bag on your shoulders directly, and lead the way down the lane."

"Och, but yer honours—och! by the mother that bore me, but 'tis a murtherous cruel thing, I'm thinking, to wake the poor cratur from her last sleep." He said this so querulously, that I began to entertain serious apprehensions, after all, of his defection; so I insisted on his taking a little more brandy, by way of bringing him up to par. It was of no use, however. His reluctance increased every moment—and it even dispirited *us*. I verily believe the turning of a straw would have decided us all on jumping into the coach again, and returning home without accomplishing our errand. Too many of the students, however, were apprised of our expedition, for us to think of terminating it so ridiculously. As it were by mutual consent, we stood and paused a few moments, about half-way down the lane. M—— whistled with infinite spirit and dis-

tinctness; E—— remarked to me that he always thought a churchyard at midnight was the gloomiest object imaginable;" and I talked about *business*—"soon be over"—"shallow grave"—&c. &c.

"Confound it—what if those two brothers of hers SHOULD be there?" said M—— abruptly, making a dead stop, and folding his arms on his breast.

"Powerful fellows, both of them!" muttered E——. We resumed our march—when Tip, our advanced guard—a title he earned by anticipating our steps about three inches—suddenly stood still, let down the bag from his shoulders, elevated both hands in a listening attitude, and exclaimed, "Whisht!—whisht!—By my soul, *what* was that?" We all paused in silence, looking palely at one another—but could hear nothing except the drowsy flutter of a bat wheeling away from us a little overhead.

"Fait—an' wasn't it somebody *spaking* on the far side o' the hedge, I heard?" whispered Tip.

"Poh—stuff, you idiot!" I exclaimed, losing my temper. "Come, M—— and E——, it's high time we had done with all this cowardly nonsense; and if we mean really to *do* anything, we must make haste. 'Tis past twelve—day breaks about four—and it is coming on wet, you see." Several large drops of rain, pattering heavily among the leaves and branches, corroborated my words, by announcing a coming shower, and the air was sultry enough to warrant the expectation of a thunder-storm. We therefore buttoned up our greatcoats to the chin, and hurried on to the churchyard wall, which ran across the bottom of the lane. This wall we had to climb over to get into the churchyard, and it was not a very high one. Here Tip annoyed us again. I told him to lay down his bag, mount the wall, and look over into the yard, to see whether all was clear before us; and, as far as the light would enable him, to look about for a new-made grave. Very reluctantly he complied, and contrived to scramble to the top of the wall. He had hardly time, however, to peer over into the churchyard, when a fluttering streak of lightning flashed over us, followed, in a second or two, by a loud burst of thunder! Tip fell in an instant to the ground, like a cockchafer shaken from an elm-tree, and lay crossing himself, and muttering Paternosters. We could scarcely help laughing at the manner in which he tumbled down, simultaneously with the flash of lightning. "Now, look ye, gintlemen," said he, still squatting on the ground, "do you mane to give the poor cratur Christian burial, when ye've done wid her? An' will you put her back again as ye found her? 'Case, if you won't, blood an' oons"——

"Hark ye now, Tip," said I sternly, taking out one of a brace of *empty* pistols I had put into my greatcoat pocket, and presenting it to his head, "we have hired you on this business, for the want of a better, you wretched fellow! and if you give us any more of your nonsense, by —— I'll send a bullet through your brain! Do you hear me, Tip?"

"Och, aisy, aisy wid ye! don't murther me! Bad-luck to me that I ever cam wid ye! Och, and if iver I live to die, won't I see and bury my ould body out o' the rache of all the docthers in the world? If I don't, divel burn me!" We all laughed aloud at Tip's truly Hibernian expostulation."

"Come, sir, mount! over with you!" said we, helping to push him upwards. "Now, drop this bag on the other side," we continued, giving him the sack that contained our implements. We all three of us then followed, and alighted safely in the churchyard. It poured with rain; and, to enhance the dreariness and horrors of the time and place, flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, shedding a transient awful glare over the scene, revealing the white tombstones, the ivy-grown venerable church, and our own figures, a shivering group, come on an unhallowed errand! I perfectly well recollect the lively feelings of apprehension—"the compunctious visitings of remorse"—which the circumstances called forth in my own breast, and which, I had no doubt, were shared by my companions.

As no time, however, was to be lost, I left the group, for an instant, under the wall, to search out the grave. The accurate instructions I had received enabled me to pitch on the spot with little difficulty; and I returned to my companions, who immediately followed me to the scene of operations. We had no umbrellas, and our greatcoats were saturated with wet; but the brandy we had recently taken did us good service, by exhilarating our spirits, and especially those of Tip. He untied the sack in a twinkling, and shook out the hoes and spades, &c.; and taking one of the latter himself, he commenced digging with such energy, that we had hardly prepared ourselves for work, before he had cleared away nearly the whole of the mound. The rain soon abated, and the lightning ceased for a considerable interval, though thunder was heard occasionally grumbling sullenly in the distance, as if expressing anger at our unholy

doings—at least I felt it so. The pitchy darkness continued, so that we could scarcely see one another's figures. We worked on in silence, as fast as our spades could be got into the ground; taking it in turns, two by two, as the grave would not admit of more. On—on—on we worked till we had hollowed out about three feet of earth. Tip then hastily joined together a long iron screw or borer, which he thrust into the ground, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth at which the coffin yet lay from us. To our vexation, we found a distance of three feet remained to be got through. "Sure, and by the soul of St. Patrick, but we'll not be done by the morning!" said Tip, as he threw down the instrument and resumed his spade. We were all discouraged. Oh, how earnestly I wished myself at home, in my snug little bed in the Borough! How I cursed the Quixotism that had led me into such an undertaking! I had no time, however, for reflection, as it was my turn to relieve one of the diggers; so into the grave I jumped, and worked away as lustily as before. While I was thus engaged, a sudden noise, close to our ears, so startled me, that I protest I thought I should have dropped down dead in the grave I was robbing. I and my fellow-digger let fall our spades, and all four stood still for a second or two in an ecstasy of fearful apprehension. We could not see more than a few inches around us, but heard the grass trodden by approaching feet! They proved to be those of an ASS, that was turned at night into the churchyard, and had gone on eating his way towards us; and, while we were standing in mute expectation of what was to come next, opened on us with an astounding hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw! Even after we had discovered the ludicrous nature of the interruption, we were too agitated to laugh. The brute was actually close upon us, and had *given tongue* from under poor Tip's elbow, having approached him from behind, as he stood leaning on his spade. Tip started suddenly backward against the animal's head, and fell down. Away sprang the jackass, as much confounded as Tip, kicking and scampering like a mad creature among the tombstones, and hee-hawing incessantly, as if a hundred devils had got into it for the purpose of discomfiting us. I felt so much fury and fear lest the noise should lead to our discovery I could have killed the brute if it had been within my reach, while Tip stammered, in an affrightened whisper—"Och, the baste! Och, the baste! The big black divel of a baste! The murtherous, thundering"—— and a great many epithets of the same sort. We gradually recovered from the agitation which this provoking interruption had occasioned; and Tip, under the promise of two bottles of whisky as soon as we arrived safe at home with our prize, renewed his exertions, and dug with such energy that we soon cleared away the remainder of the superincumbent earth, and stood upon the bare lid of the coffin. The grapplers, with ropes attached to them, were then fixed in the sides and extremities, and we were in the act of raising the coffin, when the sound of a human voice, accompanied with footsteps, fell on our startled ears. We heard both distinctly, and crouched down close over the brink of the grave, awaiting in breathless suspense a corroboration of our fears. After a pause of two or three minutes, however, finding that the sounds were not renewed, we began to breathe freer, persuaded that our ears must have deceived us. Once more we resumed our work, succeeded in hoisting up the coffin—not without a slip, however, which nearly precipitated it down again to the bottom, with all four of us upon it—and depositing it on the grave-side. Before proceeding to use our screws or wrenchers, we once more looked and listened, and listened and looked; but neither seeing nor hearing anything we set to work, prized off the lid in a twinkling, and a transient glimpse of moonlight disclosed to us the shrouded inmate—all white and damp. I removed the face-cloth, and unpinned the cap, while M—— loosed the sleeves from the wrists. Thus were we engaged, when E——, who had hold of the feet, ready to lift them out, suddenly let them go—gasped, "Oh, my God! there they are!" and placed his hand on my arm. He shook like an aspen leaf. I looked towards the quarter whither his eyes were directed, and, sure enough, saw the figure of a man—if not two—moving stealthily toward us. "Well, we're discovered, that's clear," I whispered as calmly as I could. "We shall be murdered!" groaned E—— "Lend me one of the pistols you have with you," said M—— resolutely; "by ——, I'll have a shot for my life, however!" As for poor Tip, who had heard every syllable of this startling colloquy, and himself seen the approaching figures, he looked at me in silence, the image of blank horror! I could have laughed even then, to see his staring black eyes—his little cocked ruby-tinted nose—his chattering teeth. "Hush—hush!" said I, cocking my pistol, while M—— did the same; for none but myself knew that they were unloaded. To add to our consternation, the malignant moon with-

drew the small scantling of light she had been doling out to us, and sank beneath a vast cloud, "black as Erebus," but not before we had caught a glimpse of two more figures moving towards us in an opposite direction. "Surrounded!" two of us muttered in the same breath. We all rose to our feet, and stood together, not knowing what to do—unable in the darkness to see one another distinctly. Presently we heard a voice say, in a subdued tone, "Where are they? where? *Sure* I saw them! Oh, there they are. Halloa—halloa!"

That was enough—the signal of our flight. Without an instant's pause, or uttering another syllable, off we sprung, like small-shot from a gun's mouth, all of us in different directions, we knew not whither. I heard the report of a gun—mercy on me! and pelted away, scarcely knowing what I was about, dodging among the graves—now coming full-butt against a plaguy tombstone, then tumbling on the slippery grass—while some one followed close at my heels, panting and puffing, but whether friend or foe I knew not. At length I stumbled against a large tombstone; and, finding it open at the two ends, crept under it, resolved there to abide the issue. At the moment of my ensconcing myself, the sound of the person's footsteps who had followed me suddenly ceased. I heard a splashing sound, then a kicking and scrambling, a faint stifled cry of "Ugh—oh ugh!" and all was still. Doubtless it must be one of my companions, who had been wounded. What could I do, however? I did not know in what direction he lay—the night was pitch-dark—and if I crept from my hiding-place, for all I knew, I might be shot myself. I shall never forget that hour—no, never! There was I, squatting like a tod on the wet grass and weeds, not daring to do more than breathe! Here was a predicament! I could not conjecture how the affair would terminate. Was I to lie where I was till daylight, that then I might step into the arms of my captors? What was become of my companions?—While turning these thoughts in my mind, and wondering that all was so quiet, my ear caught the sound of the splashing of water, apparently at but a yard or two's distance, mingled with the sounds of a half-smothered human voice—"Ugh! ugh! Och, murther! murther! murther!"—another splash—"and isn't it dead, and drowned, and kilt I am"——

Whew! *Tip* in trouble, thought I, not daring to speak. Yes—it was poor Tip, I afterwards found—who had followed at my heels, scampering after me as fast as fright could drive him, till his career was unexpectedly ended by his tumbling—souse—head over heels, into a newly-opened grave in his path, with more than a foot of water in it. There the poor fellow remained, after recovering from the first shock of his fall, not daring to utter a word for some time, lest he should be discovered—straddling over the water with his toes and elbows stuck into the loose soil on each side, to support him. This was his interesting position, as he subsequently informed me, at the time of uttering the sounds which first attracted my attention. Though not aware of his situation at the time, I was almost choked with laughter as he went on with his soliloquy, somewhat in this strain:—

"Och, Tip, ye ould divel! Don't it sarve ye right, ye fool? Ye villanous ould coffin-robber! Won't ye burn for this hereafter, ye sinner? Ulaloo! When ye are dead yourself, may ye be trated like that poor cratur—and yourself alive to see it! Och, hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Isn't it sure that I'll be drowned, an' then it's kilt I'll be!" A loud splash, and a pause for a few moments, as if he were readjusting his footing—"Och! an' I'm catching my dith of cowld! Fait, an' it's a divel a drop o' the two bottles o' whisky I'll ever see—Och, och, och!"—another splash—"och, an' isn't this uncomfortable! Murther and oons!—if ever I come out of this—sha'n't I be dead before I do?"

"Tip—Tip—Tip!" I whispered in a low tone. There was a dead silence. "Tip, Tip, where are you? What's the matter, eh?" No answer; but he muttered in a low tone to himself—"*Where am I!* by my soul! Isn't it dead, and kilt, and drowned, and murthered I am—that's all!"

"Tip—Tip—Tip!" I repeated, a little louder.

"Tip, indeed! Fait, ye may call, bad-luck to ye—whoever ye are—but it's divel a word I'll be after spaking to ye."

"Tip, you simpleton! It's I—Mr. ——."

In an instant there was a sound of jumping and splashing, as if surprise had made him slip from his standing again, and he called out, "Whoo! whoo! an' is't you, sweet Mr. ——! What is the matter wid ye? Are ye kilt? Where are they all? Have they taken ye away, every mother's son of you?" he asked eagerly, in a breath.

"Why, what are *you* doing, Tip? Where are *you?*"

"Fait, an' it's being *washed* I am, in the feet, and in the queerest *tub* your honour ever saw!" A noise of scuffling, not many yards

off, silenced us both in an instant. Presently I distinguished the voice of E——, calling out —"Help, M——!" (my name)—"Where are you?" The noise increased, and seemed nearer than before. I crept from my lurking place, and aided at Tip's resurrection, when both of us hurried towards the spot whence the sound came. By the faint moonlight I could just see the outlines of two figures violently struggling and grappling together. Before I could come up to them both fell down, locked in each other's arms, rolling over each other, grasping one another's collars, gasping and panting as if in mortal struggle. The moon suddenly emerged, and who do you think, reader, was E——'s antagonist? Why, the person whose appearance had so discomfited and affrighted us all—OUR COACHMAN. That worthy individual, alarmed at our protracted stay, had, contrary to our injunctions, left his coach to come and search after us. He it was whom we had seen stealing towards us; his steps—his voice had alarmed us, for he could not see us distinctly enough to discover whether we were his fare or not. He was on the point of whispering my name, it seems—when we must all have understood one another —when lo! we all started off in the manner which has been described; and he himself, not knowing that he was the reason of it, had taken to his heels, and fled for his life! He supposed we had fallen into a sort of ambuscade. He happened to hide himself behind the tombstone next but one to that which sheltered E——. Finding all quiet, he and E——, as if by mutual consent, were groping from their hiding-places, when they unexpectedly fell foul of one another—each too affrighted to speak — and hence the scuffle.

After this satisfactory denouement we all repaired to the grave's mouth, and found the corpse and coffin precisely as we had left them. We were not many moments in taking out the body, stripping it, and thrusting it into the sack we had brought. We then tied the top of the sack, carefully deposited the shroud, &c., in the coffin, re-screwed down the lid—fearful, impious mockery!—and consigned it once more to its resting-place, Tip scattering a handful of earth on the lid, and exclaiming reverently—"An' may the Lord forgive us for what we have done to ye!" The coachman and I then took the body between us to the coach, leaving M——, and E——, and Tip to fill up the grave.

Our troubles were not yet ended, however. Truly it seemed as though Providence were throwing every obstacle in our way. Nothing went right. On reaching the spot where we had left the coach, behold it lay several yards farther in the lane, tilted into the ditch—for the horses, being hungry, and left to themselves, in their anxiety to graze on the verdant bank of the hedge, had contrived to overturn the vehicle in the ditch—and one of the horses was kicking vigorously when we came up—the whole body off the ground—and resting on that of his companion. We had considerable difficulty in righting the coach, as the horses were inclined to be obstreperous. We succeeded, however—deposited our unholy spoil within, turned the horses' heads towards the high-road, and then, after enjoining Jehu to keep his place on the box, I went to see how my companions were getting on. They had nearly completed their task, and told me that "shovelling *in* was surprisingly easier than shovelling *out!*" We took great pains to leave everything as neat, and as nearly resembling what we found it as possible, in order that our visit might not be suspected. We then carried away each our own tools, and hurried as fast as possible to our coach, for the dim twilight had already stolen a march upon us, devoutly thankful that, after so many interruptions, we had succeeded in effecting our object.

It was broad daylight before we reached town, and a wretched coach company we looked, all wearied and dirty—Tip especially, who nevertheless snored in the corner as comfortably as if he had been warm in his bed. I heartily resolved with him, on leaving the coach, that it should be "the devil's own dear self only that should timpt me out again *body-snatching!*"[1]

ALL'S WELL.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
  Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
  From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
  The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

J. G. WHITTIER.

[1] On examining the body, we found that Sir ——'s suspicions were fully verified. It was disease of the heart, but of too complicated a nature to be made intelligible to general readers.

"COME, DINE WITH ME."

[Joseph Hall, born at Bristow Park, Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, 1st July, 1574; died at Higham, near Norwich, 8th September, 1656. Bishop of Exeter and Norwich, successively, and the first English writer of satire. In the prologue to his satires he says:

"I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist."

He also wrote numerous sermons, meditations, and epistles.]

The courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
With hollow words, and overly request:
"Come, will ye dine with me this holyday?"
I yielded, though he hop'd I would say nay:
For had I mayden'd it, as many use:
Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse.
"Alacke, sir, I were loath; another day,—
I should but trouble you;—pardon me, if you may."
No pardon should I need; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for monie, Darbishirian wise;
(That's one too manie) is a naughtie guise.
Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
May dine at home for an importune guest.
I went, then saw, and found the greate expence;
The fare and fashions of our citizens.
Oh, Cleoparical! what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wondrous choice of cheere?
Beefe, that erst Hercules held for finest fare:
Porke for the fat Bœotian, or the hare
For Martial; fish for the Venetian;
Goose-liver for the likorous Romane,
Th' Athenian's goate; quaile, Iolan's cheere;
The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian deere;
Grapes for Arcesilas, figs for Plato's mouth,
And chesnuts faire for Amarillis' tooth.
Hadst thou such cheere? wert thou evere there before?
Never.—I thought so: nor come there no more.
Come there no more; for so meant all that cost:
Never hence take me for thy second host.
For whom he means to make an often guest,
One dish shall serve; and welcome make the rest.

COMPENSATIONS OF CALAMITY.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men, are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends, and home, and laws, and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigour of the individual, these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant, and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming, as it were, a transparent fluid membrane through which the form is always seen, and not as in most men an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates, and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting not advancing, resisting not co-operating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighbourhoods of men.

CHORUS OF THANKFUL CHILDREN.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven:
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

From the German of MARTIN RINCKART (1636).—*Translation by* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

TITO'S TROUBLES.

[Frederick William Robinson, born in London, 1830. Novelist. His principal works are: *Grandmother's Money; No Church; Church and Chapel; A Woman's Ransom; Milly's Hero; Under the Spell; Woodleigh; Anne Judge, Spinster; For Her Sake; Wrayford's Ward,* and other Tales (from which we quote); *Slaves of the Ring;* &c. &c. A review in *Blackwood,* referring to *Church and Chapel,* said: "Such novels have a higher use than the sensations of the moment. If due pains and care were bestowed upon them, we see no reason why they should not rank next to biography—works of more than amusement—contributions towards the history of the inexhaustible yet unchanging race."]

You are all aware that my first school was not a fashionable academy for young gentlemen. Family reverses, not to mention an exceedingly large family, prevented my father from placing me in a high-class, high-priced, high-pressure seminary, when I arrived at that objectionable age which necessitated my becoming a nuisance at home to my parents, and to all my little brothers and sisters. It was absolutely necessary that I should go somewhere, everybody said; and after much hard study of advertisements in the daily papers, and personal inspection by my father of half-a-hundred establishments, I found myself one morning settled at Mr. Price's, Belvoir House, Flatborough-on-the-Sea, an establishment where boys under fourteen years of age were educated, boarded, and generally attended to, for the sum of eight-and-twenty pounds per annum. This was not a fashionable price, and it was not, in consequence, a fashionable school. It was, indeed, rather an unfashionable school; the pupils were not highly trained, and were never "civilly examined," and the master had not thought of deposing "quarters" and taking to "terms." There were no extras, there was not a resident mathematical master, and the principal himself taught us all the French he knew, and left the pronunciation a great deal to our tastes.

Still, looking back, I am disposed to think that this was a good school—an old-fashioned school, perhaps, but where the master worked hard in the midst of his boys, crammed no particular clique to the detriment of the rest, and at least did his best—and he was a clever man in his way—to give us a sound English education. As a start in a boy's life, possibly not as a finishing school, Belvoir House was particularly suitable; and as the situation was healthy, the terms low, and the master well known as a man kind to his pupils and interested in his profession, Mr. Price had always some sixty or seventy boys beneath his care.

Mr. Price was not a rich man; indeed report said that, owing to indiscreet investments in public companies, he had lost the little that he had managed to save, before his own large family—twelve "grown ups" sat down to dinner every day of their lives, and there were four boys under fourteen in the school itself—prevented him putting anything more by for a rainy day.

It was at this school that I met Tito Zalez—and it is Tito's school-life and strange school-troubles in which I am about to attempt to interest you. I suppose that I took readily to Tito because he arrived at Belvoir House on the same day as myself, and we both sat in a waiting-room, on chairs much too high to allow of our feet touching the ground, staring sheepishly at one another, whilst our parents were in solemn conclave with the master in the drawing-room. I was eleven years of age, and Tito, I learned afterwards, was ten. I was a thin, gawky, bullet-headed youth, for my age; Tito was big and plump, with a dark skin, black curly hair, a nose that young ladies, I believe, call "dubby," and two little bead-like eyes which rolled a great deal in his head,

CHORUS OF THANKFUL CHILDREN

and somewhat alarmed me after my father had shut me in with him.

Our conversation was disconnected and terse. The following was the dialogue that ensued between us, with an interval of about three minutes and a half before either committed himself to a reply.

"What's your name?"

"Joe Simmons. What's yours?"

"Tito Zalez."

"Oh, is it?"

I thought that it was a very odd name, and that I should not like to have it myself, and that the boys would be very severe upon it presently in the playground, and "chivey" him. After considering the matter in all its details, I told him the result of my deliberations, and he opened his eyes a little wider with amazement and said—

"Do you think so, really?"

I said that I really did.

Another long pause, and just as it struck me that he was going to sleep, and likely to pitch off his chair on to the smallest boy's box that I had ever seen, he said,—

"Where do you come from?"

"Reigate."

Of course I asked him where he came from, and he said London.

He was a very curious boy, or else he was anxious to show off that afternoon, and impress me with his importance, knowing that my questions were simply an echo of his own.

"What's your father?" he said.

"He's in a bank. He scoops money out and in—gold money!"

"Lor!"

"What's your father?"

"He's a gentleman."

"Oh!"

I believe this was all the conversation in which we indulged until my father, and Tito's father, and old Price—we always called him old Price, and intended nothing disrespectful thereby—came in to us again. I looked at Tito's father, and was greatly impressed by him at first sight, and though exceedingly flattered by his notice, secretly wished that he would have stared at me a little less. He was a tall, thin man, with a long gray mustache, and with a face very sallow and wrinkled,—so seamed and knotty a face that it reminded me at once of the carved knob of an eccentric walking-stick which had belonged to my grandfather, and was treasured by my father for old associations sake as well as for its ugliness.

He came to me after he had shaken hands with Mr. Price.

"You and Tito begin life together," he said, with a strong foreign accent, "and will have your way to fight together. Tito is younger than you, and you must not let the big boys bounce—I think you boys call it 'bounce'—over him too much. This little fellow of mine, Master Simmons, has never been away from home before, and so I leave you to take care of him."

I believe that I said, "Thank you, sir;" and after he had shaken hands with me, he took Tito up in his arms, kissed him once or twice, and then marched with his head very erect out of the room, followed, after adieux had been exchanged, by my father. This was my first introduction to Belvoir House, and when Mr. Price had taken a hand of each, and led us into the playground, the ordeal of the great change was completed, and we were at home before the night had fallen on our new world. I do not know that Tito was quite at home, although he had been lively in the playground, and had laughed a little—and a very fat laugh he had too, which made one laugh to hear it—for when we were in "dormitory six," somebody began crying in the night, and the junior usher, who slept in a large crib in the corner, sat up in bed and asked who was making that noise, but getting no answer save muffled sobs and strange effervescent sounds, as of a youth in the agonies of strangulation, he lighted a candle, and came shivering along the line of iron bedsteads until he found Tito, with his mouth full of sheet and blanket, crying all over his clean pillow-case.

"Now then, Zalez, what's the matter?"

"Oh, please, sir, I wa-a-ant to go ho-o-ome."

"Go home?" said the usher, kindly; "why, you've only just come. Besides, see how cross your father would be after all the trouble he has taken!"

"N-n-no, sir, he would-n't. He's too-too-too fo-ond of me."

The usher—Mr. Banstock was his name—sat down and tried to reason with Tito, but with very little effect. He told him that he would soon get used to the change; that he was keeping the other boys awake; that I, Joseph Simmons, from Reigate, was not crying; that Mr. Price would be very cross if he heard him; and that he himself, who was a martyr to rheumatism, would be laid up in the morning if he sat there any longer. But Tito continued to cry, and to make desperate attempts to suffocate himself with the bedding, until Mr. Banstock, as it appeared to me very improperly, promised that he should return home by the first train in the morning.

Tito was calm after that, and stammered forth, by way of apology for his disorderly outburst, that he knew his papa would be glad to see him back, now that his mother had only just gone away, you know, and left him so much alone, sir!

"Gone away—where?" I heard Mr. Banstock ask.

"Why, to heaven, sir, papa says."

Mr. Banstock asked no more questions, but went back to his bed, where I heard him tumbling about restlessly, with all the sleep clean out of him, for half an hour afterwards. Once I heard him say, "Poor little chap!" but when I ventured to look over the bedclothes, and say, "Did you speak, sir?" he told me very sharply to hold my tongue, and that if I did not mind he would give me three cube-roots in the morning. I thought that I did not mind, and that I was very much obliged to him; and I went to sleep at last, wondering whether Mr. Banstock would have to get up early and dig his roots out of the garden, and what possible use they would be to me after he had digged them. However, I did not get my cube-roots the next morning, although I found out all about them before the first quarter was over my head, and did not congratulate myself upon the discovery.

Tito and I were firm friends before the first quarter had expired, for he did not go home in the morning, but had a little talk with Mr. Price in the ante-room again, and came out more composed in mind after the master's gentle reasoning, and very red round the eyelids, like a rabbit. Tito, I may add, was a general favourite after his three months' sojourn at Belvoir House: he was a good-tempered, affectionate boy, not particularly clever at his lessons, and getting into difficulties at times concerning them, but taking the ills that academic flesh is heir to with philosophy, and doing better next time, and making up by perseverance for his want of genius. At the end of three months, Colonel Zalez called. We knew by that time that Tito's father was, or had been, a colonel somewhere, and we felt that he would have greatly obliged the boys of Belvoir House by coming to see his son in full regimentals. I remember that he entered the playground one Saturday afternoon, that Tito suddenly gave a scream of delight, broke a window of the schoolroom with his elbow in his haste to leap down from the sill on which he and I had placed ourselves, and went with a mad plunge at his father's long legs.

Colonel Zalez lifted the boy up in his arms, and kissed him all over his fat face, till some of us certainly burst out laughing; and then he walked up and down the playground for a few minutes, holding Tito's hand, and looking down at him with grave interest. It struck me—it struck two or three of us even—that Colonel Zalez's boots were somewhat down at heel, a fact which was accounted for by young Miles saying that no doubt the colonel had been marching a good bit lately, which we thought immediately he had. He came to us soon after this discovery, and to my surprise and confusion, and to the infinite amusement of my contemporaries, he stooped down and kissed me, tickling me very much with his bristly gray mustache.

"Tito says that you have been very kind to him, Master Simmons," he said, shaking hands with me after his embrace; "I thank you very much, young gentleman."

I should like to have told him not to mention it, but remained red and silent.

"I have asked permission of Mr. Price to take you and Tito for a stroll this afternoon, and to the circus in the evening, if you would like to go with us."

I found my voice then, and my hearty "Thank you," was very conclusive evidence that I should like to go with them very much indeed.

That was a memorable holiday, eclipsing the holiday last week which I had had with my father, who had not asked Tito to join us, as Tito's father had asked me. A holiday marked with a white stone in my calendar of recollections—bright, sunshiny, ineffaceable—which described to the boys afterwards, rendered some of them raving mad with jealousy, and heaped Tito for the next three months with attentions that he could scarcely bear up against, the impression being general that Tito's father had determined to reward munificently all little Tito's friends. We had buns and almond cakes at the pastry-cook's, both in our best clothes; Tito in a new suit of black that his father had brought with him. We went for a sail on the great calm sea before the sun went down; we went back to the pastry-cook's and had tea, with buns and almond cakes; we went for a drive in a hired fly before the horsemanship commenced, and Colonel Zalez lay back and smoked paper cigarettes so furiously that I thought he would set himself on fire before the circus was opened; we went back to the pastry-cook's, and had two bottles of lemonade, and some buns and almond cakes; we attended the performance in the circus and saw wonders upon wonders, and screamed with laughter at the clowns, and thought it was odd—at least

I did—that the dark grim face at which we looked when a good joke was uttered, did not change more frequently; we went back to the pastry-cook's to supper, and had buns and almond cakes, and weak sherry and water as a parting stimulant; and finally we were walking on tiptoe through dormitory six—absent-with-leave fellows—looking down compassionately on boys who had been asleep for hours! It was a great holiday; it was the only one I ever had with Tito. At Christmas, Tito's father came in a hurry to Mr. Price, settled the bill, and then went away again, leaving Tito behind him, after many embraces, and much whispered advice. It began to be understood, after he had departed, that Tito's father was going abroad—going to battle, Tito said, very proudly—and that Tito was to be left at school all through the Christmas holidays. We bade him good-bye, and felt very sorry for him, and my last glimpse of Flatborough-on-the-Sea that "half" was a curve of the embankment, a steep green hill, and Tito jumping about thereon and waving his handkerchief to me.

Next "half" Tito's father did not appear, and Mr. Price began to look anxious when Tito spoke of his papa; but at the beginning of the next quarter, when the midsummer holidays were over, a letter came from abroad that appeared to relieve our master's mind, and that contained a second epistle, which Tito used to read to me and to himself, until it became worn out by constant reference, and by being kept along with his marbles, a pocket-knife, and a pegtop.

It was an English letter, of course, for Tito had been born and bred in England, and had seen no other country; and it was a very kind, fatherly, humorous kind of epistle, full of hope in his return to England before the next quarter was at an end, and of his anticipation of another holiday with his son and his little friend Simmons, if Simmons were still at Belvoir House. I hoped that he would come back soon, and that a circus would be in the town at the time; but the circus came and went away again, and no Colonel Zalez appeared to keep his promise to us.

"He can't be fighting all this time, Tit," I said in mild remonstrance at Tito's father's behaviour; but Tito shook his head, and said he wasn't so sure of it.

The quarter was past, and the second was approaching its termination. Christmas was upon us again; we were talking evermore of the holidays and home. Tito's father was still absent, and Mr. Price regarded Tito very thoughtfully when the boy said his lessons to him. We went away and left Tito at school—we came back and found Tito there, looking somewhat pale, and his black school suit more than a trifle rusty.

Tito told me confidentially, on my return, that he had received no letter from his father, and that he had heard Mrs. Price say at dinner one day to Mr. Price that she thought it strange, and that Mr. Price had answered that he was inclined to think it rather strange himself, and that he, Tito, was sure that they had been talking about his papa, because they had spoken in whispers, and looked very much at him. I said that it must be fancy, and he tried to agree with me, but hoped that his papa would come to see him soon, for he was out of pocket-money, and his wardrobe was in need of considerable repair. But Colonel Zalez never came, and only Tito his son remained sanguine at last of his return.

I know now, what I did not know in all its details then, that the Prices, *père et mère*, were becoming very anxious concerning the whereabouts of Tito's father—that two quarters were in arrear, that the extra keep during Tito's holiday was added to the account, and that a third quarter had commenced. I knew afterwards that Mr. Price had written to an out-of-the-way place in Central America, where the colonel had dated his last letter, and that no answer had been returned; that he had written to a British consul and elicited the information that no such person was known within his jurisdiction, and I heard Mr. Price speak once of civil wars and general political confusion, and of the fear that Colonel Zalez had disappeared in a revolutionary vortex for ever.

Lady-day quarter passed, bills were paid, and Tito, waxing shabbier and shabbier, and still wondering why his father never wrote to him, got up every morning with a marvellous confidence in his parent's coming to see him before the day was out. Tito scarcely took into consideration the expense that he was to Mr. Price; he knew nothing of school-bills, and Mr. Price was too tender-hearted a man to show his dissatisfaction to the child himself. Mr. Price was puzzled what to do with him, or how long he was to allow this to last, and he looked more thoughtfully at the small enigma every day, and could not see his way to a solution. One day Mr. Price went to London, to the old town address of Colonel Zalez, and made many inquiries at his last lodgings, I learned afterwards, and returned baffled at all points. Tito's father had paid his bill and disappeared about nine months since, without

leaving a clue to his whereabouts. A telegram from abroad had led to his sudden departure, it was elicited, and Colonel Zalez, packing up his boxes, and putting on his boots, probably more down at heel than ever, had departed on his mission, whatever it was, to a foreign state, wherever that might be.

Tito became so very shabby after Lady-day that the master found excuses to leave him at home when the boys went out for their airings or their cricket-matches, and finally, one of our boys spoke positively to a few high words which he had heard exchanged between Mr. and Mrs. Price one evening, with reference to the former's suggestion that he thought he should risk a suit of clothes for Tito.

The high words at all events ended in the suit of clothes being provided for poor Tito, who accompanied us in our walks again, and looked for the tall, sun-burnt, gray-mustached man at the corner of every street we passed.

Midsummer and the holidays came round, Tito was left at school, and Mr. Price's blank look at the unclaimed one assumed by several degrees more stoniness of aspect. Once more the busy hum of school, old pupils and new ones,—and Tito still on the establishment, and Tito's father nowhere. By degrees the story of the boy's forlorn position had found its way amongst the scholars, and Tito was pitied very much by the majority, and laughed at by a few thoughtless ones, who thought it rare fun for a boy to have a father who had run away from him. Tito's position was not an enviable one, but he bore it pretty well, and only fretted to himself a little, and with not half the noise which he had made on the night when he had missed his father for four hours. I was his counsellor and his comforter, and I kept up his hopes at last by strange legends of various fathers and mothers' returns after years of absence from their children, and was continually ransacking story-books for parallel cases to his own.

One day, Mrs. Price and her lord and master began to have a few words again concerning the unfortunate Tito, and Wickers, who was the boots of the school by day, and a page radiant in sugar-loaf buttons at night, came to Tito with the news.

"There's been a jolly row about you, Master Zalez," he said; "and they've thought it over —only don't you say that I told you, mind— and they think your father is a wenturer, and they're going to send you to the workus."

Tito stared, and finally walked away, keeping from the playground and his playfellows all day. In the evening he came to me when I was deep in geography, and wrestling with "principal towns," and whispered—

"Joe, I want you."

"What is it, Tit?"

"You heard Wickers say that they were going to send me to the workhouse?"

"Yes—but I don't believe it."

"I'm going to ask the master now—come with me."

"Oh, lor!"

"He's at the desk there looking over the 'Themes,' and I want you to hear what he says."

"Very well."

So I left my place at the imminent risk of getting six bad marks for inattention to my lessons, and went with Tito to Mr. Price's desk. I shall never forget the look of astonishment and discomfiture on the master's face when Tito put the question very straightforwardly, and with wonderful composure.

"If you please, sir, is it true that you are going to send me to the workhouse?"

"Bless my soul!—who—who told you that, Tito?"

"I would rather not say who told me, sir —it's all about the school."

"Dear me—how vexing—how very unfortunate! My poor Tito, I should like to speak to you to-morrow morning, about seven. What are you doing out of your place, Simmons?" he asked, catching sight of me at last.

"I came to take care of Tito, sir."

"Six bad marks."

I knew that I should have them, therefore the promulgation of my sentence did not take me very much by surprise. Tito might have made matters worse by getting himself into a scrape and informing Mr. Price that he had asked me to leave my place with him, had not a look from me silenced one who had quite enough troubles of his own. Tito went the next morning to Mr. Price's room, meeting Wickers by the way, who told him that the master and the missus had been "at it" again, and that Mrs. Price was sick of boys whose fathers never paid. Of the particulars of Tito's conference with Mr. Price, these are the principal, as detailed to me by Tito between twelve and two.

It had all been arranged, and Mr. Price broke the news to him in as gentle a manner as he could, and wiped his own eyes once or twice surreptitiously with his pocket-handkerchief. He told Tito that he was not a rich man, that the school was the support of himself and a large family, and that it was beyond his power to keep Tito any longer at his own

expense. He had consulted with his solicitor, who had advised him to hand over Tito to the parish authorities of Flatborough, who would pass Tito over to the parish authorities of the district in London where Colonel Zalez had resided for many years. He told Tito that the parish would use every exertion, and take far greater pains to find his father than he could do with a great school on his mind, and that he was taking the best and surest means to put Tito in his father's hands once more. He had no doubt that the parish would treat Tito very well, and that Tito would be very happy; but his auditor having his own opinion on this subject, went away discomfited. His last inquiry was—

"When is this to be, Mr. Price?"

"Oh, not this week," said the master assuringly, "or the next. Not till Michaelmas, at any rate."

Somehow the fate that loomed before Tito became known also to the boys, and was canvassed during play-hours, and generally set down as a "jolly shame," not any of us taking into consideration the ways and means of Mr. Price, and the appetite—always a good one—of Tito Zalez, and the rapid growth upwards and sideways—for Tito kept filling out rapidly—of the unfortunate pupil, who was out of his clothes again before any one knew where he was. Once the bright idea occurred to us of getting up a subscription to pay his arrears amongst ourselves and our parents, but the united contributions only amounting, after all the harass of canvassing, to eight shillings and threepence three farthings, it was thought advisable to return the subscriptions to the Tito fund. The second idea was entirely my own, and consisted in suggesting to my father, in a friendly and persuasive note, that Tito would be worth adopting, being a very nice and amiable boy, whom everybody would like at home. This idea was dashed to the ground by my father's courteous but decisive reply in the negative, and Tito, who had built a little on this letter, said, "Never mind, Joe," and asked whether Michaelmas-day always fell on the 29th of September.

On the twenty-eighth, in the dusky evening, which steals upon us so early at this date, and when the boys were strolling about the playground, waiting for the bell to ring them to tea, Tito suddenly came to me with the bottoms of his trowsers tucked up, and his threadbare jacket buttoned to the chin, in a way that looked like business, and said,

"Good-bye, Joe—I'm off."

"Off!—off where?"

"Hush! don't make a noise; but I can't stand the notion of a workhouse—I'm afraid of it; and—ugh!—the skilley! To-morrow's Michaelmas-day, and I'm going to run away."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do."

"But what's to become of you?"

"I shall enlist for a drummer, perhaps, or turn farmer's boy, or something. I'm off at once, through the school window, over the washhouse tiles, and so into the back lane."

Tito's sudden resolution took all my breath away; the novelty of the expedition aroused my love of adventure, and regardless of consequences, future hardships, future punishment from the hands of Mr. Price, and the sin of disobedience to my pastor and master, I said

"I'll go a little way with you, Tit, and come back again before they shut up for the night."

"But how you will catch it!"

"Yes, I know that; but I should not like you to start alone."

"Thank you, Joe; it's very kind of you; but I think you had better stop."

I thought so also, but I went with Tito; and we succeeded in getting from the school by the way which my small friend had ingeniously sketched out. When we were outside the playground wall, and heard the boys' voices welling to our ears from the other side, our hearts sank a little at the boldness of the step, and we hurried on somewhat crestfallen to the sea-shore, and went on by long low-lying sands, knowing that the tide was out, and that we were not likely to meet anybody at that hour to stop us before we reached the King's Gap. This was a cleft in the cliffs, where I was to part with him, and wish him God-speed on his journey. Tito had a bundle with him, in which he had packed a small great-coat, his socks, one shirt, a cricket-ball, a large bag of marbles—the boys were always giving him marbles, by way of token of their respect for him—a few halfpenny prints which he had coloured, and a volume of fairy-tales that his father had given him. The night was soon upon us, and we grew less stout-hearted in the darkness, and were doubtful if the sea might not come up more quickly than we had bargained for, and cut us off from the King's Gap before our tired legs could wade through the deep sand towards it. But we reached the gap in safety, crept past the coast-guard house on the station, and then paused to consider the next step. This was the place of parting; but a look back at the dark country road I had to traverse, and a sudden remembrance of all the

horrible stories I had heard of travellers being assassinated in lonely districts, and of children being stripped by gipsies of their clothes, and turned adrift to die of cold, deterred me from returning to Belvoir House till daylight. I said that I would go on with Tito; and Tito, who had looked dismally in his direction also, said, "Thank you, Joe," and was evidently grateful for my company.

We were both becoming very nervous, but we kept up appearances for a while. We took the wrong turning, and found ourselves on the edge of the cliff again. We made a short cut across a field to "try back" for the roadway, and lost ourselves completely. We went wandering about meadows and turnip fields in vain efforts to get off farmers' property, and failed. We were frightened almost to death by a white cow that bellowed suddenly over a hedge at us, and Tito dropped his bundle in his hurry, and we had to creep back cautiously for it, but were never able from that night to set eyes upon it again. We were overtaken by the rain —a heavy, steady down-pour, that washed the last atom of courage from our hearts.

"Joe," said Tito suddenly, "I wish I hadn't come."

"So do I," I assented; and then, with our heads very much bent forward, to keep the rain from our faces, and to allow it more easily to find its way down the backs of our necks, we, two foolish miserable hearts, trudged on, doubtful if we were walking over cross-country to London, or back again to Flatborough. When it came to thunder and lightning along with the rain, the climax had arrived, and Tito burst into tears, and wished that he was in his comfortable workhouse, and that I was out of trouble; and then the friendly shelter of an old shed, with the doors off, suddenly coming across our path, we darted into it, and huddled together in one corner, praying for the daylight. How the long night passed we never knew. We went to sleep at last, with our arms round each other's neck, and thought of "The Children in the Wood." We were scared once more by the white cow, who came in with stately tread out of the rain also, and snorted and sniffed about us, and finally lay down across the doorway, barring our egress, and pretending to go to sleep. Tito said that it might take us unawares when we followed its example. We did not know that it was a cow till the morning, our impression being that it was a bull of the very maddest description, and one to be especially wary of, if we set any value on our lives.

Somehow we dozed off to sleep at last, despite our fears; and when we woke again, hearing the hum of voices near us, we found that it was morning, and raining hard still, and that a red-faced man and a rosy-faced girl with milk-pails were looking down upon us in intense astonishment.

"Lawks!" the girl said; "what are you a-doing here? What boys are you?" I looked at Tito, and he returned my glance; our spirits were at zero, and it seemed necessary to give in.

"We're from Mr. Price's school at Flatborough, and should be glad to get back," said Tito.

"Flatborough — why, that's fifteen miles from here," said the farmer's man. "You don't mean to say that you two little chaps have been a-playing truant—good gracious!"

But we did mean it; and Tito said that, if they could put his friend Joe in the right road for the school, they might drop himself at the nearest workhouse, when they went that way, as it was all the same, and he was expected there; a piece of information which gave our listeners the impression that we were from the lunatic asylum five miles off. The farmer was sent for, and as he knew Belvoir House well, and was going to Flatborough on business that morning we were in a fair way towards the end of our adventure, and its unsatisfactory results.

We drove to the school after a breakfast which we were not in a fair condition to enjoy; and Mr. Price, his wife, the assistants, half the boys, and Wickers, were in the hall to see our ignominious return.

"You dreadful boys," Mr. Price said; "what a terrible fright you have given me, and what a deal of trouble! The county police are looking everywhere for you. What made you go away?"

"Please, sir, Tito was afraid of the workhouse," I explained; "and as he did not know his way to London, I thought that I would just put him on his road."

"I'll talk to you presently, Simmons," said Mr. Price, meaningly; and then he turned to Tito and said—"You need not have been afraid of Michaelmas-day, Tito, for I had made up my mind to risk another quarter; but your anxiety of mind was to a certain extent excusable, and I shall not punish you severely."

I felt a twittering all along my spine, but said not a word against his manifest partiality.

"And, my boy, I am very happy to relieve you from a great suspense this morning," said Mr. Price, laying his hand on Tito's curly head. "Here is to-day's paper, with a telegraphic despatch from Central America."

As he unfolded the paper and pointed to one item of intelligence in the top corner of the right-hand column, I bent forwards with Tito, and read, in large letters, the following news concerning a small state, that at this late stage of my story I need not particularly allude to.

"Great Revolution in ——. Release of Colonel Zalez. His election as President of the Republic."

Tito's troubles were ended from that day. The next mail brought a letter from President Zalez, whose political intrigues had thrown him into prison, and then had placed him at the head of a government, and Mr. Price's account was settled in due course.

I met President Zalez at an hotel in New York, whither he had gone for a holiday, two years ago, and his son Tito was then a bigger fellow than his father. We laughed over Tito's troubles at a princely banquet which the great man gave us, and, as he smoked his paper cigarettes, we reminded him of our first treat together in the little town of Flatborough-on-the-Sea.

"When you were Tito's best friend," he said, holding out his hand to me across the table. "Thank you, Master Simmons!"

I was afraid that he would have kissed me again in his gratitude, but he sat down, sighed as though the cares of government were a little in the way of the peace and rest that he had found in England, leaned back in his chair, and lighted another cigarette.

FLORA'S HOROLOGE.

[Mrs. Charlotte Smith, born in London, 4th May, 1749; died at Tilford, 28th October, 1806. No elist and miscellaneous writer; author of *Ethelinde; Celestina; Desmond;* and *The Old Manor House*, which is considered the best of her novels. Robert Chambers said of her works: "The keen satire and observation evinced in her novels do not appear in her verse; but the same powers of description are displayed."]

In every copse and sheltered dell,
Unveiled to the observant eye,
Are faithful monitors who tell
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green-robed children of the spring
Will mark the periods as they pass,
Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where transparent waters glide,
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed;
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,
Nymphæa rests her lovely head.

But conscious of the earliest beam,
She rises from her humid nest,
And sees, reflected in the stream,
The virgin whiteness of her breast.

Till the bright day-star to the west
Declines, in ocean's surge to lave;
Then, folded in her modest vest,
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See Hieracium's various tribe,
Of plumy seed and radiant flowers,
The course of Time their blooms describe,
And wake or sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
The goatsbeard spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale as a pensive cloistered nun,
The Bethlem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountain peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands
The humble arenaria creeps;
Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly rayed
With young Aurora's rosy hue,
Are to the noontide sun displayed,
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherds mark
The hour when, as the dial true,
Cichorium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "Wee crimson-tipped flower,"
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom at the closing hour,
When night-drops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike silene, who declines
The garish noontide's blazing light;
But when the evening crescent shines,
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path betrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrancers who tell
How fast their winged moments fly.

THE HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD PANTAGRUEL.

[Francois Rabelais was born 1485 in Chinon, Touraine, where his father had a farm, and kept an inn and a drug store. He became a priest, first of the order of St. Francis, and afterwards of the order Benedictines. The generally accepted idea that Rabelais was a grotesque, dissipated jester is a mistake, and contradicted by the ascertained facts of his life.

Rabelais was a man of great erudition. He understood Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Italian, Spanish, English and German. His scientific writings attracted much attention at the time, but his fame was founded by, and now rests on his satirical romance of "*Gargantua and Pantagruel.*" It consists of five books, of which he published the first two at Lyons, and the next two in Paris; the fifth was found unfinished after his death, and was printed in 1564.

The subject-matter is often coarse and indecorous, but on those points the author differs only from our taste not from that of his age, and the treatment shows everywhere the ease, clearness, and grace, which can only be at the command of consummate talents and polished education.

Besides the fun which every reader can draw from it, it gives a picture of French civilization in the sixteenth century, of the strife between inherited dogmas and acquired views, which is most instructive to the student of history.]

Chapter I.

How Pantagruel arrived at the Ringing Island, and of the Noise that we Heard.

Pursuing our voyage, we sailed three days without discovering any thing; on the fourth we made land. Our pilot told us that it was the Ringing Island,* and indeed we heard a kind of a confused and often repeated noise, that seemed to us, at a great distance, not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized, and little bells rung all at once, as it is customary at Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes, and elsewhere on high holidays; and the nearer we came to the land, the louder we heard that jangling.

Some of us doubted that it was the Dodonian Kettle, or the Portico called Heptaphone in Olympia, or the eternal humming of the Colossus raised on Memnon's tomb in Thebes of Egypt, or the horrid din that used formerly to be heard about a tomb at Lipara, one of the Eolian islands. But this did not square with chorography.

I don't know, said Pantagruel, but that some swarms of bees hereabouts may be taking a ramble in the air, and so the neighborhood make this dingle-dangle with pans, kettles and basons, the Corybantin cymbals of Cybele, grandmother of the gods, to call them back. Let's hearken. When we were nearer, among the everlasting ringing of these indefatigable bells, we heard the singing (as we thought) of some men. For this reason, before we offered to land on the Ringing Island, Pantagruel was of opinion that we should go in the pinnace to a small rock, near which we discovered a hermitage and a little garden. There we found a diminutive old hermit, whose name was Braguibus, born at Glenay. He gave us a full account of all the jangling, and regaled us after a strange sort of a fashion. Four livelong days did he make us fast, assuring us that we should not be admitted into the Ringing Island otherwise, because it was then one of the four fasting or Ember weeks. As I love my belly, quoth Panurge, I by no means understand this riddle. Methinks this should rather be one of the four Windy weeks—for while we fast we are only puffed up with wind. Pray, now, good Father Hermit, have not you here found some other pastime besides fasting? Methinks it is somewhat of the leanest; we might well enough be without so many palace holidays and those fasting times of years. In my Donatus, quoth Friar John, I could find yet but three times or tenses, the preterit, the present, and the future, and therefore I make a Donative of the fourth(i. e., the fast of the Quatre-tems) to be kept by my footman. That time or tense, said Epistemon, Aorist, derived from the preter-imperfect tense of the Greeks, admitted in variable and uncertain times. Patience per force is a remedy for a mad dog. Saith the hermit, it is, as I told you, fatal to go against this; whoever does it, is a rank heretic, and wants nothing but fire and faggot, that's certain. To deal plainly with you, my dear Pater, cried Panurge, being at sea, I much more fear being wet than being warm, and being drowned than being burnt.

Well, however, let us fast in God's name; yet I have fasted so long, that it has quite undermined my flesh, and I fear that at last the bastions of this bodily fort of mine will

* The Ringing Island. He that made the key to Rabelais asserts England to be meant by the Ringing Island; but he is mistaken, since, besides several other reasons, that island had already withdrawn itself from the Pope's authority, under Edward VI., when this book was written.

fall to ruin. Besides, I am much more afraid of vexing you in this same trade of fasting; for the devil a bit I understand any thing in it, and it becomes me very scurvily, as several people have told me, and I am to believe them. For my part, I don't much mind fasting; for alas! it is a trade of which any body may set up; there needs no tools. I am much more inclined not to fast for the future; for to do so, there's some stock required, and some tools are set at work. No matter, since you are so steadfast, and have us fast, let us fast as fast as we can, and then breakfast in the name of famine; now we are come to these esurial idle days. I vow, I had quite put them out of my head long ago. If we must fast, said Pantagruel, I see no other remedy but to get rid of it as soon as we can, as we would out of a bad way. I'll in that space of time somewhat look over my papers, and examine whether the marine study be as good as ours at land. For Plato, to describe a silly, raw, ignorant fellow, compares him to those that are bred on shipboard, as we would do one bred up in a barrel, who never saw any thing but through the bung-hole.

To tell you the short and long of the matter, our fasting was most hideous and terrible; for the first day we fasted at fisticuffs, the second at cudgels, the third at sharps, and the fourth at blood and wounds; such was the order of the fairies.

Having fasted as aforesaid, the hermit gave us a letter from one whom he called Albian Camar, Master Ædituus of the Ringing Island; but Panurge greeting him, called him Master Antitius. He was a little queer old fellow, bald-pated, with a snout whereat you might easily have lighted a card-match, and a phiz as red as a cardinal's cap. He made us all very welcome, upon the hermit's recommendation, hearing that we had fasted, as I have told you.

When we had well stuffed ourselves, he gave us an account of what was remarkable in the island; affirming, that it had been at first inhabited by the Siticines, but that according to the course of nature, as all things, you know, are subject to change, they were become birds.

There I had a full account of all that Atteius, Capito, Pollux, Marcellus, A. Gellius, Athenæus, Suidas, Ammonius and others had writ of the Siticines, and then we thought we might as easily believe the transmutations of Nectymene, Progue, Itys, Alcyone, Antigone, Tereus and other birds. Nor did we think it more reasonable to doubt of the transmogrification of the Macrobian children into swans, or that of the men of Palene in Thrace into birds, as soon as they had bathed themselves in the Tritonic lake. After this the devil a word could we get out of him but of birds and cages.

The cages were spacious, costly, magnificent, and of an admirable architecture. The birds were large, fine, and neat accordingly; looking as like the men in my country, as one pea does like another; for they eat and drank like men, muted like men, digested like men, but stunk like devils, slept, and billed; in short, had you seen and examined them from top to toe, you would have laid your head to a turnip, that they had been mere men. However, they were nothing less, as Master Ædituus told us; assuring us at the same time, that they were neither secular nor layic; and the truth is, the diversity of their feathers and plumes, did not a little puzzle us.

Some of them were all over as white as swans, others as black as crows, many as grey as owls, others black and white like magpies, some all red like red-birds, and others purple and white like some pigeons. He called the males, Clerghawks, Monkhawks, Priest-hawks, Abbot-hawks, Bishhawks, Cardinhawks, and one Popehawk, who is a species by himself. He called the females, Clergkites, Nunkites, Priestkites, Abbeskites, Bishkites, Cardinkite, and Popekites.

However, said he, as hornets and drones will get among the bees, and there do nothing but buzz, eat and spoil everything; so, for these last three hundred years, a vast swarm of bigottello's flocked I don't know how among these goodly birds every fifth full moon, and have bemuted, bewrayed, and conskited the whole island. They are so hard favoured and monstrous, that none can abide them. For their wry necks make a figure like a crooked billet; their paws are hairy, like those of rough-footed pigeons; their claws and pounces, like those of the Stymphalid harpies. Nor is it possible to root them out; for if you get rid of one, straight four and twenty new ones fly thither.

There had been need of another monster-hunter, such as was Hercules, for Friar John had like to have run distracted about it, so much he was nettled and puzzled in the matter. As for the good Pantagruel, he was even served as was Messer Priapus,

contemplating the sacrifice of Ceres, for want of skin.

We then asked Master Ædituus why there was but one Popehawk among such numbers of venerable birds multiplied in all their species? He answered, that such was the first institution and fatal destiny of the stars. That the Clerghawks begot the Priesthawks and Monkhawks. The Priesthawks begat the Bishhawks, the Bishhawks the stately Cardinhawks, and the stately Cardinhawks, if they live long enough, at last come to be Popehawk.

Of this last kind, there never is more than one at a time, as in a beehive there is but one king, and in the world but one sun.

When the Popehawk dies, another rises in his stead out of the whole brood of Cardinhawks, that is, as you must understand it all along. So that there is in that species an individual unity, with a perpetuity of succession, neither more or less than in the Arabian phœnix.

It is true, that about two thousand seven hundred and sixty moons ago, two Popehawks were seen upon the face of the earth; but then you never saw in your life such a woeful rout and hurly-burly as was all over this island. For all these same birds did so peck, clapperclaw, and maul one another all that time, that there was the devil and all to do, and the island was in a fair way of being left without inhabitants. Some stood up for this Popehawk, some for the other. Some, struck with a dumbness, were as mute as so many fishes; the devil a note was to be got out of them, part of the merry bells here were as silent as if they had lost their tongues, I mean their clappers.

During these troublesome times, they called to their assistance the emperors, kings, dukes, earls, barons, and commonwealths of the world that live on the other side of the water; nor was this schism and sedition at an end, till one of them died, and the plurality was reduced to a unity.

We then asked, what moved those birds to be thus continually chanting and singing? He answered, that it was the bells that hanged on the tops of their cages. Then he said to us, Will you have me make these Monkhawks, whom you see bardocucullated with a bag, such as you use to strain Hippocras wine through, sing like any woodlarks? Pray do, said we. He then gave half a dozen pulls to a little rope, which caused a diminutive bell to give so many ting-tangs, and presently a parcel of Monkhawks ran to him as if the devil had drove them, and fell a singing like mad.

Pray Master, cried Panurge, if I also rang this bell, could I make those other birds yonder, with red-herring coloured feathers sing? Ay, marry would you, returned Ædituus. With this Panurge hanged himself (by the hands, I mean) at the bell-rope's end, and no sooner made it speak, but those smoked birds hied them thither, and began to lift up their voices, and make a sort of untowardly hoarse noise, which I grudge to call singing. Ædituus, indeed, told us, that they fed on nothing but fish, like the herons and cormorants of the world, and that they were a fifth kind of Cucullati newly stamped.

He added, that he had been told by Robert Valbringue, who lately passed that way in his return from Africa, that a sixth kind was to fly hither out of hand, which he called Capushawks, more grum, vinegar-faced, brainsick, froward, and loathsome than any kind whatsoever in the whole island. Africa, said Pantagruel, still uses to produce some new and monstrous thing.

Since you have told us, said Pantagruel, how the Popehawk is begot by the Cardinhawks, the Cardinhawks by the Bishhawks, and the Bishhawks by the Priesthawks, and the Priesthawks by the Clerghawks, I would gladly know whence you have these same Clerghawks. They are all passengers (or travelling birds) returned Ædituus, and come hither from the other world; part out of a vast country, called Want-o'-Bread, the rest out of another toward the West, which they style, Too-many-of-them. From these two countries flock hither every year, whole legions of these Clerghawks, leaving their fathers, mothers, friends and relations.

This happens when there are too many children, whether male or female, in some good family of the latter country; insomuch that the house would come to nothing, if the paternal estate were shared among them all (as reason requires, nature directs, and God commands). For this cause parents used to rid themselves of that inconveniency by packing off the younger fry, and forcing them to seek their fortune in this Isle Bossart (or Humpy Island). I suppose he means l' Isle Bouchart, near Chinon, cried Panurge. No, replied the other, I mean Bossart (crooked); for there is not one in ten among them, but is either crooked, crippled, blinking, limping, ill-favoured, deformed, or an unprofitable load to the earth.

But the greatest number of our birds came out of Want-o'-bread, which, though a barren country, where the days are of a most tedious, lingering length, over-stocks this whole island with the lower class of birds. For hither fly the Assapheis that inhabit that land, either when they are in danger of passing their time scurvily for want of belly-timber, being unable, or, what is more likely, unwilling, to take heart of grace, and follow some honest, lawful calling, or too proud-hearted and lazy to go to service in some sober family. The same is done by your frantic Inamoradoes, who, when crossed in their wild desires, grow stark, staring mad, and choose this life suggested to them by their despair (too cowardly to make them swing, like their brother Iphis of doleful memory). There is another sort, that is, your gaol-birds, who having done some rogues' trick, or other heinous villany, and being sought up and down to be trussed up, and made to ride the two or three-legged mare that groans for them, warily scour off and come here to save their bacon: because all these sorts of birds are here provided for, and grow in an instant as fat as hogs, though they came as lean as rakes: for having the benefit of the clergy, they are as safe as thieves in a mill within this sanctuary.

But, asked Pantagruel, Do these birds never return to the world where they were hatched? Some do, answered Æduitus; formerly some few, but very late and very unwillingly. However, since some certain eclipses, by the virtue of the celestial constellations, a great crowd of them fled back to the world. Nor do we fret or vex ourselves a jot about it; for those that stay, sing, "The fewer the better Cheer;" and all those that fly away first, cast off their feathers here among these nettles and briars.

Accordingly we found some thrown by there; and as we looked up and down, we chanced to light on what some people will hardly thank us for having discovered; and thereby hangs a tale.

These words were scarce out of his mouth, when some five and twenty or thirty birds flew towards us: they were of a hue and feather like which we have not yet seen any thing in the whole island. Their plumes were as changeable as the skin of the chamelion, and the flower of Tripolion, or Tencrion. They had all under the left-wing a mark like two diameters dividing a circle into equal parts, or (if you had rather have it so) like a perpendicular line falling on a right line. The marks which each of them bore, were much of the same shape, but of different colours; for some were white, others green, some red, others purple, and some blue. Who are those, asked Panurge, and how do you call them? They are Mongrels, quoth Æduitus.

We call them Knighthawks, and they have a great number of rich Commanderies (fat livings) in your world. Good your Worship, said I, make them give us a song, if it please you, that we may know how they sing. They scorn your words, cried Æduitus, they are none of your singing birds; but, to make amends, they feed as much as the best two of them all. Pray, where are their hens? where are their females, said I? They have none, answered Æduitus.

He then acquainted us with the occasion of their coming. This next to us, said he, looks so wistfully upon you, to see whether he may not find among your company a stately, gaudy kind of huge, dreadful birds of prey, which yet are so untoward, that they never could be brought to the lure, nor to perch on the glove. They tell us that there are such in your world, and that some of them have goodly garters below the knee with an inscription about them which condemns him (*qui mal y pense*) who shall think ill of it, to be bewrayed and conskitted. Others are said to wear the devil in a string before their paunches; and others a ram's skin. All that is true enough, good Master Æduitus, quoth Panurge, but we have not the honour to be acquainted with their knightships.

Come on, cried Æduitus in a merry mood, we have had chat enough of conscience! let us e'en go drink,—and eat, quoth Panurge: Eat, replied Æduitus, and drink bravely, old boy; twist like ploughjobbers, and swill like tinkers; pull away and save tide; for nothing is so dear or precious as time, therefore we will be sure to put it to a good use.

He would fain have carried us first to bathe in the Bagnio's of the Cardinhawks, which are goodly, delicious places, and have us licked over with precious ointment by the Alyptes, *alias* Rubbers, as soon as we should come out of the bath. But Pantagruel told him, that he could drink but too much without that. He then led us into a spacious, delicate refectory, or fratrie-room, and told us, Braguibus the hermit, made

you fast four days together; now, contrariwise, I will make you eat and drink of the best four days through stitch before you budge from this place. But hark-ye-me, cried Panurge, may not we take a nap in the mean time? Ay, ay, answered Ædituus, that's as you shall think good, for he that sleeps drinks. Good Lord! how we lived! what good bub! what dainty cheer. O what an honest cod was this same Ædituus!

Pantagruel looked I don't know howish, and seemed not very well pleased with the four days' junketting which Ædituus enjoined us. Ædituus, who soon found it out, said to him, you know, sir, that seven days before winter, and seven days after, there is no storm at sea: for then the elements are still, out of respect for the halcions, or king fishers, birds sacred to Thetis, which then lay their eggs and hatch their young near the shore. Now here the sea makes itself amends for this long calm; and whenever any foreigners come hither, it grows boisterous and stormy for four days together. We can give no other reason for it, but that it is a piece of its civility, that those who come among us may stay whether they will or no, and be copiously feasted all the while with the incomes of the Ringing. Therefore pray don't think your time lost, for, willing, nilling, you will be forced to stay, unless you are resolved to encounter Juno, Neptune, Doris, Æolus, and his flusterblusters; and in short, all the pack of ill-natured, left-handed codlings and vejoves. Do but resolve to be cheery, and fall to briskly.

After we had pretty well staid our stomachs with some tight snatches, Friar John said to Ædituus, For aught I see, you have none but a parcel of birds and cages in this island of yours, and the devil a bit of one of them all that sets his hand to the plough, or tills the land, whose fat he devours: their whole business is to befrolic, to chirp it, to whistle it, to warble it; tossing it, and roaring it merrily night and day: pray then, if I may be so bold, whence comes this plenty and overflowing of all dainty bits and good things, which we see among you? From all the other world, returned Ædituus, if you except some part of the northern regions, who of late years have stirred up the Jakes. Mum! they may chance ere long to rue the day they did so; their cows shall have porridge, and their dogs oats; there will be work made among them, that there will: come, a fig for it, let us drink.——But pray what countrymen are you? Tourain is our country, answered Panurge. Cod so, cried Ædituus, you are not then hatched of an ill bird, I will say that for you, since the blessed Tourain is your mother: for from thence there comes hither every year such a vast store of good things, that we were told by some folks of the place that happened to touch at this island, that your Duke of Tourain's income will not afford him to eat his bellyful of beans and bacon [a good dish spoiled between Moses and Pythagoras] because his predecessors have been more than liberal to these most holy birds of ours, that we might here munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, craw it, riot it, junket it, and tickle it off, stuffing our puddings with dainty pheasants, partridges, pullets with eggs, fat capons of Loudunois, and all sorts of venison and wild fowl. Come, box it about, tope on my friends: pray do but see yon jolly birds that are perched together, how fat, how plump, and in good case, they look with the income that Tourain yields us! And in faith they sing rarely for their good founders, that is the truth of it. You never saw any Arcadian birds mumble more fairly than they do over a dish, when they see these two gilt batoons, or when I ring for them these great bells that you see above their cages. Drink on, Sirs, whip it away, verily friends, 'tis very fine drinking to-day, and so 'tis every day of the week; then drink on, toss it about, here's to you with all my soul, you are most heartily welcome; never spare it, I pray you; fear not we should ever want good bub, and belly-timber; for, look here, though the sky were of brass, and the earth of iron, we should not want wherewithal to stuff, though they were to continue so seven or eight years longer than the famine in Egypt. Let us then, with brotherly love and charity, refresh ourselves here with the creature.

Woons man, cried Panurge, what a rare time you have of it in this world! Pshaw, returned Ædituus, this is nothing to what we shall have in the other: the Elysian fields will be the least that can fall to our lot. Come, in the mean time let us drink here, come here's to thee, old Fuddlecap.

THE OBLIGATION OF TREATIES.

FROM A SPEECH ON THE BRITISH TREATY, 1796.

[FISHER AMES, an American statesman, born in Dedham, Mass., 1758, died there in 1808. Ames was one of

the most gifted and eloquent speakers of the Federal party in Congress, during Washington's administration. He was a distinguished advocate, and a clear and forcible writer on political subjects. His collected writings were published in 1809, and republished, with a biography by Seth Ames, in two volumes, Boston, 1854.]

Will any man affirm, the American nation is engaged by good faith to the British nation; but that engagement is nothing to this house? Such a man is not to be reasoned with. Such a doctrine is a coat of mail, that would turn the edge of all the weapons of argument, if they were sharper than a sword. Will it be imagined the king of Great Britain and the president are mutually bound by the treaty; but the two nations are free? . . . .

This, sir, is a cause that would be dishonoured and betrayed, if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. It is too cold, and its processes are too slow for the occasion. I desire to thank God, that, since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure. On a question of shame and honour, reasoning is sometimes useless, and worse. I feel the decision in my pulse: if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart.

It is not easy to deny, it is impossible to doubt, that a treaty imposes an obligation on the American nation. It would be childish to consider the president and senate obliged, and the nation and house free. What is the obligation? perfect or imperfect? If perfect, the debate is brought to a conclusion. If imperfect, how large a part of our faith is pawned? Is half our honour put at risk, and is that half too cheap to be redeemed? How long has this hair-splitting subdivision of good faith been discovered, and why has it escaped the researches of the writers on the law of nations? Shall we add a new chapter to that law; or insert this doctrine as a supplement to, or more properly a repeal of the ten commandments? . . . .

On every hypothesis, the conclusion is not to be resisted: we are either to execute this treaty, or break our faith. . . . .

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honour. Every good citizen makes that honour his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence; and is conscious that he gains protection, while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonoured in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice: he would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians: a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but, when ratified, even Algiers is too wise or too just to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for privacy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition, that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine, that a republican government, sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to

be faithless; can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition, that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty, after we have done everything to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or, rather, what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him: he would disown his country? You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power, blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonour! Such a nation might truly say to corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

I can scarcely persuade myself to believe, that the consideration I have suggested requires the aid of any auxiliary; but, unfortunately, auxiliary arguments are at hand. . . . .

The refusal of the posts—inevitable if we reject the treaty*—is a measure too decisive in its nature to be neutral in its consequences. From great causes we are to look for great effects. . . . . Will the tendency to Indian hostilities be contested by any one? Experience gives the answer. The frontiers were scourged with war, until the negotiation with Great Britain was far advanced; and then the state of hostility ceased. Perhaps the public agents of both nations are innocent of fomenting the Indian war, and perhaps they are not. We ought not, however, to expect that neighbouring nations, highly irritated against each other, will neglect the friendship of the savages. The traders will gain an influence, and will abuse it; and who is ignorant that their passions are easily raised and hardly restrained from violence? Their situation will oblige them to choose between this country and Great Britain, in case the treaty should be rejected: they will not be our friends, and at the same time the friends of our enemies. . . . .

If any, against all these proofs, should maintain, that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to procure conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the Western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security: your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed: the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again; in the day time, your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your cornfield: you are a mother—the warwhoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception of your feelings: it is a spectacle of horror, which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which all I have said or can say will be poor and frigid. . . . .

Will any one deny, that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans unresponsible? Have the principles, on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings, no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that state-house? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask: Can you put the dearest interest of society at risk, without guilt, and without remorse? . . . .

There is no mistake in this case: there can be none: experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our

* By the treaty, certain western posts, necessary to the protection of the frontier, were to be surrendered by the British.—*Editor.*

future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness: it exclaims, that, while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture: already they seem to sigh in the western wind: already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

FROM THE BRITISH SPY.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, Virginia, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject was, of course, the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; His trial before Pilate; His ascent up Calvary; His crucifixion; and His death. I knew the whole history; but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, His blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; His voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on His enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the

effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm, to which the congregation were raised; and then the few moments of portentous, deathlike silence, which reigned throughout the house: the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher" —then, pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine. Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence.

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded, that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide, with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his Bard.

WILLIAM WIRT.

INFANCY.

In the dusky alcove,
Near the altar laid,
Sleeps the child in shadow
Of his mother's bed;
Softly he reposes,
And his lids of roses,
Closed to earth, uncloses
On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him,
Fresh from fairy land:
Spangled o'er with diamonds
Seems the ocean sand;
Suns are gleaming there;
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In their charming hand.

O enchanting vision!
Lo! a rill upsprings,
And from out its bosom
Comes a voice that sings.
Lovelier there appear
Sire and sisters dear,
While his mother near
Plumes her new-born wings

But a brighter vision
Yet his eyes behold:
Roses all and lilies
Every path unfold;
Lakes in shadow sleeping,
Silver fishes leaping,
And the waters creeping
Through the reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,
Slumber peacefully!
Thy young soul knows not
What thy lot may be.
Like dead leaves that sweep
Down the stormy deep,
Thou art borne in sleep:
What is all to thee?

Innocent! thou sleepest!—
See! the heavenly band,
Who foreknow the trials
That for man are planned,
Seeing him unarmed,
Unfearing, unalarmed,
With their tears have warmed
His unconscious hand.

Angels, hovering o'er him,
Kiss him where he lies;
Hark! he sees them weeping
"Gabriel!" he cries;
"Hush!" the angel says,
On his lip he lays
One finger, and displays
His native skies

—VICTOR HUGO

THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

Oh, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
The very personification of pride,
As she minced along, in fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye;
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting:

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,
Sandalled in satin, should kiss the street—
The very same that the vulgar greet
In common leather, not over "neat"—
For such is the common footing;
(And Christian tears may well be shed,
That, even among our gentlemen bred,
The glorious Dey of Morocco is dead,
And Day and Martin are reigning instead,
On a much inferior footing)

Oh, terribly proud was Miss MacBride—
Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside,
That wouldn't have borne dissection;
Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk"
On a very slight inspection.

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come—
When she was glad, and when she was glum;
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling-shop;
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
"Proud as a boy with a bran-new top"—
Proud beyond comparison.

It seems a singular thing to say,
But her very senses led her astray
Respecting all humility;
In sooth, her dull, auricular drum
Could find in *humble* only a "hum,"
And heard no sound of "gentle" come
In talking about gentility.

What *lowly* meant she didn't know,
For she always avoided "everything low,"
With care the most punctilious.
And queerer still, the audible sound
Of "super-silly" she never had found
In the adjective supercilious

The meaning of *meek* she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something to do
With "Moses," a peddling German Jew,
Who, like all hawkers, the country through,
Was "a person of no position;"
And it seemed to her exceedingly plain,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
To a lady of high condition.

Even her graces—not her grace,
For that was in the "vocative case—"
Chilled with the touch of her icy face,
Sat very stiffly upon her.
She never confessed a favour aloud,
Like one of the simple, common crowd,
But coldly smiled, and faintly bowed,
As who should say, "You do me proud,
And do yourself an honour!"

And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation;
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise
And grow till they reach a four-story size—
Was merely a fancy creation!

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

That her wit should never have made her vain
Was—like her face—sufficiently plain,
And as to her musical powers,
Although she sang until she was hoarse,
And issued notes with a banker's force,
They are just such notes as we never endorse
For any acquaintance of ours!

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high—
For Miss MacBride first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But—pride is a curious passion,
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our "fierce democracie!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish

In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No modern Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

But Miss MacBride had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
For rich was the old paternal MacBride
According to public rumour;
And he lived "up town" in a splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her!

An honest mechanic was John MacBride,
As ever an honest calling plied,
Or graced an honest ditty;
For John had worked in his early day
In "pots and pearls," the legends say—
And kept a shop with a rich array
Of things in the soap and candle way,
In the lower part of the city.

No "*rara avis*" was honest John—
That's the Latin for "sable swan"—
Though in one of his fancy flashes,
A wicked wag, who meant to deride,
Called honest John "Old *Phœnix* MacBride,"
"Because he rose from his ashes!"

Little by little he grew to be rich,
By saving of candle-ends and "sich,"
Till he reached at last an opulent niche—
No very uncommon affair;
For history quite confirms the law,
Expressed in the ancient Scottish saw,
"A mickle may come to be may'r."

Alack for many ambitious beaux,
She hung their hopes upon her nose—
The figure is quite Horatian!—
Until, from habit, the member grew
As queer a thing as ever you knew,
Turn up to observation!

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand,
By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly vulgar fraction!

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling;
For, though a regular sutor by trade,
He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid;
Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
"The cobbler keep to his calling!"

(The muse must let a secret out:
There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt
That folks who oftenest sneer and flout
At "the dirty low mechanicals,"
Are they whose sires, by pounding their knees
Or coiling their legs, or trades like these,
Contribute to win their children ease
From poverty's galling manacles.)

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
A man of his wealth and liberal views,
Began at once with "If you choose—
And could you really love him."
But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff,
With an answer rough and ready enough,
To let him know she was up to snuff,
And altogether above him!

A young attorney of winning grace
Was scarce allowed to "open his face,"
Ere Miss MacBride had closed his case
With true judicial celerity:
For the lawyer was poor and "seedy" to boot;
And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,
Is merely a double verity.

The last of those who came to court,
Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support"—
A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
A ragged fellow "a vagrant."

A courtly fellow was dapper Jim—
Sleek and supple, and tall and trim,
And smooth of tongue as neat of limb;
And, maugre his meagre pocket,
You'd say, from the glittering tales he told,
That Jim had slept in a cradle of gold,
With Fortunatus to rock it!

Now dapper Jim his courtship plied
(I wish the fact could be denied)
With an eye to the purse of the old MacBride,
And really "nothing shorter!"
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies—as die he must—
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust
In behalf of his only daughter."

And the very magnificent Miss MacBride,
Half in love, and half in pride,
  Quite graciously relented;
And tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack—
To be a Bride without the "Mac,"
  With much disdain, consented.

Alas! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,
Secure from all financial shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,
And madly rush upon Wall Street rocks,
  Without the least apology:
Alas! that people whose money affairs
Are sound beyond all need of repairs,
Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
  Of Mammon's fierce zoölogy!

Old John MacBride, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
  Of Fortune's undertakers;
And staking his all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
  Among the brokers and breakers!

At his trade again, in the very shop
Where, years before, he let it drop,
  He follows his ancient calling—
Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound at night
As when, at fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake with a dizzy fright,
  From a dismal dream of falling.

But alas! for the haughty Miss MacBride—
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride,
She couldn't recover, although she tried
  Her jaded spirits to rally:
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a Place "up town" to a nook "up-stairs,"
  From an avenue down to an alley.

'Twas little condolence she had, God wot,
From her "troops of friends," who hadn't
    forgot
  The airs she used to borrow;
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
  Was a different thing from sorrow.

They owned it couldn't have well been worse,
To go from a full to an empty purse;
To expect a "reversion," and get a reverse,
  Was truly a dismal feature;
But it wasn't strange, they whispered, at all!
That the Summer of pride should have its Fall
  Was quite according to Nature!

And one of those chaps who make a pun,
As if it were quite a legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular double-loaded gun,—
  Remarked that moral transgression
Always brings retributive stings
To candle-makers as well as kings,
And "making light of cereous things"
  Was a very wick-ed profession!

And vulgar people—the saucy churls—
Inquired about "the price of Pearls,"
  And mocked at her situation:
"She wasn't ruined," they ventured to hope;
"Because she was poor, she needn't mope—
Few people were better off for soap—
  And that was a consolation!"

And, to make her cup of woe run over,
Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover
  Was the very first to forsake her;
"He quite regretted the step, 'twas true—
The lady had pride enough for two,
But that alone would never do
  To quiet the butcher and baker."

And now the unhappy Miss MacBride—
The merest ghost of her earthly pride—
  Bewails her lonely position;
Cramped in the very narrowest niche
Above the poor and below the rich—
  Was ever a worse condition?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
  With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth's a bubble, that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
  Is subject to irritation!

—JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

FLOWER SONG.

[JOHANN GEORG JACOBI, a German poet, born at Düsseldorf, in 1740, died in 1814, a Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Freiburg. His poems are marked by a fine and tender sentiment, and a finished rhythmic flow. He is one of the few German writers who have formed their style on French models.]

TELL me, where's the violet fled,
  Late so gayly blowing:
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
  Choicest sweets bestowing?—
Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,
And the violet blooms no more!

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning;
Garland meet for beauty's brows;
Hill and dale adorning?—
Gentle maid, the summer's fled,
And the helpless rose is dead!

Bear me, then, to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing,
Watering many a daffodil
On its margin glowing,—
Sun and wind exhaust its store;
Yonder rivulet glides no more!

Lead me to the bowery shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Loved resort of youth and maid,
Amorous ditties chanting,—
Hail and storm with fury shower;
Leafless mourns the rifled bower!

Say, where bides the village maid,
Late yon cot adorning?
Oft I've met her in the glade,
Fair and fresh as morning,—
Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!
Seek her in her grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
Who, of rural pleasures,
Rose and violet, rill and plain,
Sung in deftest measures?—
Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
Death has closed the poet's eyes!

THE TWO FOUNTAINS IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

[Francesco Berni, an Italian poet noted for the humor, no less than the harmony of his verses, was born in Tuscany, near the close of the 15th century, and died in 1536. His style is light, graceful, and finished, and he was a skillful *improvisatore*. Lord Byron, it has been often said, was one of his imitators.]

The alabaster vase was wrought with gold,
And the white ground o'erlaid with curious care;
While he who looked within it might behold
Green grove, and flowers, and meadow, pictured there.
Wise Merlin made it, it is said, of old,
For Tristan, when he sighed for Yseult fair;
That, drinking of its wave, he might forego
The peerless damsel, and forget his woe.

But he, to his misfortune, never found
That fountain, built beneath the greenwood tree,
Although the warrior paced a weary round,
Encompassing the world by land and sea.
The waves which in the magic basin bound
Make him unlove who loves. Nor only he
Foregoes his former love; but that, which late
Was his chief pride and pleasure, has in hate.

Mount Alban's lord, whose strength and spirits sink,—
For yet the sun was high and passing hot,—
Stood gazing on the pearly fountain's brink,
Rapt with the sight of that delicious spot.
At length he can no more, but stoops to drink;
And thirst and love are in the draught forgot:
For such the virtue those cold streams impart,
Changed in an instant is the warrior's heart.

Him, with that forest's wonders unacquainted,
Some paces to a second water bring,
Of crystal wave with rain or soil untainted,
With all the flowers that wreath the brows of Spring
Kind Nature had the verdant margin painted:
And there a pine and beech and olive fling
Their boughs above the stream, and form a bower,
A grateful shelter from the noontide hour.

This was the stream of Love, upon whose shore
He chanced, where Merlin no enchantments shed;
But Nature here, unchanged by magic lore,
The fountain with such sovereign virtue fed,
That all who tasted loved: whence many, sore
Lamenting their mistake, were ill-bested.
Rinaldo wandered to this water's brink,
But, sated, had no further wish to drink.

Yet the delicious trees and banks produce
Desire to try the grateful shade; and needing
Repose, he lights, and turns his courser loose,
Who roamed the forest, at his pleasure feeding;
And there Rinaldo cast him down, at truce
With care; and slumber to repose succeeding,
Thus slept supine: when spiteful fortune brought
Her to the spot whom least the warrior sought.

She thirsts, and, lightly leaping from her steed,
Ties the gay palfrey to the lofty pine;
Then plucking from the stream a little reed,
Sips, as a man might savor muscat wine;
And feels, while yet she drinks (such marvel breed
The waters fraught with properties divine),
She is no longer what she was before;
And next beholds the sleeper on the shore.

THE CHANGE WHICH OCCURRED IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

For, indeed, a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were taken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of unmeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundation, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the cathedral, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

TO DIANE DE POITIERS.

[CLEMENT MAROT, a famous French poet, born in 1505, died in 1544. He had much wit and fancy, with an epigrammatic style.]

FAREWELL! since vain is all my care,
Far, in some desert rude,
I'll hide my weakness, my despair;
And, 'midst my solitude,
I'll pray, that, should another move thee,
He may as fondly, truly love thee.

Adieu, bright eyes, that were my heaven!
Adieu, soft cheek, where summer blooms!
Adieu, fair form, earth's pattern given,
Which Love inhabits and illumes!
Your rays have fallen but coldly on me:
One far less fond, perchance, had won ye!

TO MARY STUART.

[PIERRE DE RONSARD, an early French poet (1524-1585) was pronounced by De Thou the most accomplished poet since Horace. This was an extravagant judgment, as his numerous works abound in affectations, and departure from the simplicity of nature. We give one favorable specimen, extracted from Ronsard's poem on Mary Queen of Scots.]

ALL beauty, granted as a boon to earth,
That is, has been, or ever can have birth,
Compared to hers, is void, and Nature's care
Ne'er formed a creature so divinely fair.

In spring amidst the lilies she was born,
And purer tints her peerless face adorn;
And though Adonis' blood the rose may paint,
Beside her bloom the rose's hues are faint:

With all his richest store Love decked her eyes.
The Graces each, those daughters of the skies,
Strove which should make her to the world most dear,
And to attend her, left their native sphere.

Wherever destiny her path may lead,
Fresh-springing flowers will bloom beneath her tread,
All nature will rejoice, the waves be bright,
The tempest check its fury at her sight,
The sea be calm: her beauty to behold,
The sun shall crown her with his rays of gold,—
Unless he fears, should he approach her throne,
Her majesty should quite eclipse his own.

THE SABBATH.

[The Rev. JAMES GRAHAME was born in Glasgow in 1765. He studied the law, and practised at the Scottish bar for several years, but afterwards took orders in the Church of England, and died on the 14th of September, 1811. The works of Grahame consist of "*Mary, Queen of Scotland*," (1800); "*The Sabbath*," (1801), "*Sabbath Walks*," (1805), "*Biblical Pictures*," "*The Birds of Scotland*," (1806), and "*British Georgies*," (1809), all in blank verse.]

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,

That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.
But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new made grave, well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full;
The people rising sing, "with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;" harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong. . .
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath service of the shepherd boy!
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry.
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps: the volume closed,
With thyme sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race to godliness devote.

A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound!—the ringdove's plaint,
Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked),
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.
Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and down.

Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush! the torrent's channel dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But hark a plaintive sound floating along!
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shieling; now it dies
Away, now rises full; it is the song
Which He, who listens to the hallelujahs
Of choiring seraphim, delights to hear;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age, of guileless youth
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker-door. Behold the man!
The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight;
While heedless at a side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

When homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass:
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend—conjunction rare!
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep; the lightning's flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range—
It was not wide—no dog would bay at him:
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship:
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see the wandering darkling on thy way.

But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the bluebells linger on the sod
That copes the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears,
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
That circles Autumn's brow: The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks: oft, statue-like I gaze
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day—
Not even a footfall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.

The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
And shew the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire.
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
But what the beauty of the plain compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold?
There silence dwells profound; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now explore the deep-sunk dell.
No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way! Oh, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away:
So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers; then to the pastures green
He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

THE RELATION OF INDIVIDUALS TO THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

[GEORGE W. F. HEGEL, a German philosopher, born at Stuttgart, 1770, died 1831. At eight years of age Hegel

was an admiring reader of Shakespeare in German, and at thirteen he had acquired Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Geometry. Having an early bent toward metaphysics, he studied Kant, Constant, and Rousseau, with the Greek philosophers, and removing to Jena, in 1801, lectured for many years on philosophy and history. Associated with Schelling in a journal on Philosophy, he differed from him in opinion, and developed his own intellectual creed in his book on "*Phenomenology*." Hegel's influence over German thought was very great, and more than a thousand treatises have been written on his philosophical system. His works are characterized by great elevation of thought, and earnest faith in what he termed the Absolute, as revealed in the human intellect and the progress of mankind.]

In the history of the world something else is generally brought out by means of the actions of individual men than they themselves aim at or attain, than they directly know of or will; they achieve their own ends, but something farther is brought to pass in connection with their acts, which also lies therein, but which did not lie in their consciousness and purposes. As an analogous example we cite the case of a man, who, out of revenge, which may have been justly excited, that is, by an unjust injury, goes to work and sets fire to the house of another man. Even in doing this, there is a connection made between the direct act, and the other, although themselves merely external circumstances, which do not belong to this act, taken wholly and directly by itself. This act, as such, is the holding perhaps of a small flame to a small spot of a wooden beam. What is not yet accomplished by this act goes on and is done of itself; the part of the beam that was set on fire is connected with other parts of the same beam, this too with the rafters and joists of the whole house, this house with other houses, and a wide-spread conflagration ensues, which destroys the property and goods of many other men besides the one against whom the revenge was directed, and even costs many men their lives. All this lay not in the general act, nor in the intention of him who began it all. But, still farther, this action has another general character and destination: in the purpose of the actor it was only revenge against an individual by means of the destruction of his property; but it is also a crime, and this involves, farther, a punishment. This may not have been included in the consciousness, and still less in the will of the doer, but still such is his act in itself, the general character, the very substance of it, that which is achieved by it. In this example all that we would hold fast is, that in the immediate action there can lie something more than what was in the will and consciousness of the actor. The substance of the action, and thereby the act itself, here turns round against the doer; it becomes a return-blow against him, which ruins him. We have not here to lay any emphasis upon the action considered as a crime; it is intended only as an analogous example, to show, that to the definite action there may be something more than the end directly willed.

One other case may be adduced which will come up later in its own place, and which, being itself historical, contains, in the special form which is essential to our purpose, the union of the general with the particular, of an end necessary in itself with an aim which might seem accidental. It is that of Cæsar, in danger of losing the position he had obtained, if not of superiority over, yet of equality with, the other man who stood at the head of the Roman state, and of submitting to those who were upon the point of becoming his enemies. These enemies, who at the same time had their own personal ends in view, had on their side the formal constitution of the State and the power of seeming legality. Cæsar fought to maintain his own position, honor and safety, and the victory over his opponents was at the same time the conquest of the whole kingdom: and thus he became, leaving only the forms of the constitution of the State, the sole possessor of power. The carrying out of his own at first negative purpose got for him the supremacy in Rome; but this was also in its true nature a necessary element in the history of Rome and of the world, so that it was not his own private gain merely, but an instinct which consummated that which, considered by itself, lay in the times themselves. Such are the great men of history—those whose private purposes contain the substance of that which is the will of the spirit of the world. This substance constitutes their real power; it is contained in the general and unconscious instinct of men; they are inwardly impelled thereto, and have no ground on which they can stand in opposing the man who has undertaken the execution of such a purpose in his own interest. The people assemble around his banner; he shows to them, and carries out, that which is their own immanent destiny.

Should we, farther, cast a look at the fate of these world-historical individuals, we see

that they have had the fortune to be the leaders to a consummation which marks a stage in the progress of the general mind. That reason makes use of these instruments we might call its craft; for it lets them carry out their own aims with all the rage of passion, and not only keeps itself unharmed, but makes itself dominant. The particular is for the most part too feeble against the universal; the individuals are sacrificed. Thus the world's history presents itself as the conflict of individuals, and in the field of their special interests all goes on very naturally. In the animal world the preservation of life is the aim and instinct of each individual, and yet reason or general laws prevail, and the individuals fall; thus is it also in the spiritual world. Passions destroy each other; reason alone watches, pursues its end, and makes itself authoritative.

THE STATE.

That which is substantial and true in man's will is what we call morality and law; and this is what is divine in the external objects of history. Antigone in Sophocles says: "The divine commands are not of yesterday or to-day; no, they live without end, and no one knows whence and when they came." Moral laws are not accidental, but are reason itself. When these moral laws or ethical principles, which compose the true substance of humanity, have authority in the actions and sentiments of men, when they are really carried out and maintained, then we have the *State*. Now-a-days there are manifold errors current upon this matter which pass for established truths, and have all prejudices in their favor; we will only notice a few of them, and such as have a special bearing upon the aim of our history.

The State, we say, is the realization of freedom in conformity with ethical laws. An opinion directly opposed to this view is current, which asserts that man is free by nature, and that the society, the State, of which he is naturally a member, must restrict this natural freedom. That man is free by nature is wholly correct in the sense, that this is the true idea of man, but this idea is something that is to be realized; it expresses his destination, and not what he actually is at first; the nature of any object can mean the same as the true conception of it. But this is not the whole meaning of the phrase; there is also included in it the notion of the mode in which man existed in his natural and undeveloped condition. In this sense, a state of nature is generally assumed in which man is represented as being in the possession of his natural rights in the unrestricted exercise and enjoyment of his freedom. This assumption does not pass for something verified by history; and if it were earnestly attempted, it would be difficult to show that such a state of nature either now exists, or has in past times anywhere existed. States of savageness can indeed be pointed out, but these are always connected with rude passions and violence, and, even when most cultivated, we find, among such tribes, social regulations which restrict true freedom. This whole assumption is one of those misty figments which a theorizing spirit generates; a notion necessarily flowing from such a spirit, for which it then feigns a real existence, without justifying itself in an historical way.

Such as we find this state of nature to be in fact, so is it in the notion thereof. Freedom, being the ideality of what is primitive and natural, is not found in the primitive and natural condition of man; it must first be wrought out and won, and that, too, by an unending mediation between the impulses of knowledge and of will. Hence the state of nature is a state of injustice, of force, of unrestrained natural impulses to inhuman deeds and feelings. Society and the State do indeed make restrictions, but the restrictions are put upon these crude emotions and rude impulses, upon fickleness and passion. These limitations are made by that constant process of mediation between opposing principles, which is the only way in which such freedom is produced, as is conformed to the true idea thereof, and to the laws of reason. Right and ethics belong to the very idea of freedom; these are, in their very nature, universal essences, objects, and ends; they are found only as we, by the activity of thought, distinguish ourselves from whatever is sensual, and develop our characters in contrast with what is merely natural; and they must, so to speak, be moulded into and embodied in the will which is at first only sensuous, even in opposition to this will. This is the everlasting misapprehension of freedom, to know it only in its formal and subjective aspects, abstracted from its essential objects and aims; thus is it that the limitation of those impulses, desires, and passions, which belong only to single individuals as such, to

the sphere of caprice and mere liking, is taken to be a restriction of freedom. Such limitation is rather absolutely necessary to the emancipation of the will; and society and the State are the conditions under which freedom is realized.

LETTER TO A YOUNG POET.

[Christoph Martin Wieland, 1733-1813, a versatile German writer, was educated at Tübingen University, and after eight years residence in Switzerland, he became an officer in the German civil service. Wieland employed all his leisure hours in literary composition, pouring out novels, poems, and dramas with prolific pen. He was the first to translate Shakespeare into German (1762), edited a literary periodical for more than thirty years, and translated Horace, Lucian, and Cicero. Wieland's works, which form fifty volumes, evince much grace and cheerfulness of tone, and his enthusiasm for the elegance and freedom of French literature, as well as his worship of Shakespeare, and of the Middle Ages, may be said to mark an epoch in the literature of Germany.]

Well then, my young friend! No man can escape his destiny; and if you too are destined to the laurel-wreath and the dark cell of the divine Tasso, or to the spiritual and the posthumous fame of the Portuguese Camoens, can I, weak mortal, prevent it?

I have heard your confession and have pondered well the whole case. Your inward vocation seems indeed to admit of no doubt.

Such tension of the inner and the outer senses! All so sharply tuned that the softest breath of Nature causes the entire organ of the soul to vibrate harmoniously like an Æolian harp; and every sensation gives back, with heightened beauty and the purest accord, like a perfect echo, the melody of the object, and grows ever sweeter as it gradually dies away.

A memory in which nothing is lost, but everything imperceptibly coalesces into that fine, plastic, half spiritual substance from which Fancy breathes forth its own new and magical creations.

An imagination which, by an involuntary, inward impulse, idealizes each individual object, clothes everything abstract in determinate forms, to the simple sign supplies imperceptibly ever the thing itself or an image resembling it, in short, which embodies all that is spiritual, and purifies and ennobles into spirituality all that is material.

A warm and tender soul which kindles with every breath, all nerve, sensation and sympathy; which can imagine nothing dead, nothing unfeeling in Nature, but is ever ready to impart its own excess of life, feeling, passion to all things about it, ever with the greatest ease and rapidity to metamorphose others into itself and itself into others.

A passionate love for the wonderful, the beautiful and the sublime in the material and the moral world, a love avowed from earliest youth and never false to itself.

A heart which beats high at every noble deed and revolts with horror from every bad, cowardly and unfeeling one.

Add to all this, together with the most cheerful temperament and quick circulation, an inborn propensity to reflect, to search within, to pursue your own thoughts, to rove in a world of ideas, and, together with the most social disposition and the most delicate vivacity of sympathetic inclinations, an ever predominant love for solitude, for the silence of the forest, for all that promotes the quiet of the senses, all that disengages the soul from the burdens by which it is hampered in its free and peculiar flight, or that rescues it from the distractions which interrupt its inward occupations.

To be sure, if all this does not constitute native endowment for a poet to be, if it is not sufficient to assure a youth that—to speak with the philosopher among the poets—it is the Muses themselves that have sent him this beautiful phrenzy, which he can no more shake off than Virgil's Cumæan Sibyl can shake off the prophetic god—*

Be easy, my friend! I recognize and reverence the indelible character by which Nature has consecrated you to the priesthood of the Muses, and since, according to the divine Plato, it is only necessary that that Muses' fury, in order to produce the finest effects, should seize a tender and uncoloured soul, I must be greatly deceived or you will do honour to the theory of our philosopher.

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* Wieland, of all writers, indulges most frequently in that very convenient figure called *aposiopesis* by the rhetoricians, of which the above is a specimen. S.

FROM THE DIALOGUES OF THE GODS.

DIALOGUE VI.

[Mercury brings to the banqueting Gods the information that they have been formally deposed in the Roman Senate—under the government of the Emperor Theodosius the great—Jupiter discusses this event with great moderation, and reveals to the Gods consoling glimpses of the future.]

SPEAKERS.

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO, MINERVA, VENUS, BACCHUS, VESTA, CERES, VICTORIA, QUIRINUS, SERAPIS, MOMUS AND MERCURY.

Jupiter and Juno, with the other inhabitants of Olympus, are sitting in an open hall of the Olympian palace, at sundry large tables. Ganymede and Antinous are pouring out nectar for the gods, Hebe, for the goddesses. The Muses perform table music, the Graces and the Hours dance pantomimic dances; and Jocus, from time to time, provokes the blessed gods to loud laughter, by his caricatures and his lazzi. In the moment of the greatest merriment, Mercury comes flying in, in great haste.

Jupiter. You are late, my son; how you look! What news do you bring us from below there?

Venus, to Bacchus. He seems to have a heavy load of it; how troubled he looks!

Mercury. The newest that I bring with me is not very well calculated to enhance the mirth which, I see, reigns here at this moment.

Jupiter. At least your looks are not, Mercury. What can have happened so bad as to disturb even the gods in their enjoyment?

Quirinus. Has an earthquake destroyed the Capitol?

Mercury. That would be a trifling affair.

Ceres. Has a violent eruption of Ætna devastated my beautiful Sicily?

Bacchus. Or has an untimely frost blighted the Campanian vines?

Mercury. Trifles! Trifles!

Jupiter. Well! Come? Out with your tale of wo!

Mercury. It is nothing more than—(*He hesitates.*)

Jupiter. Do not make me impatient, Hermes! What is "nothing more than?"

Mercury. Nothing, Jupiter, but that at Rome on a motion made in the Senate by the Imperator in his own person, and carried by an overwhelming majority, you have been FORMALLY DEPOSED.

(*The gods all rise from the table in great commotion. Jupiter, who alone remains seated, laughing.*) Is that all? That is what I have been expecting this long while.

All the gods at once. Jupiter deposed! Is it possible? Jupiter!

Juno. You talk like a crazy man, Mercury.—Æsculapius, do feel of his pulse!

The gods. Jupiter deposed!

Mercury. As I said, formally and solemnly, by a great majority of voices, declared to be a man of straw—what do I say? a man of straw is something;—less than a man of straw, a nothing: robbed of his temples, his priests, his dignity as supreme protector of the Roman empire!

Hercules. That is mad news, Mercury! —But, as true as I am Hercules, (*flourishing his club*) they shall not have done me that for nothing!

Jupiter. Be quiet, Hercules!—So then, Jupiter Optimus Maximus, Capitolinus, Feretrius, Stator, Lapis, &c., &c., has finished his part?

Mercury. Your statue is thrown down, and they are now busily employed in demolishing your temple. The same tragedy is going on in all the provinces and corners of the Roman empire. Everywhere legions of goat-bearded, semi-human beings, with torches and crowbars, hammers, mattocks and axes are falling to work and destroying with fanatic rage the venerable objects of the arch-old popular faith.

Serapis. Wo is me! What will be the fate of my splendid temple at Alexandria and my superb colossal image! If the desert of Thebais spews out but one half of its sacred Satyrs against them, it is a gone case.

Momus. O! you have nothing to fear, Serapis. Who would dare to touch your image, when it is an understood thing at Alexandria, that, on the least outrage committed against it by any sacrilegious hand, heaven and earth will tumble into ruins and Nature sink back into ancient chaos?

Quirinus. Only, one cannot always depend on that sort of tradition, my good Serapis! It might happen to you as it did to the massive-gold statue of the goddess Anaitis at Zela, with regard to which, it was also believed, that the first one who offered

any violence to it, would be struck dead on the spot.

Serapis. And what happened to that statue?

Quirinus. When the Triumvir, Antony, had routed Pharnaces at Zela, the city, together with the temple of Anaitis, was plundered; and no one could tell what had become of the massive-gold goddess. Some years after, it happened that Augustus was spending the night at Bononia with one of Antony's veterans. The Imperator was splendidly entertained, and, at table, the conversation happening to turn on the battle of Zela and the plunder of the temple of Anaitis, he asked his host, as an eye-witness, whether it was true that the first one who laid hand on her fell suddenly dead to the ground?—You behold that rash man before you, said the veteran, and you are actually supping from a leg of the goddess. I had the good fortune to seize upon her first. Anaitis is a very good person, and I gratefully confess, that I am indebted to her for all my wealth.

Serapis. That is poor consolation which you give me, Quirinus! If such things are going on in the world as Mercury reports, I can promise myself no better fate for my colossus at Alexandria. It is really dreadful that Jupiter can look so composedly on such enormities!

Jupiter. You would do well, Serapis, if you would follow my example. For a Divinity of Pontus, you have enjoyed the honour of being worshipped from East to West long enough, and you can hardly expect that your temples should fare better than mine, or that your colossus should last longer than the god-like master-piece of Phidias. Surely you do not look to be the only one that stands upright, when all the rest of us are fallen.

Momus. Fy! Fy! Jupiter, what have you done with your famous thunderbolts, that you submit so quietly to your fall?

Jupiter. If I were not what I am, I should answer that foolish question with one of them, witling!

Quirinus to Mercury. You must tell it to me again, Mercury, before I can believe you. Do you mean to say then, that my Flamen is abolished? my temple closed? that my festival is no longer celebrated? Have the enervated, slavish, unfeeling Quirites degenerated to this degree of ingratitude toward their founder?

Mercury. I should deceive you, if I were to give any other account.

Victoria. Then I need not ask what has become of my altar and my statue in the Julian Curia. The Romans have so long forgotten the art of conquering, that I find nothing more natural than that they should not even be able to bear the presence of my image any longer. With every look which they cast upon it, it would seem to reproach them with their shameful degeneracy. Victoria has nothing more to do with Romans whose very name has become an insult among Barbarians, which only blood can wash out.

Vesta. Under such circumstances they will be sure not to let the sacred fire burn any longer in my temple. Heaven! What will be the fate of my poor virgins?

Mercury. O, they will not touch a hair of their heads, venerable Vesta! They will let them very quietly die of hunger.

Quirinus. How times change! Formerly, it was a dreadful misfortune for the whole Roman Empire, if the sacred fire, on the altar of Vesta, went out.

Mercury. And now, there would be a deal more fuss made, if the fire should go out in some Roman cook's-shop than if the Vestals should let theirs expire twice every week.

Quirinus. But who then, in future, is to be the patron and protector of Rome, in my stead?

Mercury. St. Peter with the double key has bespoken this little office for himself.

Quirinus. St. Peter with the double key! Who is he?

Mercury. I do not exactly know, myself. Ask Apollo; perhaps he can give you more information on the subject.

Apollo. That is a man, Quirinus, who, in his successors, will govern half the world for eight hundred years; although he himself was only a poor fisherman.

Quirinus. What! Will the world let itself be governed by fishers?

Apollo. At least by a certain kind of fishers, by fishers of men, who with a very ingenious kind of bow-net, called *decretals*, will gradually catch all the nations and princes of Europe. Their commands will be regarded as divine oracles and a piece of sheep-skin or of paper sealed with St. Peter's fisher's ring will have power to create and depose kings.

Quirinus. This St. Peter, with his double key, must be a mighty conjuror!

Apollo. Not at all! The strangest and most miraculous things in the world come about, as you ought to know by this time, in a very natural way. The avalanche, which overwhelms a whole village, was at first a little snow-ball; and a stream which bears large vessels is a gurgling rock-fountain in its origin. Why may not the successors of a Galilean fisherman, in a few centuries, become masters of Rome, and, by means of a new religion, whose chief priests they have constituted themselves, and with the aid of an entirely new morality and system of politics which they know how to rear upon that religion, become at last, masters for a time of half the world? Did you not yourself tend the herds of the King of Alba, who was a very small potentate, before you placed yourself at the head of all the banditti in Latium, and patched together the little robbers-nest, which, in process of time, became the capital and queen of the world? St. Peter, it is true, made no great figure in his life-time, but he will see the time when emperors shall hold the stirrups for his successors, and queens with all humility kiss their feet.

Quirinus. What things one lives to see, when one is immortal!

Apollo. To be sure, it requires a good deal of time and no little art to make that progress in man-fishing. But the fishes must be stupid enough, who will let themselves be caught by them.

Quirinus. Meanwhile, we are and remain all of us deposed, eh?

Mercury. It seems likely to stop at that, for the present.

Several gods. Better not be immortal, than experience such things.

Jupiter. My dear sons, uncles, nephews, and cousins, all and severally! I see that you treat this little revolution, which I have very quietly seen approaching this long while, more tragically than the thing is worth. May I ask you to sit down again in your places, and let us discuss these matters calmly and candidly over a glass of nectar. Everything in nature has its time, everything is liable to change, and so too are human opinions. They ever change with circumstances, and if we consider what a difference only fifty years makes between the grandsire and the grandson, it really will not seem strange that the world should appear to take an entirely new shape in the course of one thousand or two thousand years. For at bottom it is only in appearance after all. It remains forever the same comedy though with different masks and names. The foolish people there below have practised superstition with us long enough, and if there are some among you who thought themselves benefited by it, I must tell them that they were mistaken. One would not grudge that mankind should grow wiser at last, if they can. By heaven! it were none too soon. But that is not to be thought of, at present. True, they always flatter themselves that the last folly of which they have become conscious, is the last they shall commit. The hope of better times is their everlasting chimera, by which they are forever deluded, in order to be forever deluded again; because they will never come to understand that not the time, but their own inborn, incurable folly, is the cause why their condition never improves. For it is, once for all, their lot not to be able to enjoy anything good with a pure enjoyment, and to exchange one folly, of which they have grown weary at last, like children of a worn-out doll, for a new one, with which, for the most part, they fare worse than before. This time, it actually looked as if they would gain by the exchange, but I knew them too well not to foresee that they were not to be helped in this way. For though Wisdom herself should descend to them, in person, and dwell visibly among them, they would not cease to hang ribbons and feathers and rags and bells about her, until they had made a fool of her. Believe me, Gods, the song of triumph, which they are raising, at this moment, on account of the glorious victory they have obtained over our defenceless statues, is a raven-cry prophetic of wo to posterity. They think to improve, and will fall from the frying-pan into the fire. They are weary of us, they wish to have nothing more to do with us. So much the worse for them! We need them not. If their priests pronounce us unclean and evil spirits and assure the foolish people that an ever-burning gulf of brimstone is our dwelling, why need that trouble us? Of what importance is it to us, what conceptions half-reasoning creatures of earth may form of us? or in what relation they place themselves to us, and whether they smoke us with a sickening compound of the stink of sacrifices and incense, or with hellish brimstone? Neither the one nor the other reaches to us. You say, they do not know us, when they wish to withdraw themselves from our government.

Did they know us better while they served us? What the poor people call their religion is their concern—not ours. It is they alone who gain or lose by ordering their life rationally or irrationally. And their descendants, when hereafter they shall feel the consequences of the unwise decrees of their Valentinians, their Gratiani, and their Theodosii, will find cause enough to regret the unwise provisions which will accumulate on their giddy heads a flood of new and insupportable evils, of which the world had no conception as long as it adhered to the old faith or the old superstition. It would be a very different affair, if they really improved their condition under the new arrangement! Who of us would or could blame them for that? But it is just the opposite! They resemble a man, who, for the sake of driving away some trifling evil with which he might live to the age of Tithonus, suffers ten others, which are ten times worse, to be fastened upon him. Thus, for example, they raise a great outcry against our priests, because they entertained the people, who are everywhere superstitious and will always remain so, with delusions, which however benefited the State as well as themselves. Will their priests do better? At this moment they are laying the foundation of a superstition, which will benefit no one but themselves, and which, instead of strengthening the political constitution, will confound and undermine all human and civil relations,—a superstition which will lie like lead on their brains, exclude every sound conception of things, natural and moral, and, under pretence of a chimerical perfection, will poison humanity in every man in the very germ. When the worst has been said that can be said with truth of the superstition which has hitherto fooled the world, men will be forced, hereafter, to confess, that it was far more human, more innocent, and more beneficial, than the new one which is substituted in its place. Our priests were infinitely more harmless than those to whom they must now yield. They enjoyed their authority and their income in peace, were in harmony with every one and assailed no man's faith. These are greedy of dominion and intolerant, they persecute one another with the uttermost rage on account of the most insignificant verbal subtleties, decide by a majority of voices what must be thought concerning unthinkable things and what must be said concerning unspeakable things, and treat all, who think or speak otherwise, as enemies of God and man. It was a thing scarce heard of for a thousand years, that the priests of the gods came into collision with the civil authority, until encroached upon by these raving iconoclasts. The new priesthood on the contrary, since their party has been in power, have not ceased to confound the world. As yet, their pontiffs work under ground, but soon they will grasp at the sceptres of kings and assume to be vicegerents of their God, and under this title arrogate to themselves an hitherto unheard of dominion over heaven and earth. Our priests indeed, as was proper, were not very zealous promoters—or at least they were not avowed enemies—of philosophy, from which they had nothing to fear under the protection of the laws. Least of all, did they dream of subjecting the thoughts and opinions of men to their jurisdiction, and of hindering their free circulation in society. Theirs, on the other hand, who, as long as they were the weaker party, made so much boast of having Reason on their side and always placed her in the van, whenever attacked by ours,—now that she would only be an hindrance to them, in their farther operations,—will dismiss her from their service and will not rest until they have made all dark around them, until they have withdrawn from the people all means of enlightenment, and stamped the free use of the natural judgment as the greatest of all crimes. Formerly, while they lived on alms themselves, the wealth and decent living of our priests was an abomination to them; now that they are driving with full sails, the moderate revenues of our temples are much too small to satisfy the necessities of their pride and vanity. Already their pontiffs at Rome, through the liberality of superstitious and wealthy matrons, whose enthusiastic sentimentality they know how to avail themselves of in so masterly a manner, by the most shameless legacy-hunting, and a thousand other arts of the same sort, have placed themselves in a condition to surpass the first persons in the State, in splendor, luxury, and expense. But all these fountains, although grown to rivers by ever new accessions, will not satisfy these insatiable men. They will invent a thousand unheard of means to tax the simplicity of rude and deluded men; even the sins of the world they will convert to golden fountains by their magic art, and, to render these fountains more productive, they will invent a

monstrous number of new sins, of which the Theophrastuses and the Epictetuses had no conception.

But why do I speak of all this? What is it to us what these people do or leave undone, or how well or ill they avail themselves of their new dominion over the sickly souls of men who are enervated and crippled by lust and bondage? They who deceive the rest are themselves deluded. They too know not what they do. But it becomes us to treat them with indulgence as diseased and insane, and, without regard to their gratitude or ingratitude, in future also, still to confer upon them as much good as their own folly may yet leave us the opportunity of doing. The unhappy! Whom but themselves do they injure, when of their own accord they deprive themselves of the beneficent influence by which Athens became the school of wisdom and of art, and Rome the lawgiver and mistress of the earth, by which both attained a degree of culture to which even the better descendants of the barbarians, who are now about to divide among themselves the lands and wealth of these degenerate Greeks and Romans, will never be able to rise. For what is to become of men from whom the Muses and the Graces, Philosophy and all the beautifying arts of life and the finer enjoyment of life have withdrawn themselves, together with the gods, their inventors and protectors? I foresee with one glance all the evil that will thrust itself in, in the place of the good, all the unformed, the perverted, the monstrous and misshapen that these fanatical destroyers of the beautiful will rear on the ashes and the ruins of works of genius, of wisdom and art, and I am disgusted with the loathsome spectacle. Away with it! For, so truly as I am Jupiter Olympius, it shall not always remain so, although centuries will elapse before Humanity reaches the lowest abyss of its fall, and centuries more before, with our aid, it works its way once more above the slime. The time will come when they will seek us again, invoke our aid once more, and confess that they are powerless without us. The time will come when with unwearying diligence they will drag forth from the dust once more, or excavate from rubbish and corruption every ruined or defaced relic of those works which, by our influence, once sprung from the mind and hands of our favourites, and exhaust themselves in vain, with affected enthusiasm, to imitate those miracles of genuine inspiration and the actual afflatus of divine powers.

Apollo. Most surely it will come, Jupiter, that time! I see it as if it stood already before me, in the full glory of the present. They will again erect our images, will gaze upon them with a feeling of awe and adoring wonder, will use them as models for their idols, which had become frights in barbarous hands; and—O! what a triumph! their pontiffs themselves will take pride in erecting the most magnificent temple to us, under a different name!

Jupiter. (*with a large goblet of nectar in his hand*) Here 's to the Future! (*to Minerva.*) My daughter, we 'll drink to the time when you shall see all Europe converted into a new Athens, filled with academical lyceums, and perhaps shall hear the voice of philosophy from the midst of the forests of Germany, more clear and free than formerly from the halls of Athens and Alexandria.

Minerva. (*slightly shaking her head*) I am glad, Father Jupiter, to see you of such good cheer in view of the present aspects; but you will pardon me if I believe as little in a new Athens as in a new Olympus.

Quirinus. (*to Mercury*) I can't get that Peter with the double key, who is to be my successor, out of my head, Mercury! How is it with that key? Is it an actual or emblematic, a natural or a magic key? Where did he get it, and what will he unlock with it?

Mercury. All that I can tell you about it, Quirinus, is, that with this key he can unlock Heaven or Tartarus to whom he pleases.

Quirinus. He may unlock Tartarus to whom he will, for all me; but as to Heaven! —that is a very different matter.

Mercury. Indeed, they are preparing to people Heaven with such an enormous quantity of new gods of their sort, that there will hardly be any room left for us old ones.

Jupiter. Leave that to me, Hermes! They could easily deprive us of our temples and territories on the earth; but, in Olympus, we have been established too long to be crowded out. For the rest, as a proof of our perfect impartiality, we will concede to the new Romans the right of apotheosis, notwithstanding their insolence, under the same conditions as to the old. As I understand, most of their candidates who lay claim to this promotion are not persons of

the best society. Therefore, before we admit any one, with St. Peter's permission we will examine him a little. If it shall appear that, in virtue of his other qualities and merits, he can maintain his place among us, no objection shall be made on account of the golden circle round his head; and Momus himself shall not twit him with the miracles which are wrought with his bones or his wardrobe.

Juno. You may do as you please with regard to the men, Jupiter; but I protest against the introduction of the ladies.

Venus. There are said to be some very pretty ones among the number.

Jupiter. We will talk about that when the case occurs. And now—not a word more *de odiosis!* A fresh cup, Antinous!

—C. M. Wieland.

SIR HENRY PERCY'S PENNON.

[Jean Froissart, the most graphic of the old Chroniclers, was born at Valenciennes, about 1337, and early in life was dedicated to the church. He was scarcely twenty years old when he began to write a history of the English wars in France, chiefly compiled from another chronicler. This history he brings down to the battle of Poitiers in 1356; after which period his Chronicle has all the value of contemporary observation. His opportunities as an observer were very great; he was in the confidence of many of the sovereigns and nobles of his time, and was especially attached to the court of Edward III., being secretary to Queen Philippa. He closed a life, compounded of travel and ease, of labor and luxury, of native honesty and courtly arts, about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

We quote his chronicle of one of the Border quarrels written during his sojourn in England].

All the knights and squires of the country collected at Newcastle; thither came the Seneschal of York, Sir Ralph Langley, Sir Matthew Redman, Sir Robert Ogle, Sir John Felton, Sir William Walsingham, and so many others, that the town could not lodge them all. These three Scottish lords, having completed the object of their first expedition in Durham, lay three days before Newcastle, where there was an almost continual skirmish.

The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always first at the barriers. The Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The Earl, as he bore away his prize, said—

"I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from afar."

"By Heaven," replied Sir Henry, "you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland; be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of."

"You must come this night and seek it, then," answered Earl Douglas; "I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away."

As it was now late, the skirmish ended, and each party retired to their quarters. They had plenty of everything, particularly fresh meat. The Scots kept up a very strict watch, concluding from the words of Sir Henry Percy that their quarters would be beaten up in the night time; however, they were disappointed, for Sir Henry was advised to defer his attack. On the morrow the Scots dislodged from Newcastle, and taking the road to their own country came to a town and castle called Pontland, of which Sir Raymond de Laval was lord; here they halted about four o'clock in the morning, and made preparations for an assault, which was carried on with such courage that the place was easily won, and Sir Raymond made prisoner. They then marched away for Otterbourne, which is eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped. This day they made no attack, but very early on the morrow the trumpet sounded, when all advanced toward the castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among marshes. After a long and unsuccessful attack they were forced to retire, and the chiefs held a council how they should act. The greater part were for decamping on the morrow, joining their countrymen in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. This, however, the Earl of Douglas overruled by saying—

"In despite of Sir Henry Percy, who the day before yesterday declared he would take from me his pennon, I will not depart hence for two or three days. We will renew our attack upon the castle, for it is to be taken, and we shall see if he will come for his pennon."

Every one agreed to what Earl Douglas said. They made huts of trees and branches, and fortified themselves as well as they could, placing their baggage and ser-

vants at the entrance of the marsh on the road to Newcastle, and driving the cattle into the marsh lands.

I will now return to Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were both greatly mortified that this Earl of Douglas should have conquered their pennon, and who felt the disgrace the more because Sir Henry had not kept his word. The English imagined the army under the Earl of Douglas to be only the van of the Scots, and that the main body was behind, for which reason those knights who had the most experience in arms strongly opposed the proposal of Sir Henry Percy to pursue them. They said—

"Many losses happen in war; if the Earl of Douglas has won your pennon he has bought it dear enough, and another time you will gain from him as much, if not more. The whole power of Scotland have taken the field. We are not strong enough to offer them battle; perhaps this skirmish may have been only a trick to draw us out of the town. It is much better to lose a pennon than two or three hundred knights or squires, and leave our country in a defenceless state."

This speech checked the eagerness of the two Percies, when other news was brought them by some knights and squires, who had followed and observed the Scots, their number and disposition.

"Sir Henry and Ralph Percy," they said, "we are come to tell you that we have followed the Scottish army, and observed all the country where they now are. They halted first at Pontland, and took Sir Raymond de Laval in his castle; thence they went to Otterbourne, and took up their quarters for the night. We are ignorant of what they did on the morrow; but they seemed to have taken measures for a long stay. We know for certain that the army does not consist of more than three thousand men, including all sorts."

Sir Henry Percy, on hearing this, was greatly rejoiced, and cried out—

"To horse, to horse! For by the faith I owe to Heaven, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon, and beat up the Scot's quarters this night."

Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learned this, and were willing to be of the party, made themselves ready. The Bishop of Durham was daily expected in that town, for he had heard that the Scots lay before it, and that the sons of the Earl of Northumberland were preparing to offer them battle. The bishop had collected a number of men, and was hastening to their assistance; but Sir Henry Percy would not wait, for he had with him 600 spears of knights and squires, and upwards of 8000 infantry, which he said would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but 300 lances, and 2000 others. When all were assembled, they left Newcastle after dinner, and took the field in good array, following the road the Scots had taken towards Otterbourne, which was only eight short leagues distant.

The Scots were supping, and some indeed asleep, when the English arrived, and mistook at the entrance, the huts of the servants for those of their masters; they forced their way into the camp, which was tolerably strong, shouting out, "Percy, Percy!" In such cases, you may suppose, an alarm is soon given, and it was fortunate for the Scots the English had made the first attack upon the servants' quarters, which checked them some little. The Scots, expecting the English, had prepared accordingly; for while the lords were arming themselves, they ordered a body of infantry to join their servants and keep up the skirmish. As their men were armed, they formed themselves under the pennon of the three principal barons, who each had his particular appointment.

In the meantime the night advanced; but it was sufficiently light for them to see what they were doing, for the moon shone, and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene. When the Scots were properly arrayed, they left the camp in silence, but did not march to meet the English. During the preceding day they had well examined the country, and settled their plans beforehand, which indeed was the saving of them. The English had soon overpowered the servants; but as they advanced into the camp they found fresh bodies of men ready to oppose them and continue the fight. The Scots, in the meantime, marched along the mountain-side, and fell on the enemy's flank quite unexpectedly, shouting their war-cries. This was a great surprise to the English, who, however, formed themselves in better order, and reinforced that part of the army.

The cries of "Percy" and "Douglas!" arose on each side. The battle now raged. Great was the pushing of lances, and at the first onset very many of each party were struck down. The English, being more

numerous than their opponents, kept in a compact body, and forced the Scots to retire. But the Earl of Douglas, being young and eager to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting, "Douglas, Douglas!" Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, indignant at the affront the Earl of Douglas had put on them, by conquering their pennon, and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from which the sounds came, calling out, "Percy, Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued. The English were in superior strength, and fought so lustily that they drove the Scots back. Sir Patrick Hepburne and his son did honour to their knighthood and country under the banner of Douglas, which would have been conquered but for the vigorous defence they made; and this circumstance not only contributed to their personal credit, but the memory of it is continued with honour to their descendants. I learned the particulars of the battle from knights and squires who had engaged in it on both sides. The knights and squires of either party were most anxious to continue the combat with vigour, as long as their spears might be capable of holding. Cowardice was unknown among them, and the most splendid courage everywhere exhibited by the gallant youths of England and Scotland; they were so densely intermixed that the archers' bows were useless, and they fought hand to hand, without either battalion giving away. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say that the English did not acquit themselves well; for they would sooner be slain or made prisoners in battle than reproached with flight.

As I before mentioned, the two banners of Douglas and Percy met, and the men-at-arms under each exerted themselves by every means to gain the victory; but the English, at the attack, were so much stronger that the Scots were driven back. The Earl of Douglas, seeing his men repulsed, seized a battle-axe with both his hands, and, in order to rally his forces, dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows to all around him, that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side. Thus he advanced like another Hector, thinking to conquer the field by his own prowess, until he was met by three spears that were pointed at him. One struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach near the belly, and the third entered his thigh. As he could not disengage himself from these spears, he was borne to the ground, still fighting desperately. From that moment he never rose again. Some of his knights and squires had followed him, but not all; for though the moon shone, it was rather dark. The three English lances knew they had struck down some person of considerable rank, but never supposed it was Earl Douglas; for had they known it, they would have redoubled their courage, and the fortune of the day would have been determined to their side. The Scots also were ignorant of their loss until the battle was over, and it was fortunate for them, for otherwise they would certainly from despair have been discomfited. The Earl of Moray behaved so gallantly in pursuing the English, that they knew not how to resist him. Of all the battles, great or small, that have been described in this history, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe: for there was not a man, knight or squire, who did not acquit himself gallantly hand to hand with the enemy. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, Sirs Henry and Ralph Percy, who were the leaders of the expedition, behaved themselves like good knights. An accident befell Sir Ralph Percy, almost similar to that which happened to the Earl of Douglas. Having advanced too far, he was surrounded by the enemy and severely wounded, and being out of breath, surrendered himself to a Scottish knight, called Sir John Maxwell, who was of the household of the Earl of Moray. As soon as he was made prisoner, the knight asked who he was. Sir Ralph was so weakened by loss of blood that he had scarcely power to avow himself to be Sir Ralph Percy.

"Well," replied the knight, "Sir Ralph, rescued or not, you are my prisoner: my name is Maxwell."

"I agree," said Sir Ralph, "but pay me some attention, for I am so desperately wounded that my drawers and greaves are full of blood.

Upon this, the Scottish knight took care of him; and suddenly hearing the cry of Moray hard by, and perceiving the earl's banner advancing, Sir John addressed himself to him, and said—

"My lord, I present you with Sir Ralph Percy as a prisoner; but let him be well attended to, for he is very badly wounded."

The earl was much pleased, and said:

"Maxwell, thou hast well earned thy spurs this day."

He then ordered his men to take care of Sir Ralph, and bind up his wounds. The battle still continued to rage, and no one at that moment could say which side would be the conquerors. There were many captures and rescues which never came to my knowledge. The young Earl of Douglas had performed wonders during the day. When he was struck down there was a great crowd round him, and he was unable to raise himself, for the blow on his head was mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able, and there came to him his cousins, Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight who had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, but who had at this time exchanged his profession for that of a valiant man-at-arms. The whole night he had followed the earl, with his battle-axe in hand, and by his exertions had more than once repulsed the English. His name was Sir William of North Berwick. When these knights came to the Earl of Douglas they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, Sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night, and now lay beside him covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons. Sir John Sinclair asked the earl,

"Cousin, how fares it with you?"

"But so so," he replied; "thanks to God, there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds. I bid you, therefore, revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes every minute more faint. Do you, Walter and Sir John, raise up my banner, for it is on the ground, owing to the death of Sir David Campbell, that valiant squire who bore it, and who this day refused knighthood from my hands, though he was equal to the most eminent knight for courage and loyalty. Also, continue to shout 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe whether I am in your company or not; for should the enemy know the truth they will greatly rejoice."

The two Sinclairs and Sir James Lindsay obeyed his orders. SIR JOHN FROISSART.

SOLIMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC.

[JONES (SIR WILLIAM), M. A., F. R. S. Born in London, September 28, 1746; died 1794; was educated at Harrow and Oxford; was tutor to Lord Althorp, 1765–70; published a French translation of the (Persian) "*Life of Nadir Shah*" (1770), a "*Persian Grammar*" (1771); was made F. R. S. 1772; in 1774 was called to the bar and published "*Commentaries* on *Asiatic Poetry*," an "*Essay on the Law of Bailments*" (1780), and a translation of "*The Ordinances of Menu*" (1794). His familiarity with the Oriental languages, at a time when as yet very few Englishmen knew any thing of Eastern literature or philosophy, and his numerous poetical and prose translations gave him great reputation among English scholars.]

Ye maids of Aden, hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.
The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer air;
Love-tinctured cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume;
Invite no more the wild, unpolished lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
Then farewell, love! and farewell, youthful fires,
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets, and ye gales be still.

See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales!
See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay; and meadows ever green!
Then ask the groves and ask the vocal bowers,
Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flowers,
Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?

Fair* Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intwined the lily, pink, and rose,
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,

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* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope, in the known description of the Man of Ross.

Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;
Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct!—
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?

Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids!
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak that tremble, and ye sick that grieve;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bathed in streaming tears?
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way:
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or, what wants distress;
And as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye:
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transformed to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night;
Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly ray,
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.

Ye heavens, for this, in showers of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head!
Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays!
And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flower
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bower,
Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hagar's grove.

So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains:
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm:
The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the swift ostrich or the sportful fawn;
Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twined their blossoms round his vocal tent:
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wept;
Then ceased, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

TRANSLATED BY SIR WM. JONES.

A PERSIAN SONG,

OF HAFIZ.

Sweet Maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight

Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A power so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom;
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While musick charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please,
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

TRANSLATED BY SIR WM. JONES.

THE PALACE OF FORTUNE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

Mild was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That roved at noon in Tibet's musky shades;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd—Maia, thou art fair!
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions robb'd her mind of rest;
In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her labouring parent's lowly cell.
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharged the anguish of her soul:
"Why glow those cheeks, if unadmired they glow?
"Why flow those tresses, if unpraised they flow?
"Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,
"Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen?
"Ye heavens! was that love-breathing bosom made
"To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade?
"Ah, no: those blushes, that enchanting face,
"Some tap'stried hall, or gilded bower, might grace;
"Might deck the scenes where love and pleasure reign,
"And fire with amorous flames the youthful train."

While thus she spoke a sudden blaze of light
Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight,
She raised her head, astonished, to the skies,
And veil'd with trembling hands her aching eyes;
When through the yielding air she saw from far
A goddess gliding in a golden car,
That soon descended on the flowery lawn,
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn;
A thousand nymphs, with many a sprightly glance,
Form'd round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celestial shapes, in fluid light array'd;

Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play'd;
Their lucid mantles glitter'd in the sun,
(Webs half so bright the silk-worm never spun)
Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,
And finer than the nets of pearly dew
That morning spreads o'er every opening flower,
When sportive summer decks his bridal bower.

The Queen herself, too fair for mortal sight,
Sat in the centre of encircling light.
Soon with soft touch she raised the trembling maid,
And by her side in silent slumber laid:
Straight the gay birds display'd their spangled train,
And flew refulgent through the aerial plain;
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,
And, as they rose, fresh gales of sweetness shed;
Fann'd with their flowing skirts, the sky was mild;
And heaven's blue fields with brighter radiance smiled.

TRANSLATED BY SIR WM. JONES.

THE CAVE.

WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[JAMES MACPHERSON, born at Inverness 1738; died 1796. It was beyond a doubt that Macpherson was the author of Ossian, not the translator. Malcolm Laing has *hounded* him with the indefatigable and unrelenting sagacity of a Bow-street Magistrate; this accusation on the one side, and the lame evidence set up in his defence by the Highland Society on the other, have convinced all who are capable of conviction. There are many who are not persuaded; "neither would they though one should rise from the dead."]

The wind is up, the field is bare;
Some hermit lead me to his cell,
Where Contemplation, lonely fair,
With bless'd Content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,
Dark in the rock: beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the light;
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake I see
The downward mountains and the skies;
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hills arise.

The grey-cloak'd herd drives on the cow;
The slow-paced follower walks the heath;
A freckled pointer scours the brow;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curve o'er the ruin of an oak,
The woodman lifts his axe on high,
The hills re-echo to the stroke:
I see, I see the shivers fly.

Some rural maid with apron full,
Brings fuel to the homely flame;
I see the smoky columns roll,
And through the chinky hut the beam

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
Three panting dogs beside repose;
One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.

A lake, at distance, spreads to sight,
Skirted with shady forests round,
In midst an island's rocky height
Sustains a ruin once renown'd.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls,
Two broad-wing'd eagles hover nigh,
By intervals a fragment falls,
As blows the blast along the sky.

Two rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide,
With laboring oars along the flood;
An angler, bending o'er the tide,
Hangs from the boat the insidious wood

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
On grassy banks two lovers lean;
Bend on each other amorous looks,
And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak:
They seem to hear the tread of feet;
They start, they rise, look round the rock;
Again they smile, again they meet.

But see! the grey mist from the lake
Ascends upon the shady hills;
Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
Rain beats,—resound a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly;
I see it smoking o'er the plain;
When storms are past, and fair the sky,
I'll often seek my Cave again.

TITHON AND AURORA.

[JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER, a voluminous German writer, 1744-1803, went to Königsberg University at sixteen, where his bright intellect soon made him an accomplished scholar. In 1776 he settled in Weimar, among that brilliant galaxy to which Gœthe, Wieland, Schiller and Schlegel belonged. Here he preached and wrote, and became accredited as one of the founders of the romantic school of German literature. His best works are perhaps his "*Letters on Hebrew Poetry*," and "*Philosophy of the History of Mankind.*"]

Although, in general, no epitaph or panegyric uses to notice *how long a man has outlived himself*, yet is this one of the most remarkable and not infrequent phenomena in the history of human lives. The earlier the play of the faculties and passions begins, the more impetuously it is continued, and assailed in various ways by external accident, the oftener shall one discover cases of that early exhaustion of the soul,—of the warrior laid prostrate without death or wound,—of a manly, and, often even, of a youthful *extreme age*. A man may go about for a long while, with a living body, like the image of his own funeral monument; his spirit gone from him,—a shadow and a memory of his former name. Many causes may contribute to this early death: qualities of mind and heart, too great activity and too sluggish patience, relaxation as well as over-tension, too rapid prosperity and too protracted adversity. For it is a general truth, that health, cheerfulness, pleasure, and virtue, are ever the medium between two extremes. Either on the precipitous or the shallow shore of the stream, the vessel may be wrecked. In the middle, it is easy and pleasant sailing. Many a one has grown old because he wanted the true interior source of activity. He was a brook that contracts its waters into itself, and soon dries up and shows its melancholy bed. This one endeavoured to make seeming supply the place of being. The darkness passed away, and the glow-worms in the hair glittered as sparkling diamonds no longer. That one would accomplish by toil and memory, what intelligence and genius alone can perform. The overloaded memory gave way, excessive labor tired, and the want of the essential was at last painfully apparent. Another, while a youth, overstrained his nobler powers; he piled up mountains of imagination to the skies, and soon, without the lightning of Jupiter, found under them his grave. Still another, whose learning and effort had no object but his own ease, abandoned learning and effort as soon as he had obtained that ease, and buried himself in a blessed decay. Here, one, without desert, has had his brain turned by an unexpected prosperity, a too rapidly acquired fame, an unlooked for success in action. He has no longer any thought beyond this success. His seductive goddess, Fortune, has crowned him at once with laurel, with poplar, and with poppy. He falls asleep or babbles nonsense in her enervating lap. There, one of great merit has suffered too long with undeserved misfortune, until his shoulders are bowed, his breast contracted, his arm paralyzed, and he can no longer stand erect and recruit himself. A thunderbolt from heaven has stricken the oak even to its root and deprived it of the power of life. To this one —a man of manifold capacity—there was wanting a capacious breast to despise envy and to wait for better times. He suffered himself to be drawn into conflict with it, and the flying eagle was unworthily vanquished by the viper that held him in her folds. That one,—a man of honest industry,—was wanting in intelligence. His more cunning enemies soon made him powerless and wretched. And thus it befell ten other characters, in other situations. Hard by the theatre of civil life, there is generally a hospital, and in that the greater part of the actors gradually lose themselves.

Two things especially contribute to this result, and they, too, are extremes. In the first place, the arbitrariness of the ruling great; and, secondly, a too refined delicacy and carefulness. As to the former, it is a well-known and favorite saying, that nothing is so troublesome as gratitude, nothing so insupportable as continued respect and the daily spectacle of acknowledged merit. Accordingly, new favor purchases for itself new gratitude; and creatures whom the great purposely attract to themselves,—in whom they even pretend to find gifts and merits which the gods never gave them,—have, for them, a peculiar charm, as their own creation. The sap is withdrawn from the old trees that the young world may bloom and thrive. Whoso, in such cases, is not greater than he on whom he depends, dies inwardly with self-consuming vexation. The majestic voice of Philip the second, "*Yo el Rey*" has slain many a one of this description. Opposed to this murder of human merits and powers, there is another, which may be termed the most refined species of self-murder. It is the more to be lamented because it occurs only in the case of the most elect of men; suddenly or gradually breaking in pieces their costly mechanism. Men of extreme delicacy of feeling have a "Highest" after which they strive,—an idea to which they attach themselves with unspeakable longing,—an ideal perfection which they pursue with irresistible impulse. When deprived of this idea, when this fair image is destroyed before their eyes, the heart of their flower is broken, and feeble, withered leaves

alone remain. Perhaps, more of the dead of this description go about in society, than one might at first suppose, because they, of all men, most carefully conceal their grief, and hide even from their friend the slow poison of their death,—that sad secret of the heart. Shakspeare, who depicted all conditions of the soul, has delineated, also, this epoch of the sinking or confusion of the faculties, in various situations and characters, with great truth and exactness. One, —perhaps the crown of lamentations over such a state,—may serve as an example of all.

O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair State,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down!
——Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and stature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy.

THE TRIO.

[George Alexander Stevens, a professional wit, comedian, and litterateur, born 1720, died 1784, who has often set the town and the table in a roar. His songs are well known, and many of them have wit to recommend them, more than falls to the share of songs in general; but their author has taken great liberties both with language and decency, in some of them.]

Wit, Love, and Reputation walk'd
  One evening out of town;
They sung, they laugh'd, they toy'd, they talk'd,
  Till night came darkling on.
Love, wilful, needs would be their guide,
  And smiled at loss of day;
On her the kindred pair relied,
  And lost with her their way.

Damp fell the dew, the wind blew cold,
  All bleak the barren moor;
Across they toil'd, when Love, grown bold,
  Knock'd loud at Labor's door.
Awhile within the reed-roof'd cot
  They stood and stared at Care,
But long could not endure the spot,
  For Poverty was there.

The Twain proposed next morn to part,
  And travel different ways;
Quoth Love, I soon shall find a heart.
  Wit went to look for Praise.
But Reputation, sighing, spoke,
  "'Tis better we agree;
"Though Love may laugh, and Wit may joke,
  "Yet, friends, take care of me.

"Without me, Beauty wins no heart;
  "Without me, Wit is vain;
"If, headstrong, here with me you part,
  "We ne'er can meet again.
"Of me you both should take great care,
  "And shun the rambling plan;
"No calling back, my friends, I'll bear,
  "So keep me while you can"

Love stopt among the village youth,
  Expecting to be crown'd,
Enquiring for her brother Truth,
  But Truth was never found.
She sought in vain, for Love was blind,
  And Hate her guidance crost;
'Tis said, since Truth she cannot find,
  That Love herself is lost.

SUPPOSED BEGINNING OF THE HISTORY OF MAN.

[Immanuel Kant, the greatest of German philosophers, 1724–1804, was born in Königsberg, of Scottish descent, and educated in strict religious principles. He never left his native city for travel of any kind, but was through a long life absorbed in those intellectual speculations which are embodied in his books. Though he never married, Kant was fond of company, of genial manners, and a general favorite. His great work is the "*Critique of Pure Reason*," in which he sets forth the so-called transcendental system of philosophy, the object of which was to root out the old science of metaphysics, and establish the absolute reason as an intellectual and moral law.]

To strew conjectures in the *course* of a history, in order to fill up a gap in the narrative, may be regarded as allowable; since that which went before, as remote cause, and that which came after, as effect, may furnish a tolerably safe guide to the discovery of the intermediate causes, and thus make the transition intelligible. But to *create* a history entirely out of conjecture, seems to be little better than laying the plan of a novel. Such a history ought not to be called a *conjectural history*, but a mere fiction. Nevertheless, that which ought not to be hazarded in relation to the progressive history of human affairs, may yet be attempted in relation to the first beginning of the same, so far as that beginning is the work of Nature.

For here, it is not necessary to invent. Experience will suffice, if we assume, that experience, in the first beginning of things, was neither better nor worse than now,—an assumption which agrees with the analogy of nature, and has nothing presumptuous in it. A history of the *first unfolding* of freedom from an original capacity in the nature of man, is something very different from the history of freedom in its *progress*, which can have no other basis than received accounts.

Conjecture, however, must urge no extravagant claims to assent. It must announce itself not as serious occupation, but only as an exercise permitted to the imagination, under the guidance of reason, by way of recreation and mental hygiene. Accordingly, it must not measure itself with a narrative on the same subject, which has been proposed and believed as actual history, and whose evidence depends on far other grounds than those of natural philosophy. For this reason, and because I am attempting here a mere pleasure-excursion, I may count on the privilege of being allowed to avail myself of a certain ancient, sacred document, and of fancying that my excursion made on the wings of imagination, though not without a guiding thread deduced by reason from experience, has hit the exact line which that document historically describes. The reader will turn over the leaves of the document (first book of Moses, from the second to the fourth chapter), and, following step by step, see whether the course pursued by philosophy according to ideas, coincides with the one which is there indicated.

Not to lose ourselves in merely fantastic conjectures, we must begin with that which cannot be deduced by human reason from antecedent natural causes, viz. the *existence of man*. We must suppose him existing in fully developed stature, in order that he may be independent of maternal aid. We must suppose a *pair*, in order that he may propagate his species; and yet but a *single* pair, in order that war may not spring up at once, between those who are near together and yet estranged from each other; and that Nature may not be charged, on the score of various parentage, with having made no sufficient provision for union, as the chief end of human destination. For the unity of the family from which all men were to derive their origin, was undoubtedly the best means to bring about this end. I place this pair in a region secured against the attack of beasts of prey, and richly furnished by nature with the means of support; that is, in a kind of *garden*, and in a climate forever genial. Farther still, I contemplate them at that period only, at which they have already made important progress in the ability to use their powers. I begin therefore not with the utter rudeness of nature, lest there should be too many conjectures for the reader, and too few probabilities, if I were to attempt to fill up this gap, which probably comprises a long period of time.

The first man, then, could stand and walk; he could speak (Gen. ii. 20) and even talk, that is, speak according to connected ideas (v. 23), consequently, think. All these faculties he was forced to acquire for himself, for if they had been inborn, they would be hereditary, which is contrary to experience. But I here assume that he is already possessed of these faculties, and direct my attention exclusively to the development of the *moral* in his doing and abstaining, which necessarily presupposes the faculties in question.

At first, the novice is guided solely by instinct, that *voice of God* which all animals obey. This allowed him certain articles of food and forbade others. (Gen. iii. 2, 3). It is not necessary however, to suppose, for this purpose, a special instinct which has since been lost. It might have been simply the sense of smell, its relation to the organ of taste, and the known sympathy of the latter with the instruments of digestion. Hence a capacity, the like of which may still be observed, to predict the suitableness or unsuitableness of any particular species of food. It is not even necessary to suppose this sense stronger in the first pair than it is now: for it is well known what difference exists in the powers of perception, between those who are occupied with their senses alone and those who are occupied, at the same time, with their thoughts, and thereby diverted from their sensations.

So long as inexperienced man obeyed this call of Nature, he found his account in so doing. Soon, however, Reason began to stir and he sought to extend his knowledge of the means of subsistence beyond the bounds of instinct, by a comparison of that which he had eaten with that which resembled it, in the judgment of another sense than the one to which the instinct attached, —the sense of sight. (Gen. iii. 6.) This experiment might have had a happy issue, although instinct did not advise, provided it did not forbid. But it is a property of rea-

son to be able, with the help of imagination, to elaborate artificial desires not only without a natural impulse, but even against the impulses of nature. These desires which, in their first manifestation, we call wantonness, gradually produce a whole swarm of unnecessary and even of unnatural propensities, to which we give the name of luxury. The occasion of the first defection from natural instinct, may have been a trifle, but the consequence of this first experiment was, that man became conscious of his reason, as a faculty capable of extension beyond the limits within which other animals are held; and this consequence was of great importance and had a decisive influence on his way of life. Although, therefore, it may have been merely a fruit, the sight of which tempted him to partake of it by its resemblance to other pleasant fruits, of which he had already partaken; yet if we add the example of an animal to whose nature such fruit was adapted, whereas it was not adapted to the nature of man, and, consequently, forbidden to him by an opposing natural instinct;—this circumstance would give to reason the first occasion to practise chicanery with Nature (Gen. iii. 1), and, in spite of her prohibition, to make the first experiment of a free choice; which experiment, being the first, probably did not result according to expectation. No matter how insignificant the injury which ensued, man's eyes were opened by it. (Gen. iii. 7.) He discovered in himself the capacity to select his own life-path, instead of being confined to a given one, like other animals. The momentary pleasure which the perception of this advantage might awake in him, must have been followed immediately by fear and anxiety. How was he, who, as yet, knew nothing according to its hidden qualities and remote effects,—how was he to proceed with his newly discovered power? He stood, as it were, on the brink of an abyss. From the single objects of his desire, as they had hitherto been indicated to him by instinct, he learned their infinity, an infinity in which he was as yet unprepared to choose. It was not possible for him however to return from this state of freedom once tasted, to that of servitude, or subjection to the law of instinct.

Next to the instinct of nourishment, by which Nature preserves the individual, the instinct of sex, by which she provides for the preservation of the species, is the most important. Reason, once called into action, began without much delay to manifest its influence here likewise. Man soon found that what, with other animals, is transient and for the most part dependent on periodical impulse, was capable of being prolonged and even increased, in his case, by means of the imagination, which acts with greater moderation indeed, but also with greater permanence and uniformity, the more the object is withdrawn from the senses; and that, by this means, the satiety which the satisfaction of a merely animal desire brings with it, might be prevented. Accordingly, the fig-leaf (v. 7) was the product of a far greater exercise of reason, than that which appeared in the first stage of its development. For to render a propensity more intense and more permanent by withdrawing the object of it from the senses, shows a consciousness of some degree of power of reason over impulses, and not merely, like that first step, a capacity to serve them to a greater or less extent. *Denial* was the artifice which led from the joys of mere sensation to ideal ones, from mere animal desire to love, and, with love, from the feeling of the merely agreeable, to the taste for the beautiful, first in man, and then in nature. Propriety,—the disposition to inspire respect in others by the decent concealment of whatsoever might produce contempt,—as the true foundation of all genuine social union, gave moreover the first hint to the cultivation of man, as a moral being.—A small beginning, but one which makes an epoch, by giving a new direction to thought, is more important than the whole immeasurable series of extensions given to culture, in consequence of it.

The third step in the progress of reason, after it had connected itself with the first felt and immediate necessities, was the deliberate expectation of the future. This faculty, by means of which not only the present life-moment is enjoyed, but the coming and often far distant time made present, is the most decisive mark of the advantage possessed by man in being able to prepare himself, according to his destination, for distant ends; but it is also, at the same time, the most inexhaustible fountain of cares and troubles, occasioned by the uncertain future, from which all other animals are freed. (vs. 13–19.) The man, who had himself and a wife, together with future children, to support, anticipated the ever-growing difficulty of his labour. The woman anticipated the evils to which Nature had subjected her sex, and

the added ones which the stronger man would lay upon her. Both saw with fear, in the back-ground of the picture, after a toilsome life, that which indeed befalls inevitably all creatures, but without occasioning them any anxiety, namely, death. And they seemed to reproach themselves for the use of reason which had brought all these evils upon them, and to count it a crime. To live in their posterity, who might experience a happier lot, and, as members of a family, lighten the common burden, was, perhaps, the only consoling prospect which still sustained them. (Gen. iii. 16–20.)

The fourth and last step in the progress of reason, and that which raised man entirely above the fellowship of the beasts, was this, that he comprehended, however obscurely, that he is truly the *aim of Nature*, and that nothing which lives upon the earth can rival him in this. The first time that he said to the sheep: "that skin which thou wearest, Nature gave thee not for thine own sake but for mine," and so saying, took it from the animal and put it upon himself; (v. 21) he became conscious of a prerogative which, by virtue of his nature, he possessed above all other animals. He no longer regarded these as his associates in creation, but as means and instruments committed to his will, for the accomplishment of whatsoever ends he pleased. This conception includes, though dimly, the converse; viz. that he could not say the same of his fellow-man, but must regard him as an equal partaker with himself of the gifts of Nature. We have here a remote preparative for those limitations which reason was hereafter to impose upon the will of man in regard to his fellow, and which are even more necessary than inclination and love, to the constitution of society.

And thus had man,—in consideration of his title to be an end unto himself, to be regarded as such by every other and by none to be used merely as a means to other ends,—entered into an *equality with all rational beings* of whatsoever rank. (Gen. iii. 22.) It is here, and not in the possession of reason, considered merely as an instrument for the satisfaction of various propensities, that we are to look for the ground of that unlimited equality of man even with higher beings, who may be incomparably superior to him in natural endowments, but no one of whom has therefore a right to manage and dispose of him at pleasure. This step in the progress of reason is therefore simultaneous with the dismissal of man from the mother-lap of Nature;—a change which was honourable indeed, but at the same time dangerous, inasmuch as it drove him forth from the unmolested and safe condition in which his childhood was nursed, as it were from a garden which had maintained him without any care on his part, (v. 23) and thrust him into the wide world, where so many cares and troubles and unknown evils awaited him. Hereafter, the burdens of life will often elicit the wish for a paradise—the creature of his imagination—where he may dream or trifle away his existence in quiet inactivity and uninterrupted peace. But reason, restless and irresistibly impelling him to unfold the capacities implanted in him, stations itself between him and that region of imaginary joys, and will not permit him to return into that condition of rude simplicity out of which it has drawn him forth. (v. 24.) It impels him to undergo with patience the labour which he hates, to chase the gauds which he despises, and to forget even death so terrible to him, in the pursuit of those trifles whose loss is more terrible still.

From this sketch of the first history of man it appears, that his departure from the Paradise which reason represents as the first residence of his species, was nothing else than the transition from the rudeness of a merely animal nature, to humanity, from the leading strings of instinct to the guidance of reason,—in a word, from the guardianship of Nature, to a state of freedom. Whether man has gained or lost by this change, can no longer be a question, if we regard the destination of the *species*, which consists solely in progress toward perfection; however defective may have been the first attempts, and even a long series of successive attempts to penetrate to this end. Nevertheless, this course which, for the species, is a progress from worse to better, is not exactly such for the individual. Before reason was awakened, there was neither command nor prohibition, and consequently no transgression. But when reason began its work, and, weak as it was, came into collision with animalism in all its strength, it was unavoidable that evils, and what was worse, with the growing cultivation of reason, vices should arise, which were entirely foreign from the state of ignorance, and consequently of innocence. The first step out of this state, therefore, on the moral side, was a *Fall:* on the physical, a number of

life-ills, hitherto unknown, were the effect; consequently, the *punishment* of that Fall. So the history of *Nature* begins with good, for it is the *work of God;* but the history of *Freedom* begins with evil, for it is the *work of man.* For the individual who, in the use of his freedom, has reference only to himself, the change was a loss. For Nature, whose aim in relation to man, is directed to the species, it was a gain. The former, therefore, has reason to ascribe all the evils that he suffers, and all the evils that he does, to his own fault; at the same time, however, as a member of the whole (the species), he must admire and commend the wisdom and propriety of the arrangement.

In this way, we may reconcile, with each other, and with reason, the oft misinterpreted, and, in appearance, successively conflicting assertions of the celebrated J. J. Rousseau. In his work on "*The Influence of the Sciences,*" and in that on "*The Inequality of Men,*" he very correctly exhibits the unavoidable contradiction which exists between culture and the nature of man, as a physical race of beings, in which each individual is to fulfil entirely his destination. But in his "*Emile*" and his "*Social Contract*" and other writings, he endeavours to solve the difficult problem, and to show how culture must proceed in order to unfold, according to their destination, the faculties of Humanity as a moral species, so that there may no longer be any conflict between the natural and the moral destination. From this conflict, since culture has not yet rightly commenced, much less completed its course, according to true principles, educating alike the man and the citizen, arise all the real evils which oppress human life, and all the vices which dishonour it. The propensities which lead to those vices, and on which the blame is laid in such cases, are good in themselves, and have their end as natural endowments. But these natural endowments, being calculated for a state of Nature alone, are trenched upon by progressive culture, and, in turn, re-act upon culture, until perfected Art returns to Nature again; which is the final goal in the moral destination of the human species.

The thinking man feels a sorrow that may even lead to moral corruption, of which the thoughtless knows nothing. He feels, namely, a discontent with that Providence which guides the course of the world at large, when he reflects on the evils which oppress the human race to so great an extent, and seemingly without the hope of anything better. It is of the greatest importance, however, *to be satisfied with Providence,* notwithstanding it has prescribed to us a path so full of toil in our earthly world; partly that we may still take courage amid our difficulties; partly, lest, in ascribing these evils to Fate, we forget our own guilt, which perhaps is the sole cause of them, and so neglect to seek a remedy for them in self-reformation.

It must be confessed that the greatest evils which afflict civilized nations arise from *war:* not so much indeed from that which actually is, or has been, as from the never-ending, ever-increasing *preparation* for that which is to be. To this end are applied all the forces of the State and all the fruits of its culture, which might be used for still further culture. Freedom is, in many points, materially invaded, and the motherly care of the State for individual members, changed to requisitions of inexorable severity; which, nevertheless, are justified by the fear of external danger. But, would this culture, would the intimate union of the various classes of the Commonwealth for the mutual furthering of their prosperity, would the same population, nay, would that degree of freedom, which, under very restrictive laws, still exists,—would they be found, were it not for that *respect for Humanity* which the constant dread of war enforces in the Heads of States? Look at China, which, though she may suffer a sudden invasion, yet, in consequence of her situation, has no powerful enemy to fear; and where, consequently, every trace of freedom is obliterated! In that stage of culture, therefore, at which the human race at present stands, war is an indispensable means for the promotion of further culture; and not till the progress of culture is completed (God knows when), would a perpetual peace be salutary for us; and not till then would it be possible. Accordingly, so far as this point is concerned, we ourselves are to blame for the evils of which we so bitterly complain; and the sacred record is quite right in representing the amalgamation of nations into one Community, and their perfect deliverance from external danger, while their culture has scarcely yet commenced, as a hindrance to all further culture, and a lapse into irremediable corruption.

The second cause of discontent among men is the order of Nature with respect to the shortness of life. It is true, one mus

have estimated very erroneously the value of life, to wish it longer than it actually is; for that would be only prolonging a struggle with perpetual difficulties. On the other hand, however, one can hardly blame a childish judgment for fearing death without loving life, or for thinking,—difficult as it may be to spend a single day in tolerable contentment,—that there are never days enough in which to repeat the torment. But when we consider, with how many cares the means of maintaining so short a life afflict us, and how much injustice is perpetrated in the hope of some future, though equally transient good, it is reasonable to conclude, that, if men could look forward to a life of eight hundred years or more, the father would no longer be secure of his life from the son, the brother from the brother, friend from friend; and that the vices of so long-lived a race would reach such a height as to render man worthy of no better fate, than to be swept from the earth in a general flood. (vs. 12, 13.)

The third wish, or rather empty longing (for one is conscious that the object can never be attained), is the shadow-image of that *golden age* so much praised by the poets: a state in which men are to be freed from all imaginary necessities imposed by luxury, and contented with the simple wants of Nature; where there is to be a perfect equality of condition, ever-during peace; in a word, the pure enjoyment of a careless life spent in idle dreaming or in childish sports. This longing, which makes the Robinson Crusoes and the voyages to the South Sea Islands so attractive, illustrates the satiety which the thinking man experiences in a state of civilization, if he seeks its value in enjoyment alone, and balances the counterweight of indolence, when admonished by reason to give value to life, by means of action. The vanity of this desire of a return to the period of simplicity and innocence, is abundantly evident, when, from the above representation of his original condition, we learn that man could not maintain himself in it, precisely because it does not satisfy him; and that he is still less disposed to return to it again. So that, after all, the present laborious condition is to be regarded as his own choice.

Such a representation of his history is therefore profitable to man, and conducive to his instruction and improvement, as showing him that he must not charge Providence with the evils which afflict him; also, that he is not justified in imputing his own crimes to the transgression of his first Parents, creating an hereditary tendency to similar transgressions in their descendants (for voluntary actions have nothing hereditary in them), but that, on the contrary, he may, with perfect justice, regard their actions as his own, and, accordingly, take to himself the whole blame of the evils arising from the misuse of his reason; since he cannot but be conscious that he would have done precisely as they did, in similar circumstances, and that the first use which he made of his reason would have been,—in spite of the admonitions of Nature,—to abuse it. This point of *moral* evil being adjusted, those which are strictly *physical* will hardly be found to yield a balance in our favour, if tried by a debt and credit account of guilt and desert.

And so the result of an attempt to construct a history of primitive man by the aid of philosophy, is contentment with Providence and the course of human things on the whole, as proceeding not from good to bad but from worse to better. To this process every one, for his part, is called upon by Nature herself, to contribute according to his power.

TO MADAME DU CHATELET.

If you would have me still a lover
To me the age of love restore.
The sunrise, if you can, recover,
And dash those twilight shades once more.

From spots where shares the God of wine,
With love, the sceptre of unreason,
Time lays his chilly hand on mine
And bids me steal away in season.

'Gainst his inflexible decree
Let us at least seek some assuaging;
The victim of his years must be
He, who, hath not the wit of ageing.

Leave to fair youth the hours unreckoned,
Of rapture wild of dance and song,
Let us on wisdom spend the second
Since life is but two minutes long.

What then, forever do ye leave me
Illusion, folly, heedless waste?
Gifts of the gods, that could deceive me,
To think life left no bitter taste.

Yes, one dies twice, I see it plain;
  Ceasing to love, or love to kindle,
(Ceasing to live, is little pain)
  Love's death's the worst on Clotho's spindle.

Thus with wet eyes did I require
  The follies of my earlier days,
My soul bewailed the dancing fire,
  That led astray from beaten ways.

Then gentler friendship deigned to bend her
  Steps to my succor from above,
She was, it may be, quite as tender,
  But not so full of life as Love.

Her beauty set my heart astir,
  And, guided by her milder lustre,
I followed, meekly followed her,
  But, ah, the tears would choking muster.

VOLTAIRE.

EPITAPH ON RABELAIS.

PLUTO, bid Rabelais welcome to thy shore,
  That thou, who art the king of woe and pain,
Whose subjects never learned to laugh before,
  May boast a laughter in thy grim domain.

—JEAN ANTOINE DE BAÏF.

STANZE.

[JACOPO SANNAZZARO, an early Italian poet, was born in 1458, at Naples, where he died in 1530. "His sonnets and lyrical pieces," says Roscoe, "if his Arcadia had never been written, would have secured to him the distinction of one of the chief poets that Italy has produced."]

O PURE and blessed soul,
  That, from thy clay's control
Escaped, hast sought and found thy native sphere
  And from thy crystal throne
  Look'st down, with smiles alone,
On this vain scene of mortal hope and fear!

Thy happy feet have trod
  The starry spangled road,
Celestial flocks by field and fountain guiding;
  And from their erring track
  Thou charm'st thy shepherds back,
With the soft music of thy gentle chiding.

O, who shall Death withstand,—
  Death, whose impartial hand
Levels the lowest plant and loftiest pine?
  When shall our ears again
  Drink in so sweet a strain,
Our eyes behold so fair a form as thine?

MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

SONNET.

IF it be true that any beauteous thing
Raises the pure and just desire of man
From earth to God, the eternal Fount of all,
Such I believe my love: for as in her
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,
I view the gentle work of her Creator,
I have no care for any other thing,
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,
Since the effect is not of my own power,
If the soul doth by nature, tempted forth
Enamoured through the eyes,
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth.

ON DANTE.

THERE is no tongue to speak his eulogy;
Too brightly burned his splendor for our eyes:
Far easier to condemn his injurers,
Than for the tongue to reach his smallest worth.
He to the realms of sinfulness came down,
To teach mankind; ascending then to God,
Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates,
To whom his country hers refused to ope.
Ungrateful land! to its own injury,
Nurse of his fate! Well, too, does this instruct
That greatest ills fall to the perfectest.
And, midst a thousand proofs, let this suffice,—
That, as his exile had no parallel,
So never was there man more great than he.

—MICHEL ANGELO.

CHO-CHE-BANG AND CHI-CHIL BLOO.

(An Oriental Romance.)

CANTO I.

Away, far off in China, many, many years ago,
(In the hottest part of China, where they never heard of snow),
There lived a rich old planter in the province of Ko-whang,
Who had an only daughter, and her name was Cho-che-Bang.
The maiden was a jewel, a celestial beauty rare,
With catty-cornered eyebrows and carrot-colored hair,
One foot was scarce three inches long, the other knew no bounds,
She'd numbered fourteen summers, and she weighed three hundred pounds.

CANTO II.

On the dreary shores of Lapland, 'mid its never-melting snows,

Where the Roly-Boly-Alice in her ruddy beauty glows,
Lived a little dwarfish tinker, who in height stood three feet two,
And from his endless shivering, they called him Chi-chil-Bloo.
The crooked little tinker, as he dragged his weary way
From hut to hut to ply his craft, scarce seemed of human clay,
His eyes were like to marbles set in little seas of glue,
His cheeks a sickly yellow, and his nose a dirty blue.

CANTO III.

Now Chi-chil-Bloo, though born in snow and reared upon its breast,
Loved not the bleak and dismal land in which he knew no rest;
He bid adieu unto the scenes of never-ending storm,
And travelled forth to seek some land where he might keep him warm;
He trudged two years his weary way far from the land of snow,
Inside the walls of China, to where strangers seldom go;
When wearied with his pilgrimage he halted at Ko-whang,
And there became acquainted with the father of Che-Bang.
The old man heard his wondrous tale of sights that he had seen,
Where Nature wore a winding sheet, and shrouded all things green,
And pondering o'er within his mind if wonders such could be,
At last engaged poor Chi-Chil-Bloo to cultivate his tea.

CANTO IV.

It had always been the custom of the fairy-like Che-Bang,
Ere evening shadow fell upon the valley of Ko-whang,
To wander 'mid the tea-groves like an oriental queen,
On the shoulders of her servants in a fancy palanquin.
As she 'merged from out the shadow of a China-berry tree,
She spied the little tinker stripping down the fragrant tea,
She gazed upon his wondrous form, his eyes, his nose of blue,
A moment gazed, then deeply fell in love with Chi-chil-Bloo.

CANTO V.

She stepped from out her palanquin, and then dismissed her train,
With instructions that an hour past they might return again;
She then upraised the filmy veil that hid her charms from sight,
And poor Chi-chil-Bloo beheld a face to him surpassing bright;
He gazed transfixed with wonder, to him surpassing fair
Were her rounded-up proportions and her salmon-colored hair,
He lingered in a dreamy trance, nor woke he from his bliss
Till her loving arms entwine him and her lips imprint a kiss.

CANTO VI.

She led him to a bower, and beside the dwarf she kneeled,
And sighed like Desdemona at his 'scapes by flood and field;
He told of seals and rein deer, and bears that live at sea,
He told her tales of icicles, and she told tales of tea;
Long, long they lingered, fondly locked in each other's arms,
He saw in her and she in him a thousand glowing charms,
When looking down the distant vale the sun's fast fading sheen
Fell faintly on the gold of her returning palanquin.

CANTO VII.

"Yonder come my slaves," she cried, "and now, Chil-Bloo, we part;
My father, though my father, has a cruel, flinty heart,
He has promised me to Chow-Chow, the Crœsus of Ko-Whang,
But Chow-Chow's old and gouty, and he wouldn't suit Che-Bang;
Oh! come beneath my window at a quarter past three,
When the moon has gone a bathing at her bath-room in the sea,
And we will fly to other lands across the waters blue—
But hush, here comes the palanquin, and now, sweet love, adieu."
They placed her in her palanquin, her bosom throbbing free,
While Chi-chil-Bloo seemed busy packing up his gathered tea;
As rested from his weary rounds the dying god of day,
They raised her on their shoulders and they trotted her away.

CANTO VIII.

At the time and place appointed, 'neath her lattice stood the dwarf;
He whistled to his lady, and she answered with a cough;
She threw a silken ladder from her window down the wall,
While he, gallant knight, stood firmly fixed to catch her should she fall;
She reached the ground in safety, one kiss, one chaste embrace,
Then *she* waddled and *he* trotted off in silence from the place.

CANTO IX.

Swift they held their journey, love had made her footsteps light,

They hid themselves at morning's dawn and fled again
at night;
The second night had run her race and folded up her
pall,
When they reached the sentry's station underneath the
mighty wall;
Che-Bang told well her tale of love, Chil-Bloo told his,
alas!
The sentry had no sentiment, and wouldn't let 'em pass;
He called a file of soldiers, who took 'em to Dom Brown,
A sort of local magistrate or Mufti of the town.

CANTO X.

The vile old lecher heard the charge, the tempting maiden eyed,
Then feigning well a burning rage, in thunder-tones he cried,
"You vile misshapen scoundrel, you seducer, rascal, elf,
I sentence *you* to prison, and I take Che-Bang *myself*."
He took her to his harem, and he dressed her mighty fine,
He sent her bird's nest chowder and puppies done in wine.
But she spurned the dainty viands as she spurned to be his bride,
She took to eating rat-soup—poisoned rat soup—and she died.

CANTO XI.

In a dark and dreary dungeon, its dimensions six by four,
Lay the wretched little tinker, stretched upon the mouldy floor,
The midnight gong had sounded, he heard a dreadful clang,
And before her quaking lover stood the spirit of Che-Bang.
"Arise, Chil-Bloo, arise!" she cried, "lay down life's dreary load,
Let out thy prisoned spirit from its dark and drear abode,
And we will roam the spirit-land where fortune smiles more fair—
Arise," she cried, "and follow!" and then she vanished into air.

CANTO XII.

On the morrow, when the jailer served around his mouldy beans,
The only food the prisoners got except some wilted greens,
He started back in horror—high upon the door-way post
Hung the body of the tinker, who had yielded up the ghost.

CANTO XIII.

There's a legend in China, that beneath the moon's bright sheen,
Ever fondly linked together, may in summer-time be seen,
Still wandering 'mid the tea-plants, in the province of Ko-Whang,
The little Lapland tinker and his spirit-bride Che-Bang.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE COLISEUM.

[JOSEPH FORSYTH (1763–1815) was a native of Elgin, in the county of Moray, and conducted a classical seminary at Newington-Butts, near London, for many years. On his return from a tour in Italy, he was arrested at Turin in 1803, in consequence of Napoleon's harsh and unjust order to detain all British subjects travelling in his dominions. After several years of detention, he prepared the notes he had made in Italy, and published them in England, as a means of enlisting the sympathies of Napoleon and the leading members of the National Institute in his behalf. This last effort for freedom failed, and the author always regretted that he had made it. Mr. Forsyth was at length released on the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. The Remarks, thus hastily prepared for a special purpose, could hardly have been improved if expanded into regular dissertations and essays. They are vigorous and acute, evincing keen observation and original thinking, as well as the perfect knowledge of the scholar and the critic].

A colossal taste gave rise to the Coliseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary; for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for Rome, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had evidently been dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal; no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of license. The Doric has no *triglyphs* nor *metopes*, and its arch is too low for its columns; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric; the third order is but a rough cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plants; the fourth seems a mere repetition of the third in pilasters; and the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic. Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightnings, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians rent that consolidating ring; popes widened the breach; and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already de-

molished; the *arena*, the *podium*, are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse; but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often, that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres. Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument says "No." Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming arena to a luxurious supper! Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half-gray and half-green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. "In contemplating antiquities," says Livy, "the mind itself becomes antique." It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

[Baroness Nairne (Carolina Oliphant, 1766–1845), of the family of Oliphant of Gask, and justly celebrated, for her beauty, talents, and worth, wrote several lyrical pieces, which enjoy great popularity. These, are, "*The Land o' the Leal*," "*The Laird o' Cockpen*," "*Caller Herrin*," "*The Lass o' Gowrie*," &c. In 1806 she was married to Major William Murray Nairne, who, in 1824, on the restoration of the attainted Scottish peerage, became Baron Nairne].

The Laird o' Cockpen he 's proud and he 's great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she 'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked-hat;
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She 's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine
'And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na;'
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumbfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare—he rade cannilie;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,[1]
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
'Oh! for ane I 'll get better, it 's waur I 'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm in-arm to the kirk on the green
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen—
But as yet there 's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

[1] The last two verses were added by Miss Ferrier, authoress of *Marriage*. They are quite equal to the original.

LAW.

Law is law—law is law; and as in such, and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, and notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it: it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "Bullum *versus* Boatum:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows:—

There were two farmers: Farmer A. and Farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a bull: Farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hayband—after he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner. Farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat; he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hayband. The boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat for running away with the bull; the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat: and thus notice of trial was given, Bullum *versus* Boatum, Boatum *versus* Bullum.

Now, the counsel for the bull began with saying:—"My lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls, before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? or, how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull; if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be non-suited; because, in his declaration, he had not specified what color he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel:—"My lord, if the bull was of no color, he must be of some color; and, if he was not of any color, what color could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing, the bull was a white bull, and that white is no color; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of color in the law, for the law can color anything. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted; it being proved, that the tide of the river having carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose:—How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos-mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled, by Boatum's attorney declaring that for his client he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin: which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows:—"Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus vel saltibus riveris, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well-boatis; sive oysteri, prawni, whitimi, shrimpi, turbutus solus;" that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide

of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were non-suited; but such was the lenity of the Court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again *de novo*.

GEORGE STEVENSON.
1729—1784.

THE SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

[CONFUCIUS, the greatest of Chinese philosophers, was born in the year 551, B. C., and died B. C. 478. He was married at nineteen, and placed in office a year later, in charge of public lands. At the age of twenty-two, Confucius began his labors as a public teacher, being distinguished for his learning and eloquence. He studied the science of government, to which his writings largely relate. At the age of thirty he studied music, in which he also became accomplished; but his great and ever increasing fame came from his wise teachings on philosophy, politics, and the conduct of life. His fame increased until the number of his disciples (who flocked to him from all parts of the empire) amounted to three thousand. In the year B. C., 500, Confucius was made a chief magistrate and produced a new code of administration.

The fine sayings of Confucius, his moral maxims and instructive precepts have been reported (like those of Socrates) by his disciples. His doctrines form, to this day, the foundation of the religion of China.]

The Master said, "It is virtuous manners which constitute the excellence of a neighbourhood. If a man in selecting a residence do not fix on one where such prevail, how can he be wise?

Those who are without virtue cannot abide long either in a condition of poverty and hardship, or in a condition of enjoyment. The virtuous rest in virtue, the wise desire virtue.

It is only the truly virtuous man who can love, or who can hate others.

If the will be set on virtue, there will be no practice of wickedness.

Riches and honors are what men desire. If it cannot be obtained in the proper way, they should not be held. Poverty and meanness are what men dislike. If it cannot be obtained in the proper way, they should not be avoided.

If a superior man abandon nature, how can he fulfil the requirements of that name?

The superior man does not, even for the space of a single meal, act contrary to virtue. In moments of haste, he cleaves to it. In seasons of danger, he cleaves to it.

If a man in the morning hear the right way, he may die in the evening without regret.

A scholar, whose mind is set on truth, and who is ashamed of bad clothes and bad food, is not fit to be discoursed with.

The superior man, in the world, does not set his mind either for anything, or against anything; what is right he will follow.

The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man thinks of favors which he may receive.

He who acts with a constant view to his own advantage will be much murmured against.

A man should say, I am not concerned that I have no place—I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am not known—I seek to be worthy to be known.

The mind of the superior man is conversant with righteousness; the mind of the mean man is conversant with gain.

When we meet men of worth we should think of equalling them; when we see men of a contrary character, we should turn inwards and examine ourselves.

The years of parents may by no means, be kept in the memory, as an occasion at once for joy and fear.

The reason why the ancients did not readily give utterance to their words, was, that they feared lest their actions should not come up to them.

The cautious seldom err.

The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct.

Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.

Tsze-Kung said, "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men." The Master said, "Tsze, you have not attained to that."

THE GREAT LEARNING—BY CONFUCIUS.

What the Great Learning teaches, is—to illustrate illustrious virtue; to renovate the people; and to rest in the highest excellence.

The point where to rest being known, the object of pursuit is then determined; and that being determined, a calm unperturbedness may be maintained. To that calmness there will succeed a tranquil repose. In that repose there may be careful delibera-

tion, and that deliberation will be followed by the attainment of the desired end.

Things have their root and their completion. Affairs have their end and their beginning. To know what is first and what is last will lead near to what is taught in the Great Learning.

The ancients who wished to illustrate illustrious virtue, throughout the empire, first ordered well their own States. Wishing to order well their States, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things.

Things being investigated, knowledge became complete. Their knowledge being complete, their thoughts were sincere. Their thoughts being sincere, their hearts were then rectified. Their hearts being rectified, their persons were cultivated. Their persons being cultivated, their families were regulated. Their families being regulated, their States were rightly governed. Their States being rightly governed, the whole empire was made tranquil and happy.

From the emperor down to the mass of people, all must consider the cultivation of the person, the root of everything besides.

It cannot be, when the root is neglected, that what should spring from it should be well ordered. It never has been the case that what was of great importance has been slightly cared for, and, at the same time, that what was of slight importance has been greatly cared for.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE MEAN.

[This notable Chinese treatise is now generally attributed to the grandson of Confucius, Tsze-sze. He was born about 500, B. C. The time of his death is uncertain. He was a man of strong will, and inclined to asceticism. He had several hundred disciples, and was held in great reverence by the governing powers, though he refused office and honors. His treatise from which we quote, treats of the human mind in the various affairs of life, in a religious and philosophical spirit. Its title, "The Doctrine of the Mean," signifies the golden medium. Says the Chinese philosopher Ching; "This work contains the law of the mind. The relish of it is inexhaustible. Unroll it, and it fills the universe." This seems to be an extravagant encomium, though there are noble passages scattered through the work, such as would do honor to the sages of any age or country.]

What Heaven has conferred is called The Nature; an accordance with this nature is called The Path of duty; the regulation of this path is called Instruction.

The path may not be left for an instant If it could be left, it would not be the path. On this account the superior man does not wait till he sees things, to be cautious, nor till he hears things, to be apprehensive.

There is nothing more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute. Therefore, the superior man is watchful over himself, when he is alone.

While there are no stirrings of pleasure, anger, sorrow, or joy, the mind may be said to be in the state of Equilibrium. When those feelings have been stirred, and they act in their due degree, there ensues what may be called the state of Harmony. This Equilibrium is the great root from which grow all the human actings in the world, and this Harmony is the universal path which they all should pursue.

Let the state of equilibrium and harmony exist in perfection, and a happy order will prevail throughout heaven and earth, and all things will be nourished and flourish.

The way of heaven and earth may be completely declared in one sentence. They are without any doubleness, and so they produce things in a manner which is unfathomable.

The way of heaven and earth is large and substantial, high and brilliant, far-reaching and long-enduring.

The heaven now before us is only this bright shining spot; but when viewed in its inexhaustible extent, the sun, moon, stars and constellations of the zodiac are suspended in it, and and all things are overspread by it. The earth before us is but a handful of soil; but when regarded in its breadth and thickness, it sustains mountains like the Hiva and Yoh, without feeling their weight, and contains the rivers and seas, without their leaking away. The mountain now before us appears only a stone; but when contemplated in all the vastness of its size, we see how the grass and trees are produced on it, and birds and beasts dwell on it, and precious things which men trea-

sure up are found on it. The water now before us appears but a ladleful; yet extending our view to its unfathomable depths, the largest tortoise, iguanas, iguanadons, dragons, fishes, and turtles, are produced in them; articles of value and sources of wealth abound in them.

* * * *

It is only he, possessed of all sagely qualities that can exist under heaven, who shows himself quick in apprehension, clear in discernment, of far-reaching intelligence and all-embracing knowledge, fitted to exercise rule; magnanimous, generous, benign, and mild, fitted to exercise forbearance, impulsive, energetic, firm, and enduring, fitted to maintain a firm hold; self-adjusted, grave, never swerving from the Mean, and correct, fitted to command reverence; accomplished, distinctive, concentrative, and searching, fitted to exercise discrimination.

All-embracing is he and vast, deep and active as a fountain, sending forth in their due seasons his virtue.

All-embracing and vast, he is like heaven. Deep and active as a fountain, he is like the abyss. He is seen, and the people all reverence him; he speaks, and the people all believe him; he acts, and the people are all pleased with him.

Therefore, his fame overspreads the Middle Kingdom [China], and extends to all barbarous tribes. Wherever ships and carriages reach, wherever the strength of man penetrates; wherever the heavens overshadow and the earth sustains; wherever the sun and moon shine; wherever frosts and dews fall—all who have blood and breath unfeignedly honor and love him. Hence it is said—"He is the equal of Heaven."

SOPHOCLES.

[August Wilhelm von Schlegel, 1767—1845, was educated at Göttingen University, and became professor at Bonn, in 1818. He translated Shakespeare's works, edited many periodicals, wrote dramas and poems, and his fine critical taste made his "*Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*" widely celebrated and permanently read.]

The birth-year of Sophocles was nearly at an equal distance between that of his predecessor and of Euripides, so that he was about half a life-time from each: in this all the accounts are found to coincide. He was however during the greater part of his life the contemporary of both. He frequently contended for the tragic garland with Æschylus, and he outlived Euripides, who himself attained a good age. If I may speak in the spirit of the ancient religion, it seems that a beneficent Providence wished to evince to the human race, in the instance of this individual, the dignity and felicity of their lot, as he was endowed with every divine gift, with all that can adorn and elevate the mind and heart, and crowned with every blessing imaginable in this life. Descended from rich and honored parents, and born a free citizen of the most cultivated state of Greece, such were the advantages with which he entered the world. Beauty of body and of soul, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of both in the utmost perfection, till the extreme limits of human existence; an education the most extensive, yet select, in gymnastics and music, the former so important in the development of the bodily powers, and the latter in the communication of harmony; the sweet blossom of youth, and the ripe fruit of age; the possession and continued enjoyment of poetry and art, and the exercise of serene wisdom; love and respect among his fellow citizens, fame in other countries, and the countenance and favor of the gods; these are the general features of the life of this pious and virtuous poet. It would seem as if the gods, in return for his dedicating himself at an early age to Bacchus, as the giver of all joy, and the author of the cultivation of the human race, by the representation of tragical dramas for his festivals, had wished to confer immortality on him, so long did they delay the hour of his death; but as this was impossible, they extinguished his life as gently as possible, that he might imperceptibly change one immortality for another, the long duration of his earthly existence for an imperishable name. When a youth of sixteen, he was selected, on account of his beauty, to play on the lyre, and to dance in the Greek manner before the chorus of youths who, after the battle of Salamis (in which Æschylus fought, and which he has so nobly described), executed the Pæan round the trophy erected on that occasion; so that the fairest development of his youthful beauty coincided with the moment when the Athenian people had attained the epoch of their highest glory,

He held the rank of general along with Pericles and Thucydides, and, when arrived at a more advanced age, the priesthood of a native hero. In his twenty-fifth year he began to represent tragedies; twenty times he was victorious; he often gained the second place, and he never was ranked in the third. In this career he proceeded with increasing success till he reached his ninetieth year; and some of his greatest works were even the fruit of a still later period. There is a story of an accusation brought against him by one or more of his elder sons, of having become childish from age, because he was too fond of a grandchild by a second wife, and of being no longer in a condition to manage his own affairs. In his defence he merely read to his judges his Œdipus in Colonos, which he had then composed in honor of Colonos, his birth-place; and the astonished judges, without farther consultation, conducted him in triumph to his house. If it be true that the second Œdipus was written at so late an age, as from its mature serenity and total freedom from the impetuosity and violence of youth we have good reason to conclude that it actually was, it affords us at once a pleasing picture of the delight and reverence which attended his concluding years. Although the various accounts of his death appear fabulous, they all coincide in this, that he departed without a struggle, while employed in his art, or something connected with it, and that like an old swan of Apollo, he breathed out his life in song. I consider also the story of the Lacedemonian general who had fortified the burying-ground of his fathers, and who, twice exhorted by Bacchus in a vision to allow Sophocles to be there interred, despatched a herald to the Athenians on the subject, with a number of other circumstances, as the strongest possible proof of the established reverence in which his name was held. In calling him virtuous and pious, I spoke in the true sense of the words; for although his works breathe the real character of ancient grandeur, sweetness and simplicity, of all the Grecian poets he is also the individual whose feelings bear the strongest affinity to the spirit of our religion.

One gift alone was refused to him by nature; a voice attuned to song. He could only call forth and direct the harmonious effusions of other voices; he was therefore compelled to depart from the established practice of the poet acting a part in his own pieces, and only once (a very characteristic trait) made his appearance in the character of the blind singer Thamyris playing on the cithera.

As Æschylus, who raised tragic poetry from its rude beginnings to the dignity of the cothurnus, was his predecessor; the historical relation in which he stood to Sophocles enabled the later to avail himself of the inventions of his original master, so that Æschylus appears as the rough designer, and Sophocles as the finished successor. The more artful construction of the dramas of the latter is easily perceived: the limitation of the chorus with respect to the dialogue, the polish of the rhythmus, and the pure Attic diction, the introduction of a greater number of characters, the increase of contrivance in the fable, the multiplication of incidents, a greater degree of development, the more tranquil continuance of all the moments of the action, and the greater degree of theatrical effect given to incidents of a decisive nature, the more perfect rounding of the whole, even considered in a mere external point of view. But he excelled Æschylus in somewhat still more essential, and proved himself deserving of the good fortune of having such a preceptor, and of entering into competition with him on the same subjects: I mean the harmonious perfection of his mind, by which he fulfilled from inclination every duty prescribed by the laws of beauty, and of which the impulse was in him accompanied by the most clear consciousness. It was impossible to exceed Æschylus in boldness of conception; I am inclined however to believe that Sophocles appears only less bold from his wisdom and moderation, as he always goes to work with the greatest energy, and perhaps with even a more determined severity, like a man who knows the extent of his powers, and is determined, when he does not exceed them, to stand up with the greater confidence for his rights. As Æschylus delights in transporting us to the convulsions of the primary world of the Titans, Sophocles on the other hand never avails himself of the gods but when their appearance is necessary; he formed men, according to the general confession of antiquity, better, that is, not more moral, or exempt from error, but more beautiful and noble than they appeared in real life; and while he took everything in the most human signification, he was at the same time aware of their superior destination. According to

all appearance he was also more moderate than Æschylus in his scenic ornaments; he displayed perhaps more taste and selection in his objects, but did not attempt the same colossal pomp.

To characterize the native sweetness and affection so eminent in this poet, the ancients gave him the appellation of the Attic bee. Whoever is thoroughly imbued with the feeling of this property may flatter himself that a sense for ancient art has arisen within him; for the affected sentimentality of the present day, far from coinciding with him in this opinion, would both in the representation of bodily sufferings, and in the language and economy of the tragedies of Sophocles, find much of an unsupportable austerity.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

[Juan Ruiz de Hita, a Spanish poet of the 14th century, who died about 1351, wrote many graceful verses, notable for their wit, poetical expression, and epigrammatic point.]

I wish to make my sermon brief,—to shorten my oration,—
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation:
I like short women,—suits at law without procrastination,—
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says,—*A word unto the wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing:
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat,—
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat:
And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There's naught can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,—
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation:
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

FROM "THE ANCESTORS."

[Adam Mickiewicz, who is placed by his countrymen at the head of the Polish poets, was born in 1798, in Lithuania, and died at Constantinople in 1855. He wrote "*The Ancestors*," "*Grazyna*," "*Crimean Sonnets*," etc. His poems are full of patriotic feeling, and he was more than once arrested by the Russian government for his too marked sympathy with the liberties of the people.]

She is fair as a spirit of light,
That floats in the ether on high,
And her eye beams as kindly and bright,
As the sun in the azure-tinged sky.
The lips of her lover join hers
Like the meeting of flame with flame,
And as sweet as the voice of two lutes,
Which one harmony weds the same.

(FROM THE SAME.)

My Arab steed is black—
  Black as the tempest cloud that flies
  Across the dark and mutt'ring skies,
And leaves a gloomy track.
His hoofs are shod with lightning's glare,
  I give the winds his flowing mane,
  And spur him smoking o'er the plain,
And none from earth to heaven dare,
  My path to chase in vain.
And as my bard like lightning flies,
I gaze upon the moonlit skies,
And see the stars with golden eyes,
  Look down upon the plain.

THE GREATNESS AND THE DECLINE OF CÉSAR BIROTTEAU.

[HONORÉ DE BALZAC, the eminent French novelist, was born at Tours, in 1799, died at Paris, 1850. His early years were spent in the office of a notary, and his first literary work was for the daily journals. In 1826, he associated himself with the publisher of the *Annales romantiques*, becoming printer, bookseller and writer. Unsuccessful in this enterprise, Balzac turned all his energies toward the creation of a series of fictions which should aim at nothing less than a complete picture of the civilization of his age and country. He wrote incessantly, and corrected with the minutest and most careful finish, that long list of romances, under the general title of "*Comédie humaine*," which have given him a fame apparently permanent, and many of which are true masterpieces. The wealth of his imagination, his marvellous analysis of the human heart, the living reality and thorough finish of his pictures, place him very near the head of French writers of fiction. "All his writings," says Victor Hugo, "make one unique work; a work living, luminous, profound, through which marches and moves with terrible reality, all our contemporary civilization; a marvellous work, uniting in itself all forms and all styles." If Balzac sometimes carries too far his talent for minute description, and violates the more delicate laws of art, he has undeniably achieved a literary success which is phenomenal.]

When César came to Paris, he could read, write, and cipher; his education stopped there; his laborious life had hindered him from acquiring any ideas and knowledge foreign to the business of perfumery. Constantly mingling with people who were indifferent to science and letters, whose education did not go beyond specialties; having no time to devote to elevating studies, the perfumer became a practical man. He was forced to adopt the language, errors, opinions of the Parisian bourgeois —the class who admire Molière, Voltaire and Rousseau on faith, who purchase their works without reading them; who maintain that it is proper to say *ormoire*, because ladies lock up in those articles of furniture their *or* (gold) and their dresses which formerly were almost always made of *moire*, and that *armoire* is a corruption. Potier, Talma, Mademoiselle Mars, were, the bourgeois believes, millionaires ten times over, and did not live like other human beings; the great tragedian ate man-flesh; Mademoiselle Mars sometimes made a fricassee of pearls, in imitation of a celebrated Egyptian actress. The Emperor had leather pockets in his waistcoats to enable him to take snuff by the handful, and rode at full gallop up the stairs of the orangery at Versailles. Authors and artists died in the hospital in consequence of their oddities; they were, besides, all atheists, whom it behooved people not to admit into their houses. Joseph Lebas cited, with a shudder, the history of his sister-in-law Augustine's marriage with the painter Sommervieux. Astronomers lived on spiders. These luminous specimens of their knowledge of the French language, of dramatic art, politics, literature, and science, indicate the scope of their intellects. A poet, who passes along the rue des Lombards, and inhales the prevailing perfumes, may dream of Asia there. Breathing the odor of vetyver in a green-house, he may behold the almées of the East. The splendors of cochineal remind him of the poems, the religion, the castes of the Brahmins. Coming in contact with inwrought ivory, he mounts, in imagination, upon the back of an elephant, and there, in a muslin pavilion, makes love like the king of Lahore. But the shop-keeper is ignorant whence come the articles in which he deals, and where they grow. Birotteau knew nothing whatever of natural history or chemistry. In regarding Vauquelin as a great man, he considered him as an exception; he resembled the retired grocer who thus shrewdly summed up a discussion on the way in which tea is brought to France: "Tea comes only in two ways, *by caravan* or *by Havre*." According to Birotteau, aloes and opium were to be found only in the rue des Lombards. The pretended rose-water of Constantinople was made, like cologne-water, at Paris. These names of places were shams, invented to please the French, who cannot

endure the productions of their own country. A French merchant was bound to call his discovery English, in order to make it popular, as in England a druggist attributes his to France. Nevertheless, César could not be quite a dunce and a blockhead; integrity and benevolence gave respectability to the acts of his life, for a good deed obliterates any amount of ignorance. His constant success gave him assurance. At Paris, assurance is accepted for the power of which it is the sign.

Having thoroughly learned the character of César during the first three years of their married life, his wife was in a constant fever of anxiety; she represented, in this union, the part of sagacity and foresight, doubt, hesitation, fear; as César represented that of audacity, ambition, action, and the extraordinary success of fatality. In spite of appearances, the tradesman was timid, whilst his wife possessed real patience and courage. Thus, a narrow-minded and ordinary man, without education, without ideas, without knowledge, without decided character, who, on general principles, could not have succeeded on the most uncertain market in the world, came, by his discreet conduct, by his sentiment of justice, by his truly Christian goodness of heart, by his love for the only woman he had ever possessed, to be regarded as a remarkable man, as one courageous and full of resolution. The public saw the results only. His associates, with the exception of Pillerault and Judge Popinot, saw César but superficially, and could not form an opinion of him. Besides, the twenty or thirty friends who associated with each other were constantly uttering the same stupidities, repeating the same common-places, and all regarded each other as superior beings in their own walks of life. The women vied with each other in dinners and dress; each one of them had said all she knew when she had said a word of contempt for her husband. Madame Birotteau alone had the good sense to treat hers with honor and respect in public; she saw in him a man who in spite of his secret incapacity, had acquired their fortune, and in whose consideration she participated. She sometimes asked herself, however, what the world could be, if all men of pretended superiority resembled her husband. Such conduct contributed not a little to sustain the respectful esteem awarded to a tradesman, in a country where women are so prone to bring their husbands into disrespect and to complain of them in public.

César was now forty years old. The labors which he performed in his laboratory had given him a few premature wrinkles, and had slightly silvered his long bushy hair, around which the pressure of his hat made a glistening circular impression. His heavy eyebrows might have alarmed the beholder, had not his blue eyes, with their clear and honest expression, been in perfect harmony with his open and manly forehead. His nose, broken at its base, and very large at the end, gave him the surprised air of the *quidnuncs* of Paris. His lips were full, and his fat chin hung perpendicularly down. His square and highly colored face indicated, by the disposition of the wrinkles and the general style of his physiognomy, the ingenuous cunning of the peasant. The strength of his body, the heaviness of his limbs, the squareness of his back and the width of his feet—everything about him in short—denoted the villager transported to Paris. His large and hairy hands, his fat, wrinkled fingers, his big square nails, would have borne witness to his origin, even if there had been no traces of it in his person. He had constantly upon his lips that benevolent smile which shop-keepers assume upon the entrance of a customer; and yet this commercial smile was the faithful image of his internal content, and represented the true state of his tranquil soul. His habitual distrust never went beyond his business; his caution left him when he crossed the threshold of the Exchange or when he closed his ledger. Suspicion was to him what his printed bill-heads were, a necessary and component part of all bargain and sale. His face presented a sort of comic assurance, of fatuity mingled with good-fellowship, which rendered him an original type, as it took away from the resemblance, otherwise perfect, with the flat physiognomy of the Parisian bourgeois. Without this air of guileless admiration and faith in himself, he would have inspired too much respect; he thus maintained his relationship with mankind, by contributing his share of the ridiculous.

When talking, he habitually held his hands behind his back. When he thought he had said something smart or gallant, he raised himself twice upon his toes, and fell back again heavily, as if to emphasize his remark. In the heat of a discussion, he would sometimes turn briskly round, walk

a few steps as if he were going to seek for further arguments, and return sharply upon his antagonist. He never interrupted a speaker, and often fell a victim to this exact observance of propriety, for the other cut in whenever they could, and the poor man would be obliged to depart without getting in a word edgewise. His great experience in commercial matters had given him certain peculiar ways which many persons called manias. When a note was not taken up, he sent it to the proper officer, and thought no more of it except to receive the principal, interest and expenses ; the officer had instructions to press the matter until the tradesman was bankrupt, and then to stop all proceedings: César put the notes in his pocket and never went to any meetings of the creditors. This system and his implacable detestation of bankrupts, he had derived from Ragon, who, in the course of his mercantile experience, had discovered that so much time was lost in litigation, that the meagre and uncertain dividend produced by arrangements and compromises, was more than compensated by the time spent in going and coming, and running after the excuses the dishonest are ever so ready to make.

"If the bankrupt is an honest man," said Ragon, "and recovers himself, he will pay you. If he still continues penniless, and is simply unfortunate, why torment him? And if he is a rascal, you'll never get anything any way. Your well-known severity causes you to be regarded as intractable, and as no compromise with you is possible, as long as a man can pay any one, it's you that he pays."

César arrived at an appointment the moment agreed upon, and ten minutes afterward he left with an inflexibility that nothing could conquer; so that his own punctuality rendered those who had business with him punctual themselves.

The costume which he had adopted was in harmony with his manners and his physiognomy. No power on earth could have induced him to give up his white muslin cravats, the ends of which, embroidered by his wife or his daughter, hung down under his neck. His single-breasted white Marseilles waistcoat came very low down upon his somewhat prominent stomach; for César was slightly corpulent. He wore blue pantaloons, black silk stockings, and shoes, the strings of which were constantly coming untied. His olive-green frock-coat, always too large for him, and his broad-brimmed hat, gave him the air of a quaker. When he dressed himself for Sunday evening, he put on a pair of silk small-clothes, shoes with gilt buckles, and his inevitable single-breasted waistcoat, slightly open at the top to show his plaited shirt-frill. His chestnut-colored cloth coat was long in the waist and wide in the skirts. He continued, up to 1819, to wear two watch-chains, hanging parallel to each other, but he only put on the second when he considered himself dressed.

Such was César Birotteau, a worthy creature upon whom the mysterious deities who attend upon the birth of men had refused to confer the power of taking general views either of politics or life, or that of raising himself above the social level of the middling classes. He followed in everything the winding ways of routine; every opinion which he held had been communicated to him by others, and he applied them without examination. Blind but good, not intellectual but profoundly religious, he was a man perfectly pure in heart. In this heart burned one first and only love, the light and strength of his life; for his endeavors to rise, and the little information he had acquired, sprang from his affection for his wife and daughter.

As for Madame César, thirty-seven years old at this time, she resembled the Venus of Milo so closely, that all who knew her saw her very portrait in that admirable statue when the Duc de Rivière sent it to Paris. In a few months, however, sorrow and trouble so diffused their yellow tints over her dazzlingly white skin, so cruelly undermined and disclosed the bluish circle within which played her fine sparkling eyes, that she had the appearance of an old madonna; for she still preserved, in the midst of her decay, a pleasing ingenuousness of manner, a pure though melancholy look, and it was impossible not to consider her still a handsome woman, and one singularly reserved and dignified in her demeanor. At the ball contemplated by César, she was destined to enjoy one final and public triumph of beauty.

Every life has its apogee—a period during which the causes which operate are in exact proportion with the results they produce. This high noon of existence, in which every moving force is in equilibrium and is manifested in its highest state, is common, not only to organized beings, but to cities, na-

tions, ideas, institutions, trades, enterprises; all of which, like noble families and dynasties, spring up, come to perfection, and fall. Whence comes the severe impartiality with which this theme of increase and decay is applied to all earthly organizations? For death itself, in times of plague or epidemic, now advances, now slackens its course, now revives and now sleeps. Our globe itself is perhaps a mere rocket, a little more durable than the rest. History, in perpetually repeating the causes of the greatness and decline of everything that has been seen on earth, ought, one would think, to warn mankind of the proper time to arrest the play of their faculties; but neither conquerors nor actors, neither women nor authors, ever listen to its salutary voice.

César Birotteau, who should have regarded himself as having arrived at the apogee of his fortunes, chose to consider this halting-time as a new point of departure. He did not know—and neither nations nor kings have sought to write them in ineffaceable characters—the causes of the downfalls with which history is rife, and of which both mercantile and sovereign houses have furnished such terrible examples. Why should not new pyramids be erected, to keep continually before the world this principle, applicable not only to the politics of nations but to the economy of private individuals, that *whenever the effect produced has ceased to be in direct connection and in equal proportion with its cause, disorganization has begun?* Such movements, however, are everywhere to be seen, in the traditions and stories which speak to us of the past, which embody the caprices of ungovernable destiny, whose hand effaces our dreams and shows us that the greatest events are summed up in an idea. Troy and Napoleon are nought but poems. May this history be the poem of the obscure domestic vicissitudes in behalf of which no voice has been raised, all destitute, as they appear, of greatness; while on the contrary, and for the same reason, they are immense. We are not now treating of individual woes, but of the sufferings of a people.

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The ball, like a blazing rocket, died out and came to an end at five o'clock in the morning. At that time, but forty carriages remained of the hundred and odd which had filled the rue St. Honoré. The company were dancing a country dance—dethroned in after years by the German cotillion and the English galop. Du Tillet, Roguin, Cardot, junior, the Count de Grandville, and Jules Desmarets were at the gaming table. Du Tillet had won three thousand francs. The first rays of dawn appeared and paled the light of the candles: the players rose and witnessed the closing dance. In the houses of the bourgeois, the transports of the breaking up rarely pass without the enactment of a few extravagances. The important characters are gone: the intoxication of the motion, the communicative warmth of the atmosphere, the spirit lurking in the most apparently innocent beverages, have by this time softened even the old ladies' stiffest joints, and they complaisantly take part in the dance, and yield to the folly of the moment; the men perspire, their hair comes out of curl and hangs down limp over their faces, giving them a grotesque and laughter-provoking aspect; the young women become giddy, and the wreaths upon their heads begin to rain flowers upon the floor. The Momus of the bourgeois appears, and mirth follows in his train! A burst of laughter welcomes him, and everybody gives himself up to tom-foolery, knowing that on the morrow labor will reclaim their service. Matifat danced with a woman's bonnet on his head; Célestin abandoned himself to buffoonery. A few of the women frantically clapped their hands together when required by the figure of this interminable dance.

"What a good time they are having!" said Birotteau, delighted.

"I only hope they won't break anything," said Constance to her uncle.

"Your ball is the most magnificent I have ever seen, and I have seen a great many," said du Tillet to his former master on bidding him good night.

In that sublime composition—the eight symphonies of Beethoven—there is a fantasia with all the grandeur of an epic poem, which is the burden of the finale to the symphony in C minor. When, after the dallying preparations of the sublime magician so admirably interpreted by Habeneck, the leader of the orchestra, a wave of that enthusiast's hand rolls up the rich curtain of the scene, summoning forth with his baton the dazzling theme in which all the powers of music have been concentrated, poets, whose hearts then beat within them, will comprehend how Birotteau's ball produced, in his simple life, the effect produced upon them by this teeming air, to which, perhaps,

the symphony in C owes its supremacy over its brilliant sisters. A radiant fairy darts forward and raises her wand. The listener hears the rustling of the purple curtain, raised by angels' hands. Gates of gold, sculptured like the portals of the Florentine Baptistery, revolve on their diamond hinges. The eye is lost in splendid views; at one glance it embraces a colonnade of marvellous palaces, in which flit beings of heavenly birth. The incense of glory smokes, the altar of happiness flashes, you breathe a perfumed air! Creatures, whose smile is divine, clothed in white tunics edged with blue, pass lightly before your eyes, disclosing faces of superhuman beauty and forms of infinite grace. Cupids hover around, shedding the light of their torches upon the scene. You feel yourself beloved: you are blessed in a happiness which you inhale without comprehending how, bathed in the waves of that harmony which flows in living streams, and runs for all, with the nectar they have chosen. The sweet aspirations of your heart are for one instant realized. The enchanter, having convoyed you through the heavens, plunges you back, by the profound and mysterious transition of the violincellos, into the morass of cold realities, to drag you forth once more, when you thirst anew for his divine melodies, and when your soul cries out, Again! The psychologic analysis of the culminating point of this glorious finale will answer for that of the emotions showered on César and Constance by this wondrous festivity. Collinet, Birotteau's chief musician, had performed the finale of their commercial symphony upon his squeaking three-holed fife.

Weary, but blest, the three Birotteaus fell asleep by daylight, to the dying murmurs of this ball, which, in buildings, repairs, furniture, refreshments, and dress, cost, though César was far from suspecting it, hard upon sixty thousand francs. Such was the issue of the fatal red ribbon fastened by a king to a perfumer's buttonhole. Should César Birotteau meet with misfortune, this absurd expenditure was enough to bring him before the correctional police. A tradesman who goes to expenses considered inordinate in his position, may be found guilty of simple bankruptcy, as distinguished from fraudulent bankruptcy. It is perhaps worse to go before a petty tribunal charged with folly and indiscretion, than to appear at the bar of the court of assizes for one immense imposture. In the eyes of certain people, it is better to be criminal than weak.

BALZAC.

A JAPANESE ODE.

[YAMAGAMI NO OKURA, one of the poets of Japan, wrote during the 8th century while in the revenue service some fine poems, preserved in the "*Collection of a Myriad Leaves.*"

To Prince Tachibana-No-Hironari on his departure as ambassador to the court of China, wishing him a prosperous voyage and a happy return. A. D. 733.]

In the great days of old,
When o'er the land the gods held sov'reign sway,
Our fathers lov'd to say
That the bright gods with tender care enfold
The fortunes of Japan.
Blessing the land with many an holy spell:
And what they lov'd to tell
We of this later age ourselves do prove;
For every living man
May feast his eyes on tokens of their love.

Countless are the hosts attendant
On the heav'n-established throne
Of the Mikado, bright descendant
Of the goddess of the Sun:
But on thee his special grace
Lights to-day, for thou canst trace
From king to king thy noble birth
To the lords of all the earth;
And to thee the word is given,
Sacred missives to convey,
From the resplendent Son of Heaven,
To the far distant limits of Cathay.

May the great immortal dwelling,
On the isles that line thy road,
And the gods who in the swelling
Billows make their dread abode,
Gather round and safely guide thee,
While, that nought but good betide thee,
The Great Spirit in whose hand
Lie the fortunes of our land,
And all the gods of heaven and earth,
Flutt'ring down on airy pinions,
From the country of thy birth
Waft thee to Cathay's unknown dominions!

And when, thine embassage concluded,
Hither again thou think'st to come,
May the same great gods that brooded
O'er thy going, bring thee home;
May their fingers help thy vessel
Surely with the waves to wrestle,

As if across the azure line
Thy path were ruled with ink and line,—
That, round bold Chika's headland turning,
Soon thou land on Mitsu's shore.
Oh! tarry not, for thee we're yearning;
On thee may Heav'n its richest blessings pour!

THE CHURCH-YARD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN, BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

[NICOLAI M. KARAMSIN, a Russian poet and historian, 1766—1826, was of Tartar descent. In 1803 he became historiographer of Russia, with a pension of $1500 per annum, and wrote the best history of Russia, 12 vols. for which the Emperor presented him with $45,000.]

FIRST VOICE.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind — the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together.

SECOND VOICE.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flow'rets perfume it with ether.

FIRST VOICE.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle-weeds hiss.

SECOND VOICE.

How lovely, how lone, the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there:—but the nightingales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

FIRST VOICE.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:—
Tis the vulture's abode:—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

SECOND VOICE.

There the coney at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod;—while the turtles above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

FIRST VOICE.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death,
The trees are all barren and bare!

SECOND VOICE.

O soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamine fair.

FIRST VOICE.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears
He is launched on the wreck-covered river!

SECOND VOICE.

The traveller outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.

KARAMSIN.

THE HAVEN.

When the dangerous rocks are past,
When the threatening tempests cease,
O how sweet to rest at last
In a silent port of peace!

Though that port may be unknown,
Though no chart its name may bear,
Brightly beam its lights on *one*—
Blest to find his refuge there.

There he paints the joyous band—
Friends and family—what more?
Bliss!—he cries—thou hallow'd land!
And he springs upon the shore.

Life! thou art the storm—the rock!
Death! the friendly port thou art:—
Haven from the tempest shock,
Welcoming the wanderer's heart.

Yea! I see from yonder tomb
Promised peace and tranquil rest:
Death! my haven! I shall come,
Soothe me on thy mother-breast.

KARAMSIN.

LOVE IN A BOAT.

[MICHAEL V. LOMONASOV, a poet of Russia, 1711—1765, was educated in Germany, became University Professor at St. Petersburg, and published many scientific, historical and philosophic writings, besides poems.]

'Tis a calm and silent even,
Luna rests upon the sea;
See! the impelling breeze has driven,
Driven a little bark to me.

What a lovely child is seated
At the helm—a trembling child!
'Thou wilt perish, boy ill-fated!
Whelm'd among the surges wild.'

'Help me! help me! gentle stranger!
All my strength, alas! is gone:
Take the helm—conduct the ranger
To some harbor of thy own.'

Pity's warmth, that never freezes,
Bid me seize the helm:—we sped,
Wafted by awakening breezes,
As by feather'd arrows led.

Swiftly, swiftly then we glided
By the flowery shores along;
Reach'd a spot where joy presided,
Smiling nymphs, and dance and song.

Music welcomed us and laughter,
Garlands at our feet were thrown;
Then I look'd my wanderer after—
I was left—the bark was gone.

On the stormy shore I laid me,
Careless of the surge's spray;
Sought the child who had betray'd me,
Saw him laugh—and row away.

Lo! he beckons—lo! he urges—
Through the noisy waves I fly:
Off he speeds across the surges,
Laughing out with louder joy.

Wet and weary I retreated
To the scene of revelry:—
'Twas a fairy dream that cheated—
All was blank obscurity.

Wanderer! if that boat should ever
Meet thy vision, O be coy!
'Tis delusive—trust him never—
Cupid is a wicked boy.

OF PARADISE.

[JACOB BOEHME (sometimes translated *Behmen*), the most celebrated of the German mystics, born at Görlitz, 1575, died there in 1624. He was a shoemaker and a Lutheran, with remarkable intuitions and religious genius, but fanciful and diffuse in his recorded opinions. Boehme professed to be divinely illuminated, and passes for a religious enthusiast. His works were translated into English by William Law, the pietist, (1764, four volumes, 4to).]

Moses says, that, when God had made man, he planted a garden in Eden, and there he put man, to till and keep the same; and caused all manner of fruits to grow, pleasant for the sight and good for food; and planted the tree of life also, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the midst.

Here lies the veil before the face of Moses, in that he had a bright shining countenance, that sinful Israel cannot look him in the face; for the man of vanity is not worthy to know what Paradise is; and albeit it be given us to know it according to the inward, hidden man, yet by this description we shall remain as dumb to the beast, but yet be sufficiently understood by our fellow scholars in the school of the great master.

Poor reason, which is gone forth with Adam out of Paradise, asks where is Paradise to be had or found? Is it far off or near? Or, when the souls go into Paradise, whither do they go? Is it in the place of this world without the place of this world, above the stars? where is it that God dwells with the angels? and where is that desirable native country where there is no death? Being there is no sun nor stars in it, therefore it cannot be in this world, or else it would have been found long ago.

Beloved reason; one cannot lend a key to another to unlock this withal; and if any have a key, he cannot open it to another, as antichrist boasts that he has the keys of heaven and hell; it is true, a man may have the keys of both in this life-time, but he cannot open with them for any body else; every one must unlock it with his own key, or else he cannot enter therein; for the Holy Ghost is the key, and when any one has that key, then he may go both in and out.

Paradise was the heavenly essentiality of the second principle. It budded in the beginning of the world through the earthly essentiality, as the eternity is in the time, and the divine power is through all things; and yet is neither comprehended or understood of any earthly thing in self-hood.

In Paradise the essence of the divine world penetrated the essence of time, as the sun penetrates the fruit upon a tree, and effectually works in it into a pleasantness, that it is lovely to look upon and good to eat; the like we are to understand of the garden of Eden.

The garden Eden was a place upon the earth where man was tempted; and the Paradise was in heaven, yet was in the garden Eden; for as Adam before his sleep, and before his Eve was made out of him, was, as to his inward man, in heaven, and, as to the outward, upon the earth; and as the inward, holy man penetrated the outward, as a fire through heats an iron, so also the heavenly power out of the pure, eternal element penetrated the four elements, and sprang through the earth, and bare fruits, which were heavenly and earthly, and were qualified, sweetly tempered of the divine power, and the vanity in the fruit was held as it were swallowed up, as the day hides the night, and holds it captive in itself, that it is not known and manifest.

The whole world would have been a mere Paradise if Lucifer had not corrupted it, who was in the beginning of his creation an hierarch in the place of this world; but seeing God knew that Adam would fall, therefore Paradise sprang forth and budded only in one certain place, to introduce and confirm man in his obedience therein. God nevertheless saw he would depart thence, whom he would again introduce thereinto by Christ, and establish him anew in Christ to eternity in Paradise, therefore God promised to regenerate it anew in Christ, in the Spirit of Christ in the human property.

There is nothing *that is nearer you, than heaven, Paradise and hell;* unto which of them you are inclined, and to which of them you tend or walk, to that in this life-time you are most near. *You are between both; and there is a birth between each of them. You stand* in this world *between both the gates,* and you have both the births in you. *God beckons to you in one gate,* and calls you; *the devil beckons you in the other gate* and calls you; *with whom you go, with him you enter in.* The devil has in his hand, power, honour, pleasure, and worldly joy; and the root of these is death and hell-fire. On the contrary, God has in his hand, crosses, persecution, misery, poverty, ignominy, and sorrow; and the root of these is a fire also, but in the fire there is a light, and in the light the virtue, and in the virtue the Paradise; and in the Paradise are the angels, and among the angels, joy. The gross fleshly eyes cannot behold it, because they are from the third principle, and see only by the splendour of the sun; but when the Holy Ghost comes into the soul, then he regenerates it anew in God, and then it becomes a paradisical child, who gets the key of Paradise, and that soul sees into the midst thereof.

But the gross body cannot see into it, because it belongs not to Paradise; it belongs to the earth, and must putrefy and rot, and rise in a new virtue and power in Christ, at the end of days; and then it may also be in Paradise, and not before; it must lay off the third principle, namely, this skin or covering which father Adam and mother Eve got into, and in which they supposed they should be wise by wearing all the three principles manifested on them. Oh! that they had preferred the wearing two of the principles hidden in them, and had continued in the principle of light, it had been good for us. But of this I purpose to speak hereafter when I treat about the fall.

Thus now in the essence of all essences, there are three several distinct properties, with one source or property far from one another, yet not parted asunder, but are in one another as one only essence; nevertheless the one does not comprehend the other, as in the three elements, fire, air, water; all three are in one another, but neither of them comprehend the other. And as one element generates another and yet is not of the essence, source, or property thereof; so the three principles are in one another, and one generates the other; and yet none of them all comprehends the other, nor is any of them the essence or substance of the other.

The third principle, namely, this material world, shall pass away and go into its ether, and then the shadow of all creatures remain, also of all growing things [vegetables and fruits] and of all that ever came to light; as also the shadow and figure of all words and works; and that incomprehensibly, like a nothing or shadow in respect of the light, and after the end of time there will be nothing but light and darkness; where the source or property remain in each of them as it has been from eternity, and the one shall not comprehend the other.

Yet whether God will create more after this world's time, that my spirit doth not know; for it apprehends no farther than

what is in its centre wherein it lives, and in which the Paradise and the kingdom of heaven stands.

DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

[Louis Konratowicz, a Polish poet, born at Smalkow in 1822, died at Warsaw, 1862. He was a learned scholar and a vigorous writer, very influential over the youth of Poland. His "*Chit-Chat*" are full of powerful imagination, and his "*Death of Acevnus*" is a threnody in mournful numbers, upon the death of the Polish poet Klonorvicz, of the 16th century.]

Shut in a wire cage amid the great city's roar,
Was once a nightingale;
But his desire to sing grew on him more and more,—
So strong it must prevail.

Here is no shade,—no elder tree,—no hazel bush
His little head to hide;—
No sweet companion here,—for here no streamlets gush,
And through the meadows glide.

No dear ones here to hear him sing, though he should die
Amid his bursts of song,
In the congenial open air he may not fly,
His narrow cage is strong.

Instead of gentle winds the wheels' harsh rumbling
With shaking walls' loud jar; [blends
From carriages of rich men, finely dressed, ascends
The dust-cloud near and far.

Murmurs of a noisy crowd, instead of streamlet clear
In busy, bustling ways;
Oh! where is peace and quiet? where is freedom here,
Prophetic songs to raise?

His soft breast almost bursts; now his small head
He chokes with blinding dust; [shakes,
But born into the world a nightingale, he makes
One effort—sing he must.

With sweet increasing melody he lifts his song,
Sings out his longings vain;
But soon his voice is drowned by hurrying throng,
Intent but on some gain.

His notes soar higher and higher, o'er all the noise
In musical despair,
Thrilled by the memory of vanished joys,
When he was free as air.

His little wings are weak,—he flaps them all in vain;
He flutters with faint breath;
His warm and tender heart just warbles one more strain
But 'tis the note of Death!

FROM BACCHUS IN TUSCANY.

[Francesco Redi, an Italian poet, born at Arezzo in 1626, died at Pisa, in 1694, was distinguished for the light, airy, and sportive character of his poems. His most famous piece is the dithyrambic entitled "Bacco in Toscana;" a poem, in its kind, scarcely equalled by any thing in Italian literature. It has been well translated by Leigh Hunt. Should it be found too Bacchanalian for the taste of the present age, let the reader remember that Redi himself was one of the most temperate men of his day, and never drank wine without diluting it.]

ICE NECESSARY TO WINE.

You know Lamporecchio, the castle renowned
For the gardener so dumb, whose works did abound;
There's a topaz they make there; pray, let it go round.
Serve, serve me a dozen,
But let it be frozen;
Let it be frozen and finished with ice,
And see that the ice be as virginly nice
As the coldest that whistles from wintry skies.
Coolers and cellarets, crystal with snows,
Should always hold bottles in ready repose,
Snow is good liquor's fifth element;
No compound without it can give content:
For weak is the brain, and I hereby scout it,
That thinks in hot weather to drink without it.

OF THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES.

[François Marie Arouet de Voltaire, one of the greatest names in French literature, was born at Paris, in 1694, where he died in 1778. In childhood he was remarkable for a precocious genius, and some clever verses written in his twelfth year, procured him a bequest from the celebrated Ninon de Lenclos, of 2,000 francs for the purchase of books. Educated in a college of the Jesuits, his great talents and singular freedom of opinion drew from them the prediction, afterward realized, that Voltaire would become the high priest of the skeptics. He wrote a satire on the death of Louis XIV. which procured him an imprisonment in the Bastille. Here he wrote part of his epic poem the *Henriade*, and finished his tragedy of *Œdipe*, which had a brilliant success on the stage.

Its author soon became a young literary oracle, a kind of idol in the best society of Paris, where Voltaire's brilliant and witty conversation, full of epigram and *persiflage*, caused him to be sought for in all companies In 1726, Voltaire visited London, at the instance of Lord Bolingbroke, where he pursued his studies in the exact sciences, then recently enriched by the investigations of Sir Isaac Newton. Here also he was on intimate terms with that society of free thinkers which assailed the established Church and its doctrines. Re-

turning to France after three years, he wrote his laudatory "*Letters sur Les Anglais*" (publicly burned for their heresies) and soon made a small fortune by investing the profits of his books in speculations which proved profitable. After publishing his tragedy of "*Zaire*" (1730) and other books, he withdrew from Paris, being threatened with prosecution, and accepted a residence at Cirey with the Marchioness du Châtelet, a celebrated *bas bleu* of the day, who read much mathematics, and translated Newton from the Latin. Frederick the Great of Prussia invited him to his court, where Voltaire was at first treated with splendid hospitality, followed at a later period by a violent quarrel. Indeed, Voltaire was through life much involved in personal controversies, to which his caustic wit and arrogant temper contributed. In 1762 he purchased an estate at Ferney, near the borders of Switzerland, where he passed the closing years of his life in a busy and serene temper, writing to the last, and employing part of his large fortune in aiding poor men of letters, building cottages for laborers, and in entertaining the crowds of visitors whom his fame drew to Ferney. Voltaire was a pronounced theist; he built a church near his estate which he dedicated to the one God. Almost his last words were—"I die worshipping God, loving my friends, without hatred of my enemies, but detesting superstition."

The multifarious writings of Voltaire, prose and verse, (in 70 octavo volumes, of the best edition) abound in keen observations on men and opinions, unfailing wit, grace and vivacity, subtle irony and continual play of fancy. The highest gifts of imagination were denied to him; his histories, always entertaining, are far from accurate, and he was not in the highest sense a great philosopher. Yet with all these limitations, it has been said of him that no man ever so largely controlled the opinions of the world.]

Amidst the chaos of popular superstitions which would have converted the whole globe into an immense den of wild beasts, there arose a salutary institution, which prevented a part of mankind from falling into a state of brutal ignorance; this was the institution of mysteries and expiations. It was impossible, that among so many cruel idiots, there should not be some few mild and sensible people, and likewise philosophers, who would endeavour to bring back mankind to morality and reason.

These sages made use of superstition itself to correct these enormous abuses, in the same manner as we employ the heart of the viper to obviate the ill effects of its bite. They combined a great number of fables with useful truths, and these truths were supported by fables.

We are no longer acquainted with the mysteries of Zoroaster. We know but little of those of Isis; but it seems indisputable that they announced the great system of a future life; for Celsus says to Origen in his eighth book, "You boast of believing "in eternal punishments, and did not all the "ministers of the mysteries announce them "to the initiated?"

The unity of God was the principal dogma in all those mysteries. We have still the prayer of the priestesses of Isis preserved in Apuleius: "The celestial powers serve thee; "hell acknowledges thy power; the universe "turns under thy hand, thou treadest Tar-"tarus under thy feet; the stars answer at "thy call; the seasons return at thy orders; "the elements obey thee."

The mysterious ceremonies of Ceres, were an imitation of those of Isis. They who had committed crimes, confessed and expiated them; they fasted, purified themselves, and gave alms. All who were initiated into the mysteries, were bound by an oath to keep them secret, and this rendered them the more respectable. The mysteries were celebrated in the night, in order to inspire a certain holy horror. They represented a kind of tragedy, the story of which was calculated to display the happiness of the just, and the punishment of the wicked.

The Platos and Ciceros, and others of the greatest men of antiquity, have given their testimony in favor of these mysteries, which in their time, had not degenerated from their primitive purity.

Several very learned men have proved that the sixth book of the Æneid contains a figurative description of what was practiced in those secret and celebrated spectacles. There is indeed no mention made of *Demiourgos*, who represented the Creator; but the poet let us see in the vestibule, or first part of the piece, the children whom their parents had suffered to perish, and this was a proper lesson for fathers and mothers.

Continuo auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo:
Quos dulcis vitæ exsortis, et ab ubere raptos,
Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo*.
Æn. lib. vi.

* Now as they enter'd, doleful screams they hear,
And tender cries of infants pierce the ear.
Just now to life, by too severe a doom,
Snatch'd from the cradle to the silent tomb! Pitt.

The reader will find many ingenuous remarks on this passage, in a Dissertation on the sixth book of Virgil's Æneid, by the late learned Bishop Warburton. See his *Divine Legation*, &c. book ii. sect. 4. T.

In the next place appears Minos judging the dead. The wicked were dragged into Tartarus, and the just were conducted into the Elysian fields. These gardens were all that ordinary men could aspire to. There were none but heroes and demi-gods who were honored with a place in heaven. All religions adopted a garden for the residence of the just; and even when the Essenians among the Jews received the doctrine of another life, they imagined that the blessed would go after death into gardens bordering on the sea; for as to the Pharisees, they adopted the metempsychosis, and not the doctrine of a resurrection. If among so many profane things, we may be allowed to quote the sacred history of Jesus Christ, we may remark, that when he said to the penitent thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me "in the *garden," he conformed himself to the language of all mankind.

The Eleusinian mysteries became the most celebrated. One thing very remarkable is, that they used to read in them the beginning of Sanchoniathon's Theogony; a proof this, that Sanchoniathon had announced a supreme God, the creator and governor of the world. This therefore was the doctrine they displayed to the initiated, who had been educated in the belief of polytheism. Let us suppose a superstitious people, among ourselves, who from their tender infancy have been accustomed to pay the same homage to the Holy Virgin, St. John and the other saints, as to God himself. It would perhaps be dangerous to undeceive them on a sudden; it would be prudent to begin with pointing out to the most moderate and rational of them, the infinite distance there is between God and his creatures. This was exactly what the mystagogues did. The persons who were initiated assembled in the temple of Ceres, and the hierophant† taught them, that instead of adoring Ceres, conducting Triptolemus in a chariot drawn by dragons, they ought to worship the God who nourishes mankind, and who had permitted Ceres and Triptolemus to bring agriculture into esteem.

This is so true, that the hierophant began by reciting the verses of the ancient Orpheus; "Tread in the path of justice, "adore the sole master of the universe; he "is one, to him all beings owe their exist-"ence; he acts in them and by them, "but never has been seen by mortal "eyes."

I own, that I do not conceive how Pausanias can say that these verses are not equal to those of Homer; it is certain, that in point of sense, they are preferable to the whole, both of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

The learned bishop Warburton, altho' very unjust in many of his bold decisions, gives great weight to what I have just now said concerning the necessity there was for concealing the dogma of the unity of God from the vulgar, who were infatuated with polytheism. He quotes an anecdote related by Plutarch, of the young Alcibiades, who after having assisted at these mysteries, insulted the statue of Mercury in an hour of jollity with some of his friends, and that the people were so incensed at this, that they insisted on his condemnation.

The greatest discretion was therefore required not to disgust the prejudices of the multitude. Alexander himself, when in Egypt, having obtained leave of the hierophant of the mysteries, to communicate the secret of the initiated to his mother, conjured her at the same time to burn his letter as soon as she read it, that she might not irritate the Greeks.

They who have been so far misguided by a false zeal, as to pretend that these mysteries were instituted only for the most infamous purposes, ought to be undeceived by the very term *initiated*, which implies that they began a new life.

Another unanswerable proof, that these mysteries were celebrated with no other view than to inspire men with virtue, is the manner in which they dissolved the assembly. Among the Greeks, they did this by pronouncing the two ancient Phœnician words *Koff omphet*, which signify "Watch and be pure." In short we may observe, that when the emperor Nero visited Greece, after having been guilty of the death of his

* We have here given M. de Voltaire's expression; but in our English translation of the New Testament, the reader will find the word *paradise* used instead of *garden*. See St. Luke, chap. xxiii. The Hebrew word פַּרְדֵּס, *paradise*, signifies a garden of pleasure. T.

† The hierophants, or mystagogues (Ἱεροφάντης Μυστωγός) were the guides or conductors who instructed the initiated in the preparatory ceremonies, and led them through, and explained to them all the shows and representations of the mysteries. Among the Greeks, they were indifferently of either sex, but in Rome, the mysteries of Ceres were always celebrated by female priests. T.

mother, he could not be initiated into these mysteries; the crime he had been guilty of was too enormous, and powerful as he was, the initiated would not have admitted him. Zozimus informs us also, that Constantine could not find pagan priests who were willing to purify him, and free him from the absolution of the murders he had committed.

It appears evidently therefore, that among those nations whom we style pagans, gentiles and idolaters, there was a truly pure religion, while the bulk of the people, and the priests, had shameful customs, puerile ceremonies and ridiculous doctrines, and sometimes even shed the blood of their fellow creatures, in honor of certain imaginary deities, who were despised and detested by philosophers.

This pure religion consisted in acknowledging the existence of one supreme God, and likewise his providence and justice. These mysteries, if we may believe Tertullian, were disfigured by the ceremony of regeneration. In order to be initiated, it was necessary that the aspirant should seem to be born again; this was a symbol of the new kind of life he was about to embrace. They presented him with a crown, and he trampled it under his feet; the hierophant then held over him the sacred knife, and feigning a blow at him, the aspirant fell down as if he were dead, after which he rose again as it were from the grave. There are still some remains of this ancient ceremony among the free masons.

Pausanias informs us, that in several of the temples of Ceres, they used to scourge the initiated; the odious custom was introduced long afterwards into several Christian churches. I have no doubt that with all these mysteries, the principles of which were so sage and useful, they combined many ridiculous superstitions. These superstitions paved the way for debauchery, which was followed by contempt; so that at length the only remains of those ancient mysteries, were those troops of vagabonds whom we have seen in all parts of Europe, under the name of Egyptians, Bohemians, and Gipsies, dancing the dance of the priests of Isis, selling their balsams, curing the itch, though covered with it themselves, telling fortunes, and stealing our poultry. Such has been the fate of an institution the most sacred of any in half the known world.

VOLTAIRE.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF ALZIRA.

ALZIRA'S SOLILOQUY.

SHADE of my murdered lover, shun to view me!
Rise to the stars, and make their brightness sweeter;
But shed no gleam of lustre on Alzira!
She has betrayed her faith, and married Carlos!
The sea, that rolled its watery world betwixt us,
Failed to divide our hands,—and he has reached me!
The altar trembled at the unhallowed touch;
And Heaven drew back, reluctant at our meeting.
O thou soft-hovering ghost, that haunt'st my fancy!
Thou dear and bloody form, that skimm'st before me!
Thou never-dying, yet thou buried Zamor!
If sighs and tears have power to pierce the grave;
If death, that knows no piety, will but hear me;
If still thy gentle spirit loves Alzira;
Pardon, that even in death she dared forsake thee!
Pardon her rigid sense of nature's duties:
A parent's will,—a pleading country's safety!
At these strong calls, she sacrificed her love
To joyless glory and to tasteless peace,—
And to an empty world, in which thou art not!
O Zamor, Zamor, follow me no longer!
Drop some dark veil, snatch some kind cloud before thee,
Cover that conscious face, and let death hide thee!
Leave me to suffer wrongs that Heaven allots me,
And teach my busy fancy to forget thee!

VOLTAIRE.

I AND MY WILLIE.

[CHARLES S. CALVERLY, an English poetical writer, born in 1831, has published "*Translations into English and Latin*" (1866), "*Verses and Translations*" (1871), and "*Fly-Leaves*" (1872), the latter having been very popular, and several times re-printed. His poems are marked by delicate fancy, frequent strokes of subtle humor, and finished versification.

The following spirited lines will be readily appreciated as a successful parody upon a certain effusive school of modern poetry. He died in 1884.]

In moss-pranked dells where the sunbeams flatter
  (And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;
Meaning, however, is no great matter),
  Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

Through God's own heather we wound together,
  I and my Willie (O love my love):
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
  And flitterbats wavered alow, above:

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,
  (Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing
  And oh! the sun dazzle on bark and bight

Through the rare red heather we danced together,
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers:
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.

By rises that flushed with their purple favors,
Through becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen
We walked or waded, we two young shavers,
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly
Or marjoram, kept making peacock-eyes.

Song birds darted about, some inky
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds;
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—
They reck of no eerie To-come, those birds.

But they skim over bents which the mill-stream washes
Or hand in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem;
They need no parasols, no goloshes;
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrid God's cowslips (as erst His heather)
That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms;
And snap—(it was perfectly charming weather)—
Our fingers at Fate and her goddess-glooms.

And Willie 'gan sing—(oh, his notes were fluty,
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-winged sea)—
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry."

Bowers of flowers encountered showers
In William's carol—(O love my Willie!)—
Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe to-morrow
I quite forget what—say a daffodilly.

A nest in a hollow, "with buds to follow,"
I think occurred next in his nimble strain;
And clay that was "kneaden" of course in Eden—
A rhyme most novel, I do maintain:

Mists, bones, the singer himself, love-stories,
And all least furlable things got "furled;"
Not with any design to conceal their glories,
But simply and solely to rhyme with "world."

* * * * * * *

Oh, if billows and pillows, and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together this genial weather,
And carted. or carried, on wafts away,
Nor ever again trotted out—ay me!
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be!

AGAINST THE EMPLOYMENT OF FORCE IN RELIGION.

[Rev. William Chillingworth, a distinguished English divine, born at Oxford, 1602; died 1644. He entered the Jesuit College in Douay, France, and became a Catholic, but returned to Oxford, and to the faith of the Church of England, a year or two later He was made Chancellor of Salisbury, and was much admired for his great dialectic skill, though in creed he was a latitudinarian. For some years he had scruples as to subscribing to the thirty-nine articles, but finally accepted them as a basis of union, and not of belief. Chillingworth's chief work was *The Religion of Protestants, a safe way to Salvation.* The following extract is from one of his sermons. Locke recommended the constant study of Chillingworth "for attaining the way of right reasoning."]

I have learned from the ancient Fathers of the Church, that nothing is more against religion than to force religion; and of St. Paul, the weapons of the Christian warfare are not carnal. And great reason; for human violence may make men counterfeit, but cannot make them believe, and is therefore fit for nothing but to breed form without and atheism within. Besides, if this means of bringing men to embrace any religion were generally used—as, if it may be justly used in any place by those that have power, and think they have truth, certainly they cannot with reason deny but that it may be used in every place by those that have power as well as they, and think they have truth as well as they—what could follow but the maintenance, perhaps, of truth, but perhaps only the profession of it in one place, and the oppression of it in a hundred? What will follow from it but the preservation, peradventure, of unity, but, peradventure, only of uniformity, in particular states and churches; but the immortalizing the greater and more lamentable divisions of Christendom and the world? And, therefore, what can follow from it but, perhaps, in the judgment of carnal policy, the temporal benefit and tranquillity of temporal states and kingdoms, but the infinite prejudice, if not the desolation, of the kingdom of Christ? . . . . But they that know there is a King of kings and Lord of lords, by whose will and pleasure kings and kingdoms stand and fall, they know that to no king or state anything can be profitable which is unjust; and that nothing can be more evidently unjust than to force weak men, by the profession of a religion which they believe not, to lose their own eternal

happiness, out of a vain and needless fear lest they may possibly disturb their temporal quietness. There is no danger to any state from any man's opinion, unless it be such an opinion by which disobedience to authority, or impiety, is taught or licensed—which sort, I confess, may justly be punished as well as other faults—or unless this sanguinary doctrine be joined with it, that it is lawful for him by human violence to enforce others to it. Therefore, if Protestants did offer violence to other men's consciences, and compel them to embrace their reformation, I excuse them not.

REASON MUST BE APPEALED TO IN RELIGIOUS DISCUSSIONS.

But you that would not have men follow their reason, what would you have them follow? their passions, or pluck out their eyes, and go blindfold? No, you say; you would have them follow authority. In God's name, let them; we also would have them follow authority; for it is upon the authority of universal tradition that we would have them believe Scripture. But then, as for the authority which you would have them follow, you will let them see reason why they should follow it. And is not this to go a little about—to leave reason for a short turn, and then to come to it again, and to do that which you condemn in others? It being, indeed, a plain impossibility for any man to submit his reason but to reason; for he that doth it to authority, must of necessity think himself to have greater reason to believe that authority.

A collection of nine sermons preached by Chillingworth before Charles I. has been frequently printed. From one of these we select the following animated expostulation with his noble hearers:

AGAINST DUELLING.

But how is this doctrine [of the forgiveness of injuries] received in the world? What counsel would men, and those none of the worst sort, give thee in such a case? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred Christian advise thee? Why, thus: If thy brother or thy neighbour have offered thee an injury, or an affront, forgive him. By no means; thou art utterly undone, and lost in reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done, then? Why, let not thy heart take rest, let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. How! A man's blood for an injurious, passionate speech—for a disdainful look? Nay, that is not all: that thou mayest gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness, as thou wouldst to the communion: after several days' respite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him kindly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

O thou holy Christian religion! Whence is it that thy children have sucked this inhuman poisonous blood, these raging fiery spirits? For if we shall inquire of the heathen, they will say: "They have not learned this from us;" or of the Mahometans, they will answer: 'We are not guilty of it.' Blessed God! that it should become a most sure settled course for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ, which is as necessary for him to do, if he have any hopes of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the maintaining of life! That ever it should enter into Christian hearts to walk so curiously and exactly contrary unto the ways of God! That whereas he sees himself every day, and hour almost, contemned and despised by thee, who art his servant, his creature, upon whom he might, without all possible imputation of unrighteousness, pour down all the vials of his wrath and indignation; yet he, notwithstanding, is patient and long-suffering towards thee, hoping that his long-suffering may lead thee to repentance, and beseeching thee daily by his ministers to be reconciled unto him; and yet thou, on the other side, for a distempered passionate speech, or less, should take upon thee to send thy neighbour's soul, or thine own, or likely both, clogged and oppressed with all your sins unrepented of—for how can repentance possibly consist with such a resolution?—before the tribunal-seat of God, to expect your final sentence; utterly depriving yourself of all the blessed means which God has contrived for thy salvation, and putting thyself in such an estate, that it shall not be in God's power almost to do thee any good. Pardon, I beseech you, my

earnestness, almost intemperateness, seeing that it hath proceeded from so just, so warrantable a ground; and since it is in your power to give rules of honor and reputation to the whole kingdom, do not you teach others to be ashamed of this inseparable badge of your religion—charity and forgiving of offences: give men leave to be Christians without danger or dishonor; or, if religion will not work with you, yet let the laws of that state wherein you live, the earnest desires and care of your righteous prince, prevail with you.

W. CHILLINGWORTH.

A RURAL ELYSIUM IN SWITZERLAND.*

[JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, one of the most famous of French writers, born at Geneva in 1712, died near Paris in 1778. His eager appetite for knowledge was evinced in his earliest years, but with chronic ill-health, systematic study and regular work were for many years neglected, while he devoured all the books he could lay hold of in desultory reading. At thirty, Rousseau went to Paris, where he subsisted by copying music. In 1750, he wrote an essay for the prize offered by the Dijon Academy for the best essay on the question "Has the revival of Science and Art helped to corrupt or to purify Morals?" Taking the paradoxical ground that progress in knowledge had demoralized mankind, Rousseau composed a brilliant glorification of the natural state of man. The force and beauty of his style, combined with the freedom of his opinions, at once placed him in the first ranks of authorship. In 1753, appeared his "*Discourse on Inequality among Men*," and in 1762 his "*Social Contract*," treatises full of the most radical democratic doctrines, vigorously attacking the church and the monarchy, and becoming, as has been said, the Bible of the French Revolution. Rousseau's most ideal work is "*La Nouvelle Héloïse*." It abounds in impassioned rhetoric, refined sentiment, and exquisite descriptions of nature. His "*Émile ou Education*" (1762), which Goethe called "*Nature's Gospel on Education*," contains the germs of many ideas which have been thought to be due to the nineteenth century instead of the eighteenth. Rousseau's books were condemned by the French parliament, and he passed several years in exile. His quarrel with the historian Hume, with whom he spent near a year, and his morbid suspicions of his friends, gave currency to the idea of his insanity. Rousseau's domestic life was a model to be avoided. His latest work, the "*Confessions*," is an autobiography which he declared without precedent for its utter frankness. Notwithstanding the errors of his life, the incomparable style and ardent eloquence of Rousseau, with his invincible love of liberty and sympathy with the people, place him permanently in the front rank of the writers who have done honor to French literature.]

[The scene of the following description is the famous "*Bosquet de Julie*," at Clarens, on Lake Geneva. It is one of the most graphic and realistic passages in Rousseau's "*Julie, ou la Nouvelle Héloïse*."]

A favorite promenade of Madame de Wolmar, and one where she took frequent recreation, was a retired spot which she called her Elysium. This place, although very near to the country-house, is so concealed by the covered walk which separates it from the former, that it is visible from no part of the mansion. The thick foliage which surrounds it does not permit the eye to penetrate, and it is always kept carefully locked. Scarcely had I arrived inside it, when, the gate being hidden by alders and hazel bushes, which leave only two narrow passages at the sides, I could no longer see, on turning round, the place where I had entered it; and not seeing any door, I found myself as if dropped there from the clouds.

In entering this little orchard, I was struck with an agreeable sensation which the dark shades, the fresh and cheerful verdure, the flowers scattered on all sides, the murmuring of running water, and the songs of a myriad of birds bore in upon my imagination at least as vividly as to my senses; but at the same time I thought that I beheld the wildest, the most solitary place in all nature, and it seemed to me that I was the first mortal who had ever penetrated into this wilderness. Surprised, spell-bound, transported by a spectacle so unforeseen, I remained for an instant motionless, and exclaimed in an involuntary enthusiasm: "O Tinian! O Juan Fernandez! Julia, the end of the world is at your door!" "Many persons find it here just as you do," said she, with a smile: "but twenty steps at most brings them back quickly to Clarens; let us see if the charm will last any longer with you. This is the very same grove where you used formerly to promenade, and where you and my cousin played at throwing peaches at each other. You know that the grass there was very dry, the trees thinly planted, giving very little shade and that there was no water here. Behold it now, fresh, green, adorned, beautified, embellished with flowers, irrigated with water. What do you think it has cost me to put it into this condition? For it is well that you

* Translated by the American editor.

should know that I am the superintendent, and that my husband left to me the entire direction."

"Upon my word," I replied, "it has cost you nothing but negligence. This place is charming, it is true, but wild and solitary; I see here no human labor. You have shut the gate; water has come I know not how; nature alone has done all the rest, and you yourself would never have known how to do it as well as she." "It is true," said she, "that nature has done all, but under my direction, and there is nothing there which I have not prescribed. Guess again." "In the first place," I replied, "I do not understand how, with ever so much pains and money, one can supply the place of time. The trees ———"

"As to that," said M. de Wolmar, "you will observe that there are not so many very large ones, and those were already here. Moreover, Julia began this long before her marriage, and almost immediately after the death of her mother, when she came here with her father in quest of solitude." "Ah, well," said I, "since you will have me believe that all these massive, grand bowers, these hanging clusters of foliage, these beautifully umbrageous thickets, have been created in seven or eight years, and that art has had a hand in it, I judge that if you have done all this in an enclosure so spacious for two thousand crowns, you have economized well." "You are only two thousand crowns above the mark," said she; "it has cost me nothing at all." "How, nothing?" "No, nothing; unless you reckon some twelve days' work a year of my gardener, as many of two or three of my servants, and a few of M. de Wolmar himself, who has not disdained to act sometimes as my journeyman gardener." I comprehended nothing of this enigma; but Julia, who had hitherto withheld me, said, inviting me to walk on: "Advance, and you will comprehend. Adieu, Tinian, Adieu, Juan Fernandez, adieu, all enchantment! in one moment you will have returned from the end of the world."

I began with delight to traverse this orchard so transformed; and if I did not find exotic plants and the productions of the Indies, I found those of this region, all brought together and arranged so as to produce an effect more brilliant and more agreeable. The grass, green and thick, but short and compact, was interspersed with wild thyme, with balm, with sweet marjoram and other fragrant herbs. A thousand flowers sparkled on the turf, among which the eye detected with surprise some species of garden flowers which appeared to grow naturally with the others. I encountered here and there dark clumps, impenetrable to the rays of the sun as in the thickest forest; these clumps were formed of trees of the most flexible wood, the branches of which had been bent back, so as to hang to the ground and take root by an art similar to the natural growth of the mangrove in America. In the more open spaces I saw here and there without order and without symmetry, thickets of rosebushes, of wild raspberrries, of gooseberries, clumps of lilac, of hazelnuts, of elderbushes, of seringa, of furze, of trifolium, which overspread the ground, and gave it the air of being uncultivated. I followed winding and irregular paths bordered with these flowering shrubs, and covered with myriad wreaths of woody-nightshade, ivy, grapes, hops, bindweed, bryony, clematis and other plants of similar species, among which the honeysuckle and the jasmine deigned to mingle. These garlands seemed thrown negligently from one tree to another, as I had sometimes remarked them in the forests, and formed over us a kind of drapery which sheltered us from the sun, while we had under our feet a path soft, smooth, and dry, over a fine moss, without sand, without grass, and without roughness of any kind. Then only I discovered that those green and clustered shades which had so imposed upon me from a distance were composed only of these creeping and parasitic plants which, trained along the trees, surrounded their tops with the thickest foliage and covered the earth at their feet with shade and with freshness. I even observed that by a very simple effort many of these plants had been made to take root upon the trunks of the trees, so that they stretched themselves farther while travelling a less distance. You may well conceive that the fruit trees did not bear the better for all these additions, but in this spot alone the useful has been sacrificed to the agreeable, and in the rest of the grounds such care has been taken of the plants and the trees that even without this orchard the crop of fruits is more abundant than before. If you reflect how charming it is to find a wild fruit sometimes in the depths of a wood, and even to refresh oneself with it, you will comprehend the pleasure of finding in this

artificial wilderness, excellent and ripe fruits, although scattered and poor-looking; which moreover yields the pleasure of search and of selection.

All these little paths were bordered and crossed by a limpid and clear stream of water, sometimes flowing among the grass and the flowers, in almost imperceptible threads, sometimes running in large rivulets upon a clear and checkered gravel which rendered the water more brilliant. We saw the source of the stream bubbling and issuing from the ground, and now and then deeper channels, in which the calm and placid water mirrored the surrounding objects to the eye. "I comprehend now everything else," said I to Julia, "but these waters which I see on all sides ———." "They come from over yonder," she replied, pointing out to me the side on which was the terrace of her garden. "It is the same stream which supplies at great expense a fountain in the flower garden, which nobody cares for. M. de Wolmar is not willing to remove it, through respect for my father, who designed it; but with what pleasure we come every day to see running in this orchard that water which we scarcely go near in the garden; the *jet d'eau* plays for strangers, the brook flows here for ourselves."

I saw then that pains had been taken to make the water wind about with economy, by dividing and re-uniting the streams, in sparing steep courses as much as possible, so as to prolong the circuit and create the murmur of a few little waterfalls. A stratum of clay covered with one inch of gravel from the lake, and interspersed with shells, formed the bed of the stream. These same streamlets, running at intervals under a few large tiles covered with earth, and with turf on a level with the surface, formed at their issues so many artificial springs. A few rills were raised by siphons over the rough places, and bubbled and foamed while falling back. Finally, the ground, thus refreshed and moistened, produced continually new flowers and preserved the grass always verdant and beautiful.

The more I surveyed this delightful asylum, the more I felt increasing the delicious sensations which I had experienced on entering it; nevertheless curiosity kept me in suspense. I was more eager to behold the objects, than to take account of their impressions, and I delighted to give myself up to this charming contemplation without taking the trouble to think. But Madame de Wolmar, drawing me from my reverie, said taking me by the arm: "All that you behold is only nature in a vegetable and inanimate form; and whatever one may do, it leaves always an idea of solitude which saddens us. Come and see it animated and alive; it is there that each moment of the day you will find in it a new attraction."

"You anticipate me," said I, "I hear a noisy and confused warbling, and I see a very few birds; I comprehend that you have here an aviary." "It is true," said she, "let us approach." I did not yet dare to say what I thought of the aviary; but that idea had something in it which displeased me, and did not seem to me in harmony with the rest.

We descended by many windings to the lower end of the orchard, where I found all the water united in one pretty stream, flowing softly between two rows of ancient willows, which had been often pruned. Their hollow and half bare tops formed a species of vases whence sprang, by the artifice of which I have spoken, clumps of honeysuckles, one part of which was interlaced about the branches of the willows, and the others fell gracefully along the brook. Almost at the extremity of the enclosure was a little basin bordered with grass, with rushes, and with rose-bushes, serving as a watering-place for the aviary, and the last station of that water so precious and so well managed.

Above this basin was a platform terminated in an angle of the enclosure by a hillock garnished with a multitude of shrubs of every variety; the smallest ones toward the summit, and continually increasing in size in proportion as the ground fell away, which rendered the plane of their tops almost horizontal, or at least showed that one day it would become so. In front were a dozen trees still young but intended to grow larger, such as the beech, the elm, the ash, and the acacia. There were groves on this side which served as an asylum to that multitude of birds whose twitterings I had heard from afar; and it was in the shade of this foliage, as under a great parasol, that we saw them fluttering, running, singing, playing and fighting, as if they had not perceived us. They took to flight so little at our approach that, in accordance with the idea I had previously formed, I believed them at first imprisoned by a netting; but when we were arrived at the edge of the basin I saw

many of them alight and approach us on a kind of short path, which divided the platform in two, and communicated between the basin and the aviary. Then M. de Wolmar, making the tour of the basin, scattered on the path two or three handfuls of grain, which he had in his pocket; and when he had retired, the birds ran and fell to eating like poultry, with an air so familiar that I saw they were used to this treatment. "That is charming!" I exclaimed, "that word *aviary* had surprised me; but I understand it now; I see that you want guests and not prisoners." "Whom do you call guests?" replied Julia: "it is we who are theirs; they are the sovereigns here, and we pay them tribute to be allowed to come sometimes into their dominions." "Very well," I replied; "but how have these sovereigns become possessed of this place? What means of assembling here so many voluntary inhabitants? I have never heard say that anything like this has been ever attempted; and I would not have believed its success possible, if I had not had the proof of it under my own eyes."

"Patience and time," said M. de Wolmar, "have effected this miracle. There are expedients of which rich people scarcely bethink themselves in their pleasures; continually in haste to enjoy, money and force are the only means they know; they have their birds in cages, and their friends at so much per month. If the valets should ever approach this place, you would quickly see the birds disappear; and if they are here at present in great numbers, it is because they have always been here. One cannot make them come, when there are none, but it is easy when they are here to attract many more by providing for all their wants, by never frightening them, by letting them build their nests in safety, and never taking the little ones out of them; for then those who are here remain, and those who arrive, stay with them. This grove was in existence before, although it was separated from the orchard; Julia has only enclosed it by a live hedge, removed whatever obstructed it, enlarged it, and embellished it with new plants. You see on the right and the left of the path which leads to it, two spaces filled with a confused mixture of grass, of chaff, and of all sorts of plants. She has it sown every year with wheat, with millet, with turnsol, with hemp, and with vetches, all grains which the birds are fond of, and which are never harvested. Besides this, almost every day, summer and winter, she or I bring them something to eat; and when we fail, Fanchon supplies their ordinary. They have water only four steps distant, as you see. Madame de Wolmar carries her attentions so far as to provide them every spring with little piles of hair, of straw, of wool, of moss and of other substances suitable to make nests. With the supply of materials, the abundance of food, and the great care which is taken to keep off all enemies, the continual tranquillity which they enjoy induces them to lay in a convenient spot, where nothing is wanting to them, where nobody troubles them. Thus you see how the country of the fathers remains that of the children, and how the population is maintained and multiplied."

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Julia to me, as we returned. "Are you still at the end of the world?" "No," said I, "I find myself completely outside of it, and you have in fact transported me into Elysium. But there is one thing here, which I can not understand; it is that a place so different from what it was, could not have become what it is, except by great culture and pains; nevertheless I see nowhere the least trace of cultivation; all is green, fresh, vigorous, and the hand of the gardener is nowhere visible; nothing contradicts the idea of a deserted island, which came to me in entering it, and I can perceive no vestiges of man." "Ah!" said M. de Wolmar, "it is because we have taken great pains to efface them; we sow grass over all the places which have been worked, and the verdure soon conceals the traces of the labor; in winter, the dry and thin spots are covered with fertilizers; they produce the moss, and stimulate the grass and the plants; the trees themselves are no longer stunted, and in the summer they scarcely appear finer; as to the moss which covers some of the paths, the secret of making it grow has been sent to us from England. These two sides," he continued, "were closed in by walls; the walls have been masked not by espaliers but by thick shrubs, which cause the boundaries of the place to be taken for the beginning of a forest. On the two remaining sides are trained strong quick-set hedges, well-filled with maples, hawthorns, holly trees, privet, and with other varieties of shrubs, which take away the appearance of ordinary hedges, and give them that of a copse. You see nothing stiff, straight or leveled; the chalk-line has

never entered into this place; nature plants nothing on a line. The winding walks in their feigned irregularity are contrived with skill to prolong the promenade, to conceal the borders of the island, and to enlarge its apparent extent, without making inconvenient and too frequent turns.

In considering all this, I found it sufficiently strange that one should take so much pains to conceal the pains which had been taken; would it not have been better not to have taken them at all? "Notwithstanding all which has been told you," answered Julia, "you judge of the work by the effect, and you deceive yourself. All that you see are wild or hardy plants, which it is sufficient to set in the ground, and which thrive afterward of themselves. Moreover nature appears to seek to conceal from the eyes of men her true attractions, of which they are too little sensible, and which they strive to disfigure when they are within their reach: she flees from frequented places; it is on the summit of the mountains, in the depths of the forest, in the deserted islands, that she displays her most impressive charms. They who love her and can not go so far to seek her are compelled to offer violence to her, to force her as it were to come and dwell with them; and all this can not be brought about without a little illusion."

RUSSIAN NATIONAL SONG.

[Translated by Sir John Bowring, from an anonymous author.]

Upon its little turfy hill, the desert's charm and pride,
The tall oak in his majesty extends his branches wide:
His shadow covers half the waste, and there he stands alone,
Like a poor soldier on the watch, a sad abandoned one!

And who, when wakes the glowing sun, thy friendly shade shall seek?
Or shield thee when the thunder rolls, and when the lightnings break?
No graceful pine protects thee now, no willow waves its head,
No sheltering ivy's dark green leaves are midst thy branches spread!

Alas! 'tis sad to stand alone, thus banished from the grove;
But bitterer far for youth to mourn divided from his love!

Though gold and silver, wealth and fame, and honors he possess,
With none t'enjoy them, none to share, they are but nothingness.

Cold is the converse of the world—a greeting, and no more!
And beauty's converse colder still—a word, and all is o'er:
Some shun my presence, and from some scorn bids my spirit fly:
Though all are lovers, all are friends, till tempests veil the sky.

But where's the breast where I may sleep, when those dark moments come?
For he who loved me cannot hear, he slumbers in the tomb!
Alas! I long have lost the joys of friend and family,
And the fair maid that I adore looks carelessly on me:

No aged parents on our heads their benedictions pour:
No children to our bosoms creep, or play upon our floor;
O take away your wealth, your fame, your honors, treasures vile,
And give me in their stead, a home—a love—and love's sweet smile.

THE WORLD OF HOMER A WORLD OF HIS OWN.

The Greek mind, which became one of the main factors of the civilized life of Christendom, cannot be fully comprehended without the study of Homer, and is nowhere so vividly or so sincerely exhibited as in his works. He has a world of his own, into which, upon his strong wing, he carries us. There we find ourselves amidst a system of ideas, feelings, and actions different from what are to be found anywhere else, and forming a new and distinct standard of humanity. Many among them seem as if they were then shortly about to be buried under a mass of ruins, in order that they might subsequently reappear, bright and fresh for application, among later generations of men. Others of them almost carry us back to the early mornings of our race, the hours of its greater simplicity and purity, and more free intercourse with God. In much that this Homeric world exhibits, we see the taint of sin at work, but far, as yet, from its perfect work and its ripeness; it stands between Paradise and the vices of later heathenism, far from both, from the latter

as well as the former, and if among all earthly knowledge the knowledge of man be that which we should chiefly court, and if to be genuine it should be founded upon experience, how is it possible to overvalue this primitive representative of the human race in a form complete, distinct, and separate, with its own religion, ethics, policy, history, arts, manners, fresh and true to the standard of its nature, like the form of an infant from the hand of the Creator, yet nature, full and finished, in its own sense, after its own laws, like some master-piece of the sculptor's art.

RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

TO MY PENATES.

[From the Russian of BATIUSHKOV, a poet of the nineteenth century. Translated by SIR JOHN BOWRING.]

Kind Penates! thus I pray—
O may wealth and vanity
Never hither find their way,
Never here admitted be!
Let the vile, the slavish soul,
Let the sons of pomp and pride,
Fortune's spoilt ones, turn aside;
Not on them nor theirs I call!

Tottering beggar! hither come,
Thou art bidden to my home;
Throw thy useless crutch away;
Come—be welcome and be gay!
Warmth and rest thy limbs require,
Stretch thee by my cheerful fire:

Reverend teacher! old and hoary,
Thou whom years and toil have taught,
Who with many a storm hast fought,
Storms of time and storms of glory!
Take thy merry balalaika,
Sing thy struggle o'er again;
In the battle's bloody plain,
Where thou swungst the rude nagaika;

Midst the cannon's thunder-roar,
Midst the sabres crashing o'er;
Trumpets sounding, banners flying
O'er the dead and o'er the dying;
While thy never-wearied blade
Foes on foes in darkness laid.

And thou Lisette! at evening steal
Through the shadow-cover'd vale,
To this soft and sweet retreat;
Steal, my nymph, on silent feet.
Let a brother's hat disguise
Thy golden locks, thy azure eyes;
O'er thee be my mantle thrown,
Bind my warlike sabre on:

When the treacherous day is o'er,
Knock, fair maiden, at my door;
Enter then, thou soldier sweet!
Throw thy mantle at my feet;
Let thy curls, so brightly glowing,
On thy ivory shoulders flowing,
Be unbound: thy lily breast
Heave no more with robes oppressed!

"Thou enchantress! is it so?
Sweetest, softest shepherdess!
Art thou come indeed to bless
With thy smiles my cottage now?"
O, her snowy hands are pressing,
Warmly, wildly pressing mine!
Mine her rosy lips are blessing,
Sweet as incense from the shrine,
Sweet as zephyr's breath divine,
Gently murmuring through the bough;
Even so she whispers now:
"O my heart's friend, I am thine;
Mine, beloved one! art thou."

What a privileged being he,
Who in life's obscurity,
Underneath a roof of thatch,
Till the morning dawns above,
Sweetly sleeps, while angels watch,
In the arms of holy love!

But the stars are now retreating
From the brightening eye of day,
And the little birds are greeting,
Round their nests, the dewy ray.
Hark! the very heaven is ringing
With the matin song of peace:
Hark! a thousand warblers singing,
Waft their music on the breeze.

All to life, to love are waking,
From their wings their slumbers shaking,
But my Lila still is sleeping
In her fair and flowery nest;
And the zephyr, round her creeping,
Fondly fans her breathing breast;
O'er her cheeks of roses straying,
With her golden ringlets playing.

From her lips I steal a kiss;
Drink her breath: but roses fairest,
Richest nectar, rapture dearest,
Sweetest, brightest rays of bliss,
Never were as sweet as this.
Sleep, thou loved one! sweetly sleep;
Angels here their vigils keep!

Blest, in innocence arrayed,
I from fortune's favors flee;
Shrouded in the forest-shade,
More than blest by love and thee.
Time on dove-like wing glides by:
O! has gold a ray so bright
As thy seraph-smile of light
Throws o'er happy poverty?

Thou good genius! in thy view
Wealth is vile and worthless too:
Riches never brought thee down
From thy splendor-girded throne;
But beneath the shadowy tree
Thou hast deigned to smile on *me*.

Fancy, daughter of the skies,
Thoughts, on wings of light that rise,
Waft my spirit gay and free,
When the storm of passion slumbers,
Far above humanity,
To the Aonian land of numbers,
Where the choirs of music stray;
Rapture, like a feather'd arrow,
Bursting life's dark prison narrow,
Bears me to the heavens away.

BATIUSHKOV.

LOVE.

[ROBERT BURTON, an English writer of great erudition and philosophic temper, was born in 1576, and died in 1639. His great book, "*The Anatomy of Melancholy*," first published in 1621, and very often reprinted, is a curious medley of wisdom, wit, sentiment, superstition, far fetched illustration, and out-of-the-way learning. It bristles with quotations from ancient and modern authors, on all subjects, and in every language. It is the most discursive of books, and, though overloaded with pedantry, is full of the most suggestive food for thought. Sterne borrowed largely from old Burton, and while Beckford's declaration that "half our modern books are decanted out of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,'" is an exaggeration, it is true that many writers of great repute are indebted to this curious literary repository for far more than they have ever acknowledged.

The Elizabethan age was prolific in writers who illustrated the delicious line of Beaumont & Fletcher: "Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy," and Burton, in the verses prefixed to his now famous book, doubtless suggested to Milton some of the fancies so exquisitely brought out in *Il Penseroso:*

"When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

Boccace hath a pleasant tale to this purpose, which he borrowed from the Greeks, and which Beroaldus hath turned into Latin, Bebelius into verse, of Cymon and Iphigenia. This Cymon was a fool, a proper man of person, and the governor of Cyprus' son, but a very ass; insomuch that his father being ashamed of him, sent him to a farm-house he had in the country, to be brought up; where by chance, as his manner was, walking alone, he espied a gallant young gentlewoman named Iphigenia, a burgomaster's daughter of Cyprus, with her maid, by a brook side, in a little thicket, fast asleep in her smock, where she had newly bathed herself. *When Cymon saw her, he stood leaning on his staff, gaping on her immovable, and in a maze:* at last he fell so far in love with the glorious object, that he began to rouse himself up; to bethink what he was; would needs follow her to the city, and for her sake began to be civil, to learn to sing and dance, to play on instruments, and got all those gentleman-like qualities and compliments, in a short space, which his friends were most glad of. In brief, he became from an idiot and a clown, to be one of the most complete gentlemen in Cyprus; did many valorous exploits, and all for the love of Mistress Iphigenia. In a word, I may say thus much of them all, let them be never so clownish, rude and horrid, Grobians and sluts, if once they be in love, they will be most neat and spruce; for *Omnibus rebus, et nitidis nitoribus antevenit amor;* they will follow the fashion, begin to trick up, and to have a good opinion of themselves; *venustatum enim mater Venus;* a ship is not so long a-rigging, as a young gentlewoman a-trimming up herself against her sweetheart comes. A painter's shop, a flowery meadow, no so gracious an aspect in Nature's storehouse as a young maid, *nubilis puella*, a Novitsa or Venetian bride, that looks for an husband; or a young man that is her suitor; composed looks, composed gait, clothes, gestures, actions, all composed; all the graces, elegancies, in the world, are in her face. Their best robes, ribbons, chains, jewels, lawns, linens, laces, spangles, must come on, *præter quam res patitur student elegantiæ*, they are beyond all measure coy,

nice, and too curious on a sudden. 'Tis all their study, all their business, how to wear their clothes neat, to be polite and terse, and to set out themselves. No sooner doth a young man see his sweetheart coming, but he smugs up himself, pulls up his cloak, now fallen about his shoulders, ties his garters, points, sets his band, cuffs, slicks his hair, twires his beard, &c.

STUDY: A CURE FOR MELANCHOLY.

Amongst exercises or recreations of the mind within-doors, there is none so general, so aptly to be applied to all sorts of men, so fit and proper to expel idleness and melancholy, as that of study. What so full of content as to read, walk, and see maps, pictures, statues, jewels, marbles, which some so much magnify as those that Phidias made of old, so exquisite and pleasing to be beheld, that, as Chrysostom thinketh, 'if any man be sickly, troubled in mind, or that cannot sleep for grief, and shall but stand over against one of Phidias' images, he will forget all care, or whatsoever else may molest him, in an instant.' There be those as much taken with Michael Angelo's, Raphael de Urbino's, Francesco Francia's pieces, and many of those Italian and Dutch painters, which were excellent in their age; and esteem of it as a most pleasing sight to view those neat architectures, devices, scutcheons, coats of arms, read such books, to peruse old coins of several sorts in a fair gallery, artificial works, perspective glasses, old reliques, Roman antiquities, variety of colors. A good picture is *falsa veritas, et muta poesis* and though (as Vives saith), *artificialia delectant, sed mox fastidimus*, artifical toys please for but a time; yet who is he that will not be moved with them for the present? When Achilles was tormented and sad for the loss of his dear friend Patroclus, his mother Thetis brought him a most elaborate and curious buckler made by Vulcan, in which were engraven sun, moon, stars, planets, sea, land, men fighting, running, riding, women scolding, hills, dales, towns, castles, brooks, rivers, trees, &c.; with many pretty landskips and perspective pieces: with sight of which he was infinitely delighted. . . .

King James (1605), when he came to see our university of Oxford, and amongst other edifices, now went to view that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure, brake out into that noble speech: 'If I were not a king, I would be an university man; and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors, *et mortuis magistris.*' So sweet is the delight of study, the more learning they have—as he that hath a dropsy, the more he drinks, the thirstier he is—the more they covet to learn, and the last day is *prioris discipulus;* harsh at first, learning is *radices amaræ*, but *fructus dulces*, according to that of Isocrates, pleasant at last; the longer they live, the more they are enamoured with the Muses. Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden in Holland, was mewed up in it all the year long; and that which, to thy thinking, should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. 'I no sooner,' saith he, 'come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, their mother Ignorance, and Melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness.' I am not ignorant in the meantime, notwithstanding this which I have said, how barbarously and basely our ruder gentry esteem of libraries and books, how they neglect and contemn so great a treasure, so inestimable a benefit, as Æsop's cock did the jewel he found in the dunghill; and all through error, ignorance, and want of education. And 'tis a wonder withal, to observe how much they will vainly cast away in unnecessary expenses, what in hawks, hounds, lawsuits, vain building, gormandising, drinking, sports, plays, pastimes, &c.

THE JUDGE AND THE VICTIM.

FROM "NATURE AND ART."

[MRS. INCHBALD, born 1753, died 1821. Of this remarkable woman many particulars are related in the *Life of Godwin*, 1876, by Mr. C. Kegan Paul. Mrs Shelley (Godwin's daughter) says of her: "Living in mean lodgings, dressed with an economy allied to penury, without connections, and alone, her beauty, her talents, and the charm of her manners gave her entrance into a delightful circle of society. Apt to fall in love

and desirous to marry, she continued single, because the men who loved and admired her were too worldly to take an actress and a poor author, however lovely and charming, for a wife. Her talents, her beauty, her manners were all delightful. Godwin used to describe her as a piquante mixture between a lady and a milkmaid, and added that Sheridan declared she was the only authoress whose society pleased him." As a dramatist, Mrs. Inchbald attained deserved celebrity by her novels, "*A Simple Story*," in four volumes, published in 1791, and "*Nature and Art*," two volumes, 1796.]

The day at length is come on which Agnes shall have a sight of her beloved William! She who has watched for hours near his door, to procure a glimpse of him going out or returning home; who has walked miles to see his chariot pass; she now will behold him, and he will see her, by command of the laws of his country. Those laws, which will deal with rigour towards her, are in this one instance still indulgent.

The time of the assizes at the county town in which she is imprisoned is arrived—the prisoners are demanded at the shire-hall—the jail-doors are opened—they go in sad procession. The trumpet sounds—it speaks the arrival of the judge—and that judge is William.

The day previous to her trial, Agnes had read, in the printed calendar of the prisoners, his name as the learned judge before whom she was to appear. For a moment she forgot her perilous position in the excess of joy which the still unconquerable love she bore to him permitted her to taste, even on the brink of the grave! After-reflection made her check those worldly transports, as unfit for the present solemn occasion. But, alas! to her, earth and William were so closely united, that till she forsook the one, she could never cease to think, without the contending passions of hope, of fear, of love, of shame, and of despair, on the other.

Now fear took the place of her first immoderate joy; she feared that, although much changed in person since he had seen her, and her real name now added to many an *alias*—yet she feared that some well-known glance of the eye, turn of the action, or accent of speech, might recall her to his remembrance; and at that idea, shame overcame all her other sensations—for still she retained pride, in respect to his opinion, to wish him not to know Agnes was that wretch she felt she was! Once a ray of hope beamed on her, that if he knew her—if he recognised her—he might possibly befriend her cause; and life bestowed through William's friendship seemed a precious object! But, again, that rigorous honour she had often heard him boast, that firmness to his word, of which she had fatal experience, taught her to know he would not, for any improper compassion, any unmanly weakness, forfeit his oath of impartial justice.

In meditations such as these she passed the sleepless night.

When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar, and her guilty hand held up before the righteous judgment-seat of William, imagination could not form two figures, or two situations more incompatible with the existence of former familiarity than the judge and the culprit; and yet, these very persons had passed together the most blissful moments that either ever tasted! Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to her mind—his thoughts were more nobly employed in his high office; nor could the haggard face, hollow eye, desponding countenance, and meagre person of the poor prisoner, once call to his memory, though her name was uttered among a list of others which she had assumed, his former youthful, lovely Agnes!

She heard herself arraigned, with trembling limbs and downcast looks, and many witnesses had appeared against her, before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge; she then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William, unpitying but beloved William, in every feature! It was a face she had been used to look on with delight, and a kind of absent smile of gladness now beamed on her poor wan visage.

When every witness on the part of the prosecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her: "What defence have you to make?" It was William spoke to Agnes! The sound was sweet; the voice was mild, was soft, compassionate, encouraging. It almost charmed her to a love of life! Not such a voice as when William last addressed her; when he left her undone and pregnant, vowing never to see or speak to her more. She would have hung upon the present word for ever. She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation; which, at times, is but a copy, by the unfeeling, of the benevolent brethren of the bench. In the present judge, tenderness was not designed for consolation of the culprit, but for the approbation of the auditors.

There were no spectators, Agnes, by your side when last he parted from you—if there had, the awful William would have been awed to marks of pity.

Stunned with the enchantment of that well-known tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified—all vital power seemed suspended. Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered: "Recollect yourself; have you no witnesses? no proof on your behalf?" A dead silence followed these questions. He then mildly but forcibly added: "What have you to say?" Here a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him, as if pleading for mercy, while she faintly articulated: "Nothing, my lord." After a short pause, he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone: "Have you no one to speak to your character?" The prisoner answered: "No." A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by whom her character had first been blasted.

He summed up the evidence, and every time he was obliged to press hard upon the proofs against her, she shrunk, and seemed to stagger with the deadly blow—writhed under the weight of his minute justice, more than from the prospect of a shameful death. The jury consulted but a few minutes; the verdict was, "Guilty." She heard it with composure. But when William placed the fatal velvet on his head, and rose to pronounce the fatal sentence, she started with a kind of convulsive motion, retreated a step or two back, and lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed: "Oh, not from you!" The piercing shriek which accompanied these words prevented their being heard by part of the audience; and those who heard them thought little of their meaning, more than that they expressed her fear of dying. Serene and dignified, as if no such exclamation had been uttered, William delivered the final speech ending with "Dead, dead, dead." She fainted as he closed the period, and was carried back to prison in a swoon; while he adjourned the court to go to dinner.

If, unaffected by the scene he had witnessed, William sat down to dinner with an appetite, let not the reader conceive that the most distant suspicion had struck his mind of his ever having seen, much less familiarly known, the poor offender whom he had just condemned. Still, this forgetfulness did not proceed from the want of memory for Agnes. In every peevish or heavy hour passed with his wife, he was sure to think of her; yet it was self-love, rather than love of her, that gave rise to these thoughts. He felt the lack of female sympathy and tenderness to soften the fatigue of studious labour, to soothe a sullen, a morose disposition—he felt he wanted comfort for himself, but never once considered what were the wants of Agnes.

In the chagrin of a barren bed, he sometimes thought, too, even on the child that Agnes bore him; but whether it were male or female, whether a beggar in the streets or dead, various and important public occupation forbade him to inquire. Yet the poor, the widow, and the orphan frequently shared William's ostentatious bounty. He was the president of many excellent charities, gave largely, and sometimes instituted benevolent societies for the unhappy; for he delighted to load the poor with obligation, and the rich with praise.

There are persons like him who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants that will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters, there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors; and there are wives who will love all mankind better than their own husbands. *Duty* is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, self-denial, and honesty, where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues. Had William followed the common dictates of charity, had he adopted private pity instead of public munificence, had he cast an eye at home before he sought abroad for objects of compassion, Agnes had been preserved from an ignominious death, and he had been preserved from—*remorse*, the tortures of which he for the first time proved on reading a printed sheet of paper, accidentally thrown in his way a few days after he had left the town in which he had condemned her to die.

"*March* 10, 179–.

"The last dying Words, Speech, and Confession, birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of Agnes Primrose, who was executed this morning between the hours of ten and twelve, pursuant to the sentence passed upon her by the Honourable Justice Norwynne.

"Agnes Primrose was born of honest parents, in the village of Anfield, in the county of———" [William started at the name of the village and county]; "but being led astray by the arts and flattery of seducing man, she fell from the paths of virtue, and took to bad company, which instilled into her young heart all their evil ways, and at length brought her to this untimely end. So she hopes her death will be a warning to all young persons of her own sex, how they listen to the praises and courtship of young men, especially of those who are their betters; for they only court to deceive. But the said Agnes freely forgives all persons who have done her injury or given her sorrow, from the young man who first won her heart, to the jury who found her guilty, and the judge who condemned her to death.

"And she acknowledges the justice of her sentence, not only in respect of her crime for which she suffers, but in regard to many other heinous sins of which she has been guilty, more especially that of once attempting to commit a murder upon her own helpless child; for which guilt she now considers the vengeance of God has overtaken her, to which she is patiently resigned, and departs in peace and charity with all the world, praying the Lord to have mercy on her parting soul."

POSTSCRIPT TO THE CONFESSION.

"So great was this unhappy woman's terror of death and the awful judgment that was to follow, that when sentence was pronounced upon her she fell into a swoon, from that into convulsions, from which she never entirely recovered, but was delirious to the time of her execution, except that short interval in which she made her confession to the clergyman who attended her. She has left one child, a youth almost sixteen, who has never forsaken his mother during all the time of her imprisonment, but waited on her with true filial duty; and no sooner was her final sentence passed than he began to droop, and now lies dangerously ill near the prison from which she is released by death. During the loss of her senses, the said Agnes Primrose raved continually of her child; and, asking for pen, ink, and paper, wrote an incoherent petition to the judge, recommending the youth to his protection and mercy; but notwithstanding this insanity, she behaved with composure and resignation when the fatal morning arrived in which she was to be launched into eternity. She prayed devoutly during the last hour, and seemed to have her whole mind fixed on the world to which she was going. A crowd of spectators followed her to the fatal spot, most of whom returned weeping at the recollection of the fervency with which she prayed, and the impression which her dreadful state seemed to make upon her."

No sooner had the name of "Anfield" struck William, than a thousand reflections and remembrances flashed on his mind to give him full conviction who it was he had judged and sentenced. He recollected the sad remains of Agnes, such as he once had known her; and now he wondered how his thoughts could have been absent from an object so pitiable, so worthy of his attention, as not to give him even suspicion who she was, either from her name or from her person, during the whole trial. But wonder, astonishment, horror, and every other sensation was absorbed by — *remorse*. It wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart as it would do a tender one: it havocked on his firm inflexible mind as it would on a weak and pliant brain! Spirit of Agnes! look down, and behold all your wrongs revenged!

ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

TO MY FUTURE BRIDE.

[Translated from the Russian of VOEIKOV, by SIR JOHN BOWRING.]

O unknown being! thou whom long my soul hast sought,
Vision of fancy bright, thou mild and lovely queen!
Thou, vainly, long, pursued by my impatient thought,
Thou pure divinity unseen!

O tell me in what mist thou veil'st thy shadowy form!
O tell me where thy steps have left their wonted trace!
For in hope's sunshine hour, and in grief's frowning storm,
I feel thou art my resting place.

When fancy takes her flight beyond terrestrial things,
And towers above all space, and leaves behind all time;
And up to holiest stars of thought's creation springs,
Thou art her brightest dream sublime.

Once, in the moonlight's shade, I saw thee, angel! stand,
(Bent o'er a marble urn, whose waters gently swell'd,)
Clad in celestial white, bound with an azure band,
A heavenly lyre thy fingers held.

I saw thee, angel-like, through yonder temple glide,
Scattering thy light around, like some ray-crested saint,
Whispering sweet notes of peace, in the still even-tide,
To many a pilgrim tired and faint.

I love to paint thee, when thy bounty's generous store
Soothes the gray beggar's wants, and comforts the distrest,
Anoints the sick with oil, provides with bread the poor,
And for the houseless finds a rest.

And O! how blest, to dream that thou may'st yet be mine,
A very dove of peace, around my steps to hie,
Waking from thy sweet lyre a melody divine,
Gay as a summer butterfly.

And when upon the wave, midst twilight's peaceful gleam,
I launch my little bark, wilt thou sit smiling by,
And with thy lovely hand conduct it o'er the stream,
And rule my blessed destiny?

My guardian spirit, hail! unveil thee in thy bloom,
For thou art lovelier far than feeble poet's art;
Come in thy virtues now—in all thy glory come,
And fill the vacuum of my heart.

VOEIKOV.

THE INEXPERIENCED SHEPHERDESS.

[HIPPOLITUS BOGDANOVITCH, a Russian poet, 1743–1803, born in Middle Russia, educated at Moscow, and rose to be Inspector of the University. His fine translations from the French and Italian poets were the prelude to his great poem, "*The Dushenka*," which brought to Bogdanovitch much fame.]

I'm fourteen summers old, I trow,
'Tis time to look about me now:
'Twas only yesterday they said,
I was a silly, silly maid;—
'Tis time to look about me now.

The shepherd-swains so rudely stare,
I must reprove them, I declare;
This talks of beauty—*that*, of love—
I'm such a fool I can't reprove;—
I *must* reprove them, I declare.

'Tis strange—but yet I hope no sin;
Something unwonted speaks within:
Love's language is a mystery,
And yet I feel, and yet I see,—
O what is this that speaks within?

The shepherd cries: "I love thee, sweet;"
"And I love *thee*," my lips repeat:
Kind words, they sound as sweet to me
As music's fairest melody;
"I love thee," oft my lips repeat.

His pledge he brings—I'll not reprove;
O no! I'll take that pledge of love:
To thee my guardian dog I'd give,
Could I without that guardian live:
But still I'll take that pledge of love.

My shepherd's crook I'll give to thee;—
O no! my father gave it me—
And treasures by a parent given,
From a fond child should ne'er be riven—
O no! my father gave it me.

But thou shalt have yon lambkin fair—
Nay! 'tis my mother's fondest care;
For every day she joys to count
Each snowy lambkin on the mount;—
I'll give thee then no lambkin fair.

But stay, my shepherd! wilt thou be
Forever faithful—fond to me?
A sweeter gift I'll then impart,
And thou shalt have—a maiden's heart,
If thou wilt give thy heart to me.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

[JOHN LOCKE, one of the foremost of English philosophers, born in 1632, died in 1704. His writings are distinguished by precision and clearness of statement, elevation of thought, and liberality of sentiment. The metaphysical doctrines of Locke rank him with the inductive school, as opposed to the philosophy of intuition, or innate ideas. His leading postulate is that all human knowledge is derived from experience. This is ably set forth in Locke's "*Essay Concerning Human Understanding*" (1690). His "*Thoughts on Education*" (1693), "*Letters on Toleration*" (1689–92), and "*Two Treatises on Government*" (1690), are the most important of his other works. A full biography of Locke was published in 1876 by Mr. Fox Bourne, and his collected works form 10 octavo volumes.]

The infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on,

and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention; to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts and several sensations a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies nor employ our minds; but let our thoughts—if I may so call it—run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearances there, as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle, inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy, lethargic dream. It has therefore pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure, and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that, as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, "that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us." This, their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do, and as advices to withdraw from them. But He, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath, in many cases, annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it, proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, causes a very painful sensation; which is wisely and favourably so ordered by nature, that when any object does, by the vehemency of its operation, disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order, and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it, may well persuade us that this is the end or use of pain. For, though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold, as well as heat, pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preservation of life, and the exercise of the several functions of the body, and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or, if you please, a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him "with whom there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."

HISTORY.

The stories of Alexander and Cæsar, further than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains, hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of the history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valour as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and busi-

ness of history; and, looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and such-like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of several hundred thousand men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overran a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness. And if civil history be a great dealer of it, and to many readers thus useless, curious and difficult inquirings in antiquity are much more so; and the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money; these, I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on in his way. . . .

I shall only add one word, and then conclude; and that is, that whereas in the beginning I cut off history from our study as a useless part, as certainly it is where it is read only as a tale that is told; here, on the other side, I recommended it to one who hath well settled in his mind the principles of morality, and knows how to make a judgment on the actions of men, as one of the most useful studies he can apply himself to. There he shall see a picture of the world and the nature of mankind, and so learn to think of men as they are. There he shall see the rise of opinions, and find from what slight and sometimes shameful occasions some of them have taken their rise, which yet afterwards have had great authority, and passed almost for sacred in the world, and borne down all before them. There also one may learn great and useful instructions of prudence, and be warned against the cheats and rogueries of the world, with many more advantages which I shall not here enumerate.

JOHN LOCKE.

MORAL SUPERIORITY OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

[SIR JOHN GARDINER WILKINSON, eminent Egyptologist, was born 1797, died 1875. In the study of Egyptian antiquities, now cultivated with ardour, Sir John Gardiner Wilkinson took a prominent part. Early in life he made surveys of the topography of Thebes and the Pyramids, and collections of the hieroglyphics. In 1828, he published at Malta, "*Materia Hieroglyphica*," four parts. But his great work is his "*Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*," six volumes, 1837–41. About nine hundred wood-cuts illustrate this history, taken chiefly from the paintings in the Egyptian tombs, the earliest descriptive illustrations of the manners and customs of any nation. Of this work, an abridgment was published by the author, a "*Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians*," two volumes, 1854. Sir John truly remarks, that "the influence which Egypt had in early times on Greece gives to every inquiry respecting it an additional interest; and the frequent mention of the Egyptians in the Bible connects them with the Hebrew records, of which many satisfactory illustrations occur in the sculptures of Pharaonic times." Sir John was a son of the Rev. John Wilkinson, of Haxendale, Westmoreland, and studied at Exeter College, Oxford. Amongst the latest of his literary labours was assisting Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his edition of "*Herodotus*."]

The early part of the Egyptian monumental history is coeval with the arrivals of Abraham and of Joseph, and the exodus of the Israelites; and we know from the Bible what was the state of the world at that time. But then, and apparently long before, the habits of social life in Egypt were already what we find them to have been during the most glorious period of their career; and as the people had already laid aside their arms, and military men only carried them when on service, some notion may be had of the very remote date of Egyptian civilization. In the treatment of women, they seem to have been very far advanced beyond other wealthy communities of the same era, having usages very similar to those of modern Europe; and such was the respect shewn to women, that precedence was given to them over men, and the wives and daughters of kings succeeded to the throne like the male branches of the royal family. Nor was this privilege rescinded, even though it had more than once entailed upon them the troubles of a contested succession; foreign kings often having claimed a right to the throne through marriage with an Egyptian princess. It was not a mere influence that they possessed, which women often acquire in the most arbitrary eastern communities; nor a political importance accorded to a particular individual, like that of the Sultana Valideh, the queen-mother at Constantinople; it was a right acknowledged by law, both in public and private life. They knew that unless women were treated with respect, and made to exercise an influence over society, the public standard would soon be lowered, and the manners and morals of men would suffer; and in

acknowledging this, they pointed out to women the very responsible duties they had to perform to the community. It has been said that the Egyptian priests were only allowed to have one wife, while the rest of the community had as many as they chose; but, besides the improbability of such a license, the testimony of the monuments accords with Herodotus in disproving the statement, and each individual is represented in his tomb with a single consort. Their mutual affection is also indicated by the fond manner in which they are seated together, and by the expressions of endearment they use to each other, as well as to their children. And if further proof were wanting to shew their respect for social ties, we may mention the conduct of Pharaoh, in the case of the supposed sister of Abraham, standing in remarkable contrast to the habits of most princes of those and many subsequent ages.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN REPAST.

While the guests were entertained with music and the dance, dinner was prepared; but as it consisted of a considerable number of dishes, and the meat was killed for the occasion, as at the present day in eastern and tropical climates, some time elapsed before it was put upon the table. An ox, kid, wild goat, gazelle, or an oryx, and a quantity of geese, ducks, teal, quails, and other birds, were generally selected; but mutton was excluded from a Theban table. Sheep were not killed for the altar or the table, but they abounded in Egypt, and even at Thebes; and large flocks were kept for their wool, particularly in the neighbourhood of Memphis. Sometimes a flock consisted of more than two thousand; and in a tomb below the Pyramids, dating upwards of four thousand years ago, nine hundred and seventy-four rams are brought to be registered by his scribes, as part of the stock of the deceased; implying an equal number of ewes, independent of lambs.

Beef and goose constituted the principal part of the animal food throughout Egypt; and by a prudent foresight in a country possessing neither extensive pasture lands, nor great abundance of cattle, the cow was held sacred, and consequently forbidden to be eaten. Thus the risk of exhausting the stock was prevented, and a constant supply of oxen was kept for the table and for agricultural purposes. A similar fear of diminishing the number of sheep, so valuable for their wool, led to a preference for such meats as beef and goose; though they were much less light and wholesome than mutton.

A considerable quantity of meat was served up at those repasts, to which strangers were invited, as among people of the East at the present day. An endless succession of vegetables was also required on all occasions, and when dining in private, dishes composed chiefly of them were in greater request than joints even at the tables of the rich; and consequently the Israelites, who, by their long residence there, had acquired similar habits, regretted them equally with the meat and fish of Egypt (Numbers, xi. 4, 5).

The mode of dining was very similar to that now adopted in Cairo, and throughout the East; each person sitting round a table, and dipping his bread into a dish placed in the centre, removed on a sign made by the host, and succeeded by others, whose rotation depends on established rule, and whose number is predetermined according to the size of the party, or the quality of the guests.

As is the custom in Egypt and other hot climates at the present day, they cooked the meat as soon as killed; with the same view of having it tender, which makes northern people keep it until decomposition is beginning; and this explains the order of Joseph to "slay and make ready" for his brethren to dine with him the same day at noon. As soon, therefore, as this had been done and the joints were all ready, the kitchen presented an animated scene, and the cooks were busy in their different departments. Other servants took charge of the pastry which the bakers or confectioners had made for the dinner-table; and this department appears even more varied than that of the cook.

That dinner was served up at mid-day, may be inferred from the invitation given by Joseph to his brethren; but it is probable that, like the Romans, they also ate supper in the evening, as is still the custom in the East. The table was much the same as that of the present day in Egypt—a small stool supporting a round tray, on which the dishes are placed; but it differed from this in having its circular summit fixed on a pillar, or leg, which was often in the form of a man, generally a captive, who supported the slab upon his head, the whole being of stone, or some hard wood. On this the dishes were placed, together with

loaves of bread. It was not generally covered with any linen, but, like the Greek table, was washed with a sponge or napkin after the dishes were removed. One or two guests generally sat at a table, though from the mention of persons seated in rows according to rank, it has been supposed the tables were occasionally of a long shape, as may have been the case when the brethren of Joseph "sat before him, the firstborn according to his youth." Joseph eating alone at another table where "they set on for him by himself." But even if round, they might still sit according to rank, one place being always the post of honour, even at the present day, at the round table of Egypt.

The guests sat on the ground, or on stools and chairs, and, having neither knives and forks nor any substitute for them answering to the chopsticks of the Chinese, they ate with their fingers, like the modern Asiatics, and invariably with the right hand; nor did the Jews (1 Sam. ii. 14) and Etruscans, though they had forks for other purposes, use any at table. Spoons were introduced when required for soup or other liquids. The Egyptian spoons were of various forms and sizes. They were principally of ivory, bone, wood, or bronze, and other metals—many were ornamented with the lotus flower.

The Egyptians washed after as well as before dinner, an invariable custom throughout the East, as among the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, and others. It was also a custom of the Egyptians, during or after their repasts, to introduce a wooden image of Osiris, from one foot and a half to three feet in height, in the form of a human mummy, standing erect, or lying on a bier, and to shew it to each of the guests, warning him of his mortality, and the transitory nature of human pleasures. He was reminded that some day he would be like that figure; that men ought to "love one another, and avoid those evils which tend to make them consider life long, when in reality it is too short;" and while enjoying the blessings of this world, to bear in mind that their existence was precarious, and that death, which all ought to be prepared to meet, must eventually close their earthly career. Thus, while the guests were permitted, and even encouraged, to indulge in conviviality, the pleasures of the table, and the mirth so congenial to their lively disposition, they were exhorted to put a certain degree of restraint upon their conduct; and though this sentiment was perverted by other people, and used as an incentive to present excesses, it was perfectly consistent with the ideas of the Egyptians to be reminded that this life was only a lodging or inn on their way, and that their existence here was the preparation for a future state.

After dinner, music and singing were resumed; hired men and women displayed feats of agility. The most usual games within-doors were odd and even, *mora*, and draughts. The game of mora was common in ancient as well as modern times, and was played by two persons, who each simultaneously threw out the fingers of one hand, while one party guessed the sum of both. They were said in Latin, *micare digitis*, and this game, still so common among the lower order of Italians, existed about four thousand years ago in the reigns of the Osirtasens.

SIR J. G. WILKINSON.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES II.

[GILBERT BURNET, Bishop of Salisbury, an eminent British historian, born in Edinburgh, 1643, died 1715. Professor in the University of Glasgow 1668–75, he afterward removed to London, and was an able defender of civil liberty in the revolution of 1688. His great works are "*History of the Reformation in England*" (1679–1715), and "*History of His Own Times*," (posthumous, 1724–34:) from the latter work we extract the following:]

Thus lived and died King Charles II. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities; unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference. And then he shewed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he shewed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little hous-

hold sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England. But he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all; and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and to think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner; for he never seemed to charge his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him.

While he was abroad at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expense. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most; so that words or promise went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could; under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was, during the active part of life, given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree, that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave anything that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and when he entered on those stories, they usually withdrew: so that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done, there were not above four or five persons left about him: which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of

strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures; his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome, I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese and Signior Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.

Few things ever went near his heart. The Duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much. But those who knew him best, thought it was because he had lost him by whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.

His ill conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the plague and fire of London, with that loss and reproach which he suffered by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his government. His throwing the public hatred at that time upon Lord Clarendon was both unjust and ungrateful. And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the triple alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little colour as he had for the first; his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, the shutting up the exchequer, and his declaration for toleration, which was a step for the introduction of popery, make such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error, that it could not flow from want of thought, or of true sense. Rouvigny told me he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase and conduct of their naval force might be sent him; and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal. He shewed what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented the progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or to his people. They that judged the most favourably of this, thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch, that, with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own, he might be able to destroy them. But others put a worse construction on it; and thought, that seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the greatness of the French at sea, that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people; according to what was generally believed to have fallen from Lord Clifford, if the king must be in a dependence, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king, than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects.

No part of his character looked wickeder, as well as meaner, than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the Church of England, expressing both zeal and affection to it, was yet secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome; thus mocking God, and deceiving the world with so gross a prevarication. And his not having the honesty or courage to own it at the last; his not shewing any sign of the least remorse for his ill-led life, or any tenderness either for his subjects in general, or for the queen and his servants, and his recommending only his mistresses and their children to his brother's care, would have been a strange conclusion to any other's life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his.

THE CZAR PETER IN ENGLAND, 1698.

I mentioned, in the relation of the former year, the Czar's coming out of his own country; on which I will now enlarge. He

came this winter over to England, and stayed some months among us. I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the king and the archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him, and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion. He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently; he is mechanically turned, seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azuph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscovy. He was indeed resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.

David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation: "What is man that thou art so mindful of him?" But here there is an occasion for reversing these words, since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God, while such a person as the Czar has such multitudes put, as it were, under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy and savage temper. He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to have stayed some time; but he was called home, sooner than he had intended, upon a discovery or a suspicion of intrigues managed by his sister. The strangers, to whom he trusted most, were so true to him, that those designs were crushed before he came back. But on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected. Some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow; and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand. And so far was he from relenting, or shewing any sort of tenderness, that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation, or of his neighbours, God only knows. [The Czar died in 1725.] So extraordinary an incident will, I hope, justify such a digression.

BISHOP BURNET.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM III.

Thus lived and died William III. King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution, that he could never shake off; though in another scene it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French,

English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment, than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good. But it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him, so that it disgusted most of those who served him; but he had observed the errors of too much talking, more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complacence, yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour, almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us, by balancing the two parties one against another; but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him, and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers, and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees. He said to me he adhered to these because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of church-government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served him well, or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them: but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them; which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had upon his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe: for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him, when they did not lie in his own way, or cross any of his designs; and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent, if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had even in small matters. His favourites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice, except when it was asked. It was not easy to account for the reasons of the favour that he shewed, in the highest instances, to two persons beyond all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all re-

spects men not only of different but of opposite characters. Secrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be said that they did in any sort agree. I have now run through the chief branches of his character. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully; so after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was, in many great instances, much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias to him; I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. The series of the five Princes of Orange that was now ended in him, was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in any history. And the thirty years, from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing Providence, that, in the words of David, he may be called "The man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself." After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or indeed that any other, can afford. He died in a critical time for his own glory, since he had formed a great alliance, and had projected the whole scheme of the war; so that if it succeeds, a great part of the honour of it will be ascribed to him; and if otherwise, it will be said he was the soul of the alliance, that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall asunder, when he who gave it life was withdrawn. Upon his death, some moved for a magnificent funeral; but it seemed not decent to run into unnecessary expense, when we were entering on a war that must be maintained at a vast charge. So a private funeral was resolved on. But for the honour of his memory, a noble monument and an equestrian statue were ordered. Some years must show whether these things were really intended, or if they were only spoken of to excuse the privacy of his funeral, which was scarce decent, so far was it from being magnificent.

BISHOP BURNET.

SIELANKA.

[SIMEON ZIMOROWICZ, a Polish poet, born at Lemberg, Poland, in 1604, died 1629; wrote many songs marked by poetical coloring, and brilliant fancy.]

Zephyr! that gently o'er Ukraine art flying,
Go and salute my Maryna for me;
Whisper her tenderly, soothingly sighing
"Lo! he has sent these soft accents to thee!"

Why dost thou dwell, my maiden so lonely?
Why dost thou dwell in so gloomy a spot?
Think of the palace of Leopol—only
Think, my fair maid! though thou visit it not.

There in thy tower is a window, where seated
Often thou sheddest a smile on thy swain,
There have my sighs oft an audience entreated;
Maiden, that window invites thee again.

Lady! the thought of thy absence has shaded
Even the flow'rets with sorrow and gloom;
All the bright roses and lilies are faded,
And my gay orchard is stripped of its bloom.

Come, my fair maid, with thy beautiful blushes,
Shine o'er our turrets,—oh, come for awhile!
Smile on us, lady; oh, smile, though Red Russia's
Twice castled towers may deserve not thy smile.

Lo! it expects thee, its lions await thee,
Watching like sentinels fix'd on the height:
Sleepless and eager to welcome and greet thee
When thy fair vision shall dawn on their sight.

Haste, maiden, haste! scatter blessings around thee,
Laughter and wit are waiting thee here,
Courtesies, feasting and smiles, shall be found thee,
Wanderings and wassails to welcome thee, dear!

Here we have centered the graces and pleasures;
Come thou, bright lady! inherit them now.
Here Nature pours out her charms and her treasures
Nothing is wanted, oh, nothing but thou!

MERITS OF POLAND.

[FABIAN SEBASTAN KLONOWICZ, one of the earliest poets of Poland, was born in 1551, died 1608. He was a man of learning, and Mayor of the City of Lublin. His writings are marked by a predominance of reason, by independent thought, and by occasional felicities of diction.]

Poland is rich in green and fertile lands,
That in God's bosom, as it were, seem thrown,
What cares the Pole for ocean or its strands?
Content, he ploughs his own.

Here, Ceres, harvest goddess, wandered by,
After she left her own Sicilian plain,
Here fields of rye abound, and bastion high
Loom up the stacks of grain.

In Poland, high, commodious barns arise,
With harvest bounty amply filled and stored,
Here, for the jolly peasant will suffice
Of rye, a goodly hoard!

Let who will praise the fertile Asian fields,
The yellow maize of Egypt and the Nile,
Upon our shore the oat abundance yields,
For many a mile and mile.

Game is abundant, cattle horned abound,
Fat oxen, horses, sheep with lengthy coat,
And heifers graze within the meadows 'round,
Beside the frisky goat!

Then, who could count the flocks of cackling geese,
The greedy ducks, the swan whose whiteness charms,
The chickens, too, whose brood each day increase,
And travel 'round the farms.

Of dishes rich a great variety
We get, and dainty food the dovecot gives,
How pleasant 'tis the bacon flitch to see
Suspended 'neath the eaves!

Then, too, the things we gather in the wood,
God's bounty to the open-handed Pole,
He who desires to use these gifts of good,
Is welcome to the dole.

Through field and wood lift heads of graceful deer,
On trees the birds sing out their countless lives,
And the industrious bee his honey'd cheer
Bears homeward to the hives.

As to the fish, a million of them speed
Through pond and lake and river seaward bound,
Nor lack the Poles for anything they need
With much abundance crowned.

Hence, I know not why you should grasp for more,
My brother Pole, with such productive soil,—
Why should you seek to gather to your store
Of foreign lands the spoil?

PASTORAL—SIELANKA.

[JOHN GAWINSKI, one of the most distinguished of Polish bards, was born in Cracow near the beginning of the 17th century. He wrote *Threnodies, Epigrams, The New Pastorals*, etc. Simplicity and beauty of diction characterise his poems.]

In the fair fields of Rzeczniow a glade
Was circled by a forest's budding shade;
There Amaryllis lay, her flocks she kept
While in the spreading shrubs in peace they slept.

There mid the branches of an ancient tree
Darnet and Myrtil sat and skilfully
Waked the reed's music, told the pleasing dream
Of love and courtship's joys;—and this their theme:

DARNET.

Gay o'er the meadows wends the songful bee,
From flower to flower swift glancing sportively,
Robbing their hidden sweets; yet if decay
Wither the flower, she turns and speeds away.
I am a bee, but seek the sweets whose taste
Is fresh and fragrant, spring-begotten chaste:—
Sweet Amaryllis! my fair rose thou art;
But know, no withered rose can charm the heart.

MYRTIL.

A snow-white turtle on a fountain's side,
Bends o'er the mirror stream with joy and pride;
He pecks his plumes, and in the water clear
Washes his silvery feathers; fluttering there
He sees another dove, and nods and coos,
And flaps his wings. Poor turtle-dove! amuse
Thyself with the delusion, the deceit!
Thyself thou dost bewray, thyself dost cheat.
Love has its flatteries,—has its treacheries, too,
And we're pursued, when fancying we pursue.

DARNET.

Silently swim the ducks upon the lake,
Silently, in the absence of the drake.
He comes! he comes! the welcoming strains begin;
Round him they crowd, and what a joyous din!
Man is the temple's prop, the temple's base,
On which is raised the pile of woman's grace.
Without him Nature is a shatter'd whole,
A lifeless life, a clod without a soul.

MYRTIL.

From the deep waters Venus has its birth,
And reigns the queen of ocean and of earth.
Charm'd by her influence even the fishes stray.
Wandering enamor'd round her witching way,
Each fed by love and mastered by desire,
Even in the wave glows passion's busy fire.
How should I struggle 'gainst the flame when thou
Art the bright Venus that inspires me now!

DARNET.

The night bird sings upon the hazel tree,
The wind sweeps by, the leaves dance murmuringly
She speaks,—the nightingale his strain gives o'er,
The leaves are still, the rude wind speaks no more.

MYRTIL.

Fair is the rose when laughing in its bud,
Fair o'er the plain towers the tall cedar wood.
She comes! the cedars and the rose are dull;
Even Lebanon bows, though proud and beautiful.

DARNET.

The moon obeys the sun, and every star
Pays homage to the moon; the twilight far
Leads in and out the shifting days; and so
I dwell with thee, my fair! where'er thou go.

MYRTIL.

On the proud world the sun delighted beams,
Piercing the blue depth of the rolling streams.
So would I bathe me in thy azure eyes,
And drown me in thy heart's deep mysteries.

'Twas thus the shepherds sung: The sky above
Looked smiling on their strains of eloquent love;
And Amaryllis, from the blooming thorn
Tore a white sprig their temples to adorn;
And from that hour t' enjoy their simple airs,
She often came, and mixed her flocks with theirs.

JUNIUS AND SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

On the 21st of January, 1769, appeared the first of a series of political letters, bearing the signature of JUNIUS, which have since taken their place among the standard works of the English language. Great excitement prevailed in the nation at the time. The contest with the American colonies, the imposition of new taxes, the difficulty of forming a steady and permanent administration, and the great ability and eloquence of the opposition, had tended to spread a feeling of dissatisfaction throughout the country. The publication of the *North Briton*, a periodical edited by John Wilkes, and conducted with reckless violence and asperity, added fuel to the flame, and the prime-minister, Lord North, said justly, that "the press overflowed the land with its black gall, and poisoned the minds of the people." The government was by no means equal to the emergency, and indeed it would have required a cabinet of the highest powers and most energetic wisdom to have triumphed over the opposition of men like Chatham and Burke, and writers like Junius. The most popular newspaper of that day was the *Public Advertiser*, published by Woodfall, a man of education and respectability. To this journal the writer known as Junius had contributed under various signatures for about two years. The letters by which he is now distinguished were more carefully elaborated, and more highly polished, than any of his previous communications. They attacked all the public characters of the day connected with the government, they retailed much private scandal and personal history, and did not spare even royalty itself. The compression, point, and brilliancy of their language, their unrivalled sarcasm, boldness, and tremendous invective, at once arrested the attention of the public. Every effort that could be devised by the government, or prompted by private indignation, was made to discover the author, but in vain. "It is not in the nature of things," he writes to his publisher, "that you or anybody else should know me, unless I make myself known: all arts or inquiries or rewards would be ineffectual." In another place he remarks, "I am the sole depositary of my secret, and it shall die with me." The event has verified the prediction: he had drawn around himself so impenetrable a veil of secrecy, that all the efforts of inquirers, political and literary, failed in dispelling the original darkness. The letters were published at intervals from 1769 to 1772, when they were collected by Woodfall, and revised by their author—who was equally unknown to his publisher—and printed in two volumes. They have since gone through innumerable editions; but the best is that published in 1812 by Woodfall's son, which includes the letters by the same writer under other signatures—probably along with others *not* written by him, for there is a want of direct evidence—with his private notes to his publisher, and fac-similies of his handwriting.

The *principles* of Junius are moderate, compared with his *personalities*. Some sound constitutional maxims are conveyed in his letters, but his style has undoubtedly been his passport to fame. His illustrations and metaphors are also sometimes uncommonly felicitous. The personal malevolence of his attacks it is impossible to justify. When the controversy as to the authorship of these memorable philippics had almost died away, a book appeared in 1816, bearing the title of *Junius identified with a Celebrated Living Character*. The living character was Sir Philip Francis, and certainly a mass of strong circumstantial evidence has been presented in his favour. "The external evidence," says Macaulay, "is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and

connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: First, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the War-office; thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the place of deputy-secretary at war; fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the secretary of state's office. He was subsequently chief-clerk of the War-office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham; and some of these speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the War-office from resentment at the appointment of Mr. Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on circumstantial evidence." Attention has been drawn to another individual, one of ten or more persons suspected at the time of publication. This is Lord George Sackville, latterly Viscount Sackville, an able but unpopular soldier, cashiered from the army in consequence of neglect of duty at the battle of Minden, but who afterwards regained the favour of the government, and acted as secretary at war throughout the whole period of the American contest. A work by Mr. Coventry in 1825, and a volume by Mr. Jaques in 1842, have been devoted to an endeavour to fix the authorship of Junius upon Lord George. In 1853 the Grenville Papers were published from the originals at Stowe, and an attempt was made by their editor, Mr. W. J. Smith, to prove that Lord Temple was Junius, Lady Temple acting as the amanuensis. Junius had, without disclosing himself, written three letters to Lord Temple on political topics; but these only prove that the unknown looked for the patronage of the Temples, should that family gain an ascendency in the government. It is probable that more than one person was connected with the letters, and Temple may have been one of these supplying hints; but the evidence given to prove that he was really Junius must be pronounced inconclusive. The claim of Francis still remains the best. In 1871 it was further strengthened by a series of fac-similes by Mr. Charles Chabot, expert, with preface and collateral evidence by the Hon. E. Twistleton.

Philip Francis was the son of the Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace. He was born in Dublin in 1740, and at the early age of sixteen was placed by Lord Holland in the secretary of state's office. By the patronage of Pitt (Lord Chatham), he was made secretary to General Bligh in 1758, and was present at the capture of Cherbourg; in 1760 he accompanied Lord Kinnoul as secretary on his embassey to Lisbon; and in 1763 he was appointed to a considerable situation in the War-office, which he held till 1772. Next year he was made a member of the council appointed for the government of Bengal, from whence he returned in 1781, after being perpetually at war with the governor-general, Warren Hastings, and being wounded by him in a duel. He afterwards sat in Parliament, supporting Whig principles, and was one of the "Friends of the People" in association with Fox, Tierney, and Grey. He died in 1818. It must be acknowledged that the speeches and letters of Sir Philip evince much of the talent found in Junius, though they are less rhetorical in style; while the history and dispositions of the man—his strong resentments, his arrogance, his interest in the public questions of the day, evinced by his numerous pamphlets, even in advanced age, and the whole complexion of his party and political sentiments, are what we should expect of Woodfall's celebrated correspondent. High and commanding qualities he undoubtedly possessed; nor was he without genuine patriotic feelings, and a desire to labour earnestly for the public weal. His error lay in mistaking his private enmities for public virtue, and nursing his resentments till they attained a dark and unsocial malignity. His temper was irritable and gloomy, and often led him to form mistaken and uncharitable estimates of men and measures.

Of the literary excellences of Junius, his sarcasm, compressed energy, and brilliant illustration, a few specimens may be quoted. His finest metaphor—as just in sentiment

as beautiful in expression—is contained in the conclusion to the forty-second letter: "The ministry, it seems, are labouring to draw a line of distinction between the honour of the crown and the rights of the people. This new idea has yet only been started in discourse; for, in effect, both objects have been equally sacrificed. I neither understand the distinction, nor what use the ministry propose to make of it. The king's honour is that of his people. *Their* real honour and real interest are the same. I am not contending for a vain punctilio. A clear unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace, of independence, and of safety. Private credit is wealth; public honour is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth."

Thus also he remarks: "In the shipwreck of the state, trifles float and are preserved; while everything solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost for ever."

Of the supposed enmity of George III. to Wilkes, and the injudicious prosecution of that demagogue, Junius happily remarks: "He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honour of your majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favour of the people on the one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer."

The letter to the king is the most dignified of the letters of Junius; those to the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford the most severe. The Duke of Grafton was descended from Charles II. and this afforded the satirist scope for invective: "The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite; Charles II. was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles II. without being an amiable companion; and for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr."

In the same strain of elaborate and refined sarcasm the Duke of Bedford is addressed:

ON THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

"My lord, you are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if in the following lines a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or probably they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still left ample room for speculation when panegyric is exhausted. . . .

Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can gray hairs make folly venerable?

and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my lord! Let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, though you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour, of the passions.

"Your friends will ask, perhaps: Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him: he must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter, inevitable. No honest Englishmen will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to Lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him.

"In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt, his virtues better understood; or, at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people plundered, insulted, and oppressed as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

"It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene; you can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance."

These are certainly brilliant pieces of composition. The tone and spirit in which they are conceived are harsh and reprehensible—in some parts almost fiendish—but they are the emanations of a powerful and cultivated mind, that, under better moral discipline, might have done lasting honour to literature and virtue. The acknowledged productions of Sir Philip Francis have equal animation, but less studied brevity and force of style. The soaring ardour of youth had flown; his hopes were crushed; he was not writing under the mask of a fearless and impenetrable secrecy. Yet in a letter to Earl Grey on the subject of the blockade of Norway, we find such vigorous sentences as the following:

STATE OF ENGLAND IN 1812.

"Though a nation may be bought and sold, deceived or betrayed, oppressed or beggared, and in every other sense undone, *all* is not lost, as long as a sense of national honour survives the general ruin. Even an individual cannot be crushed by events or overwhelmed by adversity, if, in the wreck and ruin of his fortune, the character of the man remains unblemished. That force is elastic, and, with the help of resolution, will raise him again out of any depth of calamity. But if the injured sufferer, whether it be a great or a little community, a number of individuals or a single person, be content to submit in silence, and to endure without resentment—if no complaints shall be uttered, no murmur shall be heard, *deploratum est*—there must be something celestial in the spirit that rises from that descent.

"In March 1798, I had your voluntary and entire concurrence in the following, as well as many other abandoned propositions—when we drank pure wine together—when *you* were young, and *I* was not superannuated—when we left the cold infusions of prudence to fine ladies and gentle politicians—when true wisdom was not degraded by the name of moderation—when we cared but little by what majorities the nation was betrayed, or how many felons were acquitted by their peers—and when we were not

afraid of being intoxicated by the elevation of a spirit too highly rectified. In England and Scotland, the general disposition of the people may be fairly judged of by the means which are said to be necessary to counteract it—an immense standing army, barracks in every part of the country, the bill of rights suspended, and, in effect, a military despotism."

In the last of the private letters of Junius to Woodfall—the last, indeed, of his appearances in that character—he says, with his characteristic ardour and impatience, "I feel for the honour of this country, when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible." This was written in January, 1773. Forty-three years afterwards, in 1816, Sir Philip Francis thus writes in a letter on public affairs, addressed to Lord Holland, and the similarity in manner and sentiment is striking. The style is not unworthy of Junius: "My mind sickens and revolts at the scenes of public depravity, of personal baseness, and of ruinous folly, little less than universal, which have passed before us, not in dramatic representation, but in real action, since the year 1792, in the government of this once flourishing as well as glorious kingdom. In that period, a deadly revolution has taken place in the moral character of the nation, and even in the instinct of the gregarious multitude. Passion of any kind, if it existed, might excite action. With still many generous exceptions, the body of the country is lost in apathy and indifference—sometimes strutting on stilts—for the most part grovelling on its belly—no life-blood in the heart—and instead of reason or reflection, a *caput mortuum* for a head-piece; of all revolutions this one is the worst, because it makes any other impossible." *

Among the lighter sketches of Francis may be taken the following:

CHARACTERS OF FOX AND PITT.

"They know nothing of Mr. Fox who think that he was what is commonly called *well educated*. I know that it was directly or very nearly the reverse. His mind educated itself, not by early study or instruction, but by active listening and rapid apprehension. He said so in the House of Commons when he and Mr. Burke parted. His powerful understanding grew like a forest oak, not by cultivation, but by neglect. Mr. Pitt was a plant of an inferior order, though marvellous in its kind—a smooth bark, with the deciduous pomp and decoration of a rich foliage, and blossoms and flowers which drop off of themselves, and leave the tree naked at last to be judged by its fruits. *He*, indeed, as I suspect, had been educated more than enough, until there was nothing natural and spontaneous left in him. He was too polished and accurate in the minor embellishments of his art to be a great artist in anything. He could have painted the boat, and the fish, and the broken nets, but not the two fishermen. He knew his audience, and, with or without eloquence, how to summon the generous passions to his applause. The human eye soon grows weary of an unbounded plain, and sooner, I believe, than of any limited portion of space, whatever its dimensions may be. There is a calm delight, a *dolce*

* The character of Francis is seen in the following admirable observation, which is at once acute and profound: "With a callous heart there can be no genius in the imagination or wisdom in the mind; and therefore the prayer with equal truth and sublimity says: 'Incline our hearts unto wisdom.' Resolute thoughts find words for themselves, and make their own vehicle. Impression and expression are relative ideas. He who feels deeply will express strongly. The language of slight sensations is naturally feeble and superficial"—*Reflections on the abundance of Paper*, 1810. Francis excelled in pointed and pithy expression. After his return to parliament in 1784, he gave great offence to Mr. Pitt, by exclaiming, after he had pronounced an animated eulogy on Lord Chatham: "But he is dead, and has left nothing in this world that resembles him!" The writer of a memoir of Francis, in the *Annual Obituary* (1820), states that one of his maxims was, "That the views of every one should be directed towards a solid, however moderate independence, without which no man can be happy, or even honest." There is a remarkable coincidence—too close to be accidental—in a private letter by Junius to his publisher, Woodfall, dated March 5, 1772: "As for myself, be assured that I am far above all pecuniary views, and no other person I think has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it, therefore, and let all your views in life be directed to a solid however moderate independence. Without it, no man can be happy, nor even honest." It is obvious, however, that Francis may have copied from Junius, and it has been surmised that, notwithstanding his denials of the authorship, he was not unwilling to bear the imputation.

riposo, in viewing the smooth-shaven verdure of a bowling-green as long as it is near. You must learn from repetition that those properties are inseparable from the idea of a flat surface, and that flat and tiresome are synonymous. The works of nature, which command admiration at once, and never lose it, are compounded of grand inequalities."

FROM JUNIUS'S LETTER TO THE KING.

To the Printer of the *Public Advertiser*.—December 19, 1769.

"SIR—When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed; that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted; that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honourable affection to his king and country; and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect:

'Sir—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth till you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonourable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, "that the king can do no wrong," is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favourable reception of truth, by removing every painful offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, would distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

'You ascended the throne with a declared —and, I doubt not, a sincere—resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favourite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have laboured to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are natu-

rally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favourites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

'When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman,* believe me, sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affection for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favour. To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects—who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it, upon the throne—is a mistake too gross for even the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

'To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, sir, that such men can be dishonoured by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. . . .

'Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people; lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the laaguage of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived: the acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honour, to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or not it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

'These sentiments, sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and may be returned. The fortune which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend; it is a law of nature, which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favourite, and in that favourite the ruin of his affairs.

'The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart of itself is only contemptible: armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

* The king, in his first speech from the throne, said he "gloried in the name of Briton."

LAST INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

[Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, born in Kentucky, February 12th, 1809, assassinated at Washington April 14th, 1865. Removing to Illinois in 1830, Lincoln was first a surveyor, and then studied law, having been almost without early advantages of education. His remarkable powers of mind brought him early into influential positions in the State Legislature and in Congress. In 1860 he was nominated and elected to the Presidency as a Republican, having won a distinguished reputation as an advocate of the principles of that party in the memorable canvass of Illinois against Stephen A. Douglas in 1858. Mr. Lincoln's term of the Presidency was signalized by the long and bloody civil war, (1861-65) threatening a disruption of the union of States. But the Republic was saved, and peace restored, very largely through the wise, firm and moderate policy of Mr. Lincoln's administration. A few weeks after beginning his second term as President, (March 4th, 1865) Mr. Lincoln was shot by the assassin John Wilkes Booth, and died a few hours later. This tragic catastrophe threw the country into unexampled excitement, and the President was mourned with the most profound and sincere sorrow, his name being enshrined in history as the first martyr-President of the Republic.]

March 4th, 1865.

Fellow-Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

REMARKS OF MR. GARFIELD AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY, VA.,

MAY 30, 1868, WHEN THE GRAVES OF 15,000 UNION SOLDIERS WERE DECORATED WITH FLOWERS.

[JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, twentieth President of the United States, was born Nov. 19, 1831, in Orange, Ohio, and died by the hand of an assassin, after a lingering suffering of eleven weeks, Sept. 19, 1881, at Elberon, New Jersey. The early career of Garfield afforded a signal example of the triumph of energy, integrity, and intellect over poverty and obscurity. He was determined to have an education, and he achieved the object of his ambition to a degree rarely equalled in this country. While addicted to study and thorough intellectual training, he never neglected the physical man, but was an expert in all forms of active exercise. Graduating at Williams college, Mass., in 1856, Garfield soon became president of a college at Hiram, Ohio, and soon after devoted himself to the study of the law, in which he subsequently achieved success. After two years' service in the senate of Ohio, he joined the Union army in 1861, where he became brigadier general the following year, and was promoted to the rank of major general in 1863, rendering distinguished service. He was continuously elected to congress from 1863 to 1879, when he was chosen by the Ohio legislature to the Senate of the United States. But a higher honor still was in store for him, and in November, 1880, he was elected President of the United States. Inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1881, he delivered a high-minded and statesman-like address, indicative of his policy and views of public affairs. In the fourth month of his Presidency he was struck down by the bullet of an assassin. The wound was deep, and necessarily fatal, although he struggled heroically and with unexampled patience and fortitude under the severe pain and prostration of an almost three months' illness, aided by the highest surgical skill and the most devoted care, to ward off the approach of death. On his final release from suffering, the testimonies of grief at the loss were world-wide. President Garfield was the author of very numerous public addresses, review articles, and speeches, his style being marked by great force and purity of diction.]

Mr. President—I am oppressed with a sense of the impropriety of uttering words on this occasion. If silence is ever golden, it must be here, beside the graves of fifteen thousand men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung. With words we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept, plighted faith may be broken, and vaunted virtue be only the cunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke; but we do know they summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune; must still be assailed with temptations before which lofty natures have fallen. But with *these*, the conflict ended, the victory was won when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.

What other spot so fitting for their last resting-place as this, under the shadow of the Capitol saved by their valor? Here, where the grim edge of battle joined; here, where all the hope and fear and agony of their country centred; here let them rest, asleep on the nation's heart, entombed in the nation's love!

The view from this spot bears some resemblance to that which greets the eye at Rome. In sight of the Capitoline Hill, up and across the Tiber, and overlooking the city is a hill, not rugged nor lofty, but known as the Vatican Mount. At the beginning of the Christian era an imperial circus stood on its summit. There gladiator slaves died for the sport of Rome, and wild beasts fought with wilder men. In that arena a Galilean fisherman gave up his life a sacrifice for his faith. No human life was ever so nobly avenged. On that spot was reared the proudest Christian temple ever built by human hands. For its adornment, the rich offerings of every clime and kingdom have been contributed; and now, after eighteen centuries, the hearts of two hundred million people turn towards it with reverence when they worship God. As the traveller descends the Apennines, he sees the dome of St. Peter's rising above the desolate Cam-

pagna and the dead city, long before the seven hills and ruined palaces appear to his view. The fame of the dead fisherman has outlived the glory of the Eternal City. A noble life, crowned with heroic death, rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.

Seen from the western slope of our Capitol, in direction, distance, and appearance, this spot is not unlike the Vatican Mount; though the river that flows at our feet is larger than a hundred Tibers. Seven years ago this was the home of one who lifted his sword against the life of his country, and who became the great imperator of the rebellion. The soil beneath our feet was watered with the tears of slaves, in whose hearts the sight of yonder proud Capitol awakened no pride, and inspired no hope. The face of the goddess that crowns it was turned towards the sea, and not towards them. But, thanks be to God, this arena of rebellion and slavery is a scene of violence and crime no longer! This will be forever the sacred mountain of our Capitol. Here is our temple. Its pavement is the sepulchre of heroic hearts; its dome, the bending heaven; its altar candles, the watching stars.

From many thousand homes, whose light was put out when a soldier fell, there go forth to-day, to join these solemn processions, loving kindred and friends, from whose hearts the shadow of grief will never be lifted till the light of the eternal world shall dawn upon them.

THE DEFECTS IN OUR EDUCATION.

School committees would summarily dismiss the teacher who should have the good sense and courage to spend three days of each week, with her pupils, in the fields and woods, teaching them the names, peculiarities, and uses of rocks, trees, plants and flowers, and the beautiful stories of the animals, birds, and insects, which fill the world with life and beauty. They will applaud her for continuing to perpetrate that undefended and indefensible outrage upon the laws of physical and intellectual life, which keeps a little child sitting in silence, in a vain attempt to hold his mind to the words of a printed page, for six hours in a day. Herod was merciful, for he finished his slaughter of the innocents in a day; but this practice kills by the savagery of slow torture. And what is the child directed to study? Besides the mass of words and sentences which he is compelled to memorize, not one syllable of which he understands, at eight or ten years of age he is set to work on English Grammar—one of the most complex, intricate, and metaphysical of studies, requiring a mind of much muscle and discipline to master it. Thus are squandered—nay, far worse than squandered—those thrice-precious years when the child is all ear and eye, when its eager spirit, with insatiable curiosity hungers and thirsts to know the what and the why of the world and its wonderful furniture. We silence its sweet clamor by cramming its hungry mind with words, words—empty, meaningless words. It asks bread, and we give it a stone. It is to me a perpetual wonder that any child's love of knowledge survives the outrages of the school-house. It would be foreign from my present purpose, to consider farther the subject of primary education—but it is worthy your profoundest thought, for "out of it are the issues of life." That man will be a benefactor to his race, who shall teach us how to manage rightly the first years of a child's education. I, for one, declare that no child of mine shall ever be *compelled* to study one hour, or to learn even the English alphabet, before he has deposited under his skin, at least, seven years of muscle and bone.

What are our seminaries and colleges accomplishing in the way of teaching the laws of life and physical well-being? I should scarcely wrong them were I to answer, nothing; absolutely nothing. The few recitations which some of the colleges require, in Anatomy and Physiology, unfold but the alphabet of those subjects. The emphasis of college culture does not fall there. The graduate has learned the *Latin* of the old maxim, "mens sana in corpore sano," but how to strengthen the mind by the preservation of the body, he has never learned. He can read you, in Xenophon's best Attic Greek, that Apollo flayed the unhappy Marsyas and hanged up his skin as a trophy, but he has never examined the wonderful structure of his own skin, nor the laws by which he may preserve it. He would blush, were he to mistake the place of a Greek accent, or put the ictus on the second syllable of Eolus; but the whole circle of the "liberalium artium," so pompously referred to in

his diploma of graduation, may not have taught him, as I can testify in an instance personally known to me, whether the *jejunum* is a bone or the *humerus* an intestine. Every hour of study consumes a portion of his muscular and vital force. Every tissue of his body requires its appropriate nourishment, the elements of which are found in abundance in the various products of nature; but he has never inquired where he shall find the phosphates and carbonates of lime for his bones, albumen and fibrin for his blood, and phosphorus for his brain. His Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Anatomy and Physiology, if thoroughly studied, would give all this knowledge, but he has been intent on things remote and foreign, and has given but little heed to those matters which so nearly concern the chief functions of life. But the student should not be blamed. The great men of history have set him the example. Copernicus discovered and announced the true theory of the solar system, a hundred years before the circulation of the blood was known. Though, from the heart to the surface, and from the surface back to the heart of every man of the race, some twenty pounds of blood had made the circuit once every three minutes, yet men were looking so steadily away from themselves, that they did not observe the wonderful fact. His habit of thought has developed itself in all the courses of college study.

In the next place, I inquire, what kinds of knowledge are necessary for carrying on and improving the useful arts and industries of civilized life? I am well aware of the current notion, that these muscular arts should stay in the fields and shops, and not invade the sanctuaries of learning. A finished education is supposed to consist mainly of literary culture. The story of the forges of the Cyclops, where the thunderbolts of Jove were fashioned, is supposed to adorn elegant scholarship more gracefully than those sturdy truths which are preaching to this generation in the wonders of the mine, in the fire of the furnace, in the clang of the iron mills and the other innumerable industries which, more than all other human agencies, have made our civilization what it is, and are destined to achieve wonders yet undreamed of. This generation is beginning to understand that education should not be forever divorced from industry; that the highest results can be reached only when science guides the hand of labor. With what eagerness and alacrity is industry seizing every truth of science and putting it in harness! A few years ago, Bessemer, of England, studying the nice affinities between carbon and the metals, discovered that a single change of combination would produce a metal possessing the ductility of iron and the compactness of steel, and which would cost but little more than common iron. One rail of this metal will outlast fifteen of the iron rails now in use. Millions of capital are already invested to utilize this thought of Bessemer's, which must soon revolutionize the iron manufacture of the world.

If the student desires that large and liberal culture which will call into activity all his powers, and make the most of the material God has given him, he must study deeply and earnestly the intellectual, the moral, the religious and the æsthetic nature of man; his relations to nature, to civilization, past and present; and above all, his relations to God. These should occupy nearly, if not fully, half the time of his college course. In connection with the philosophy of the mind, he should study logic, the pure mathematics, and the general laws of thought. In connection with moral philosophy, he should study political and social ethics, a science so little known either in colleges or congresses. Prominent among all the rest should be his study of the wonderful history of the human race, in its slow and toilsome march across the centuries—now buried in ignorance, superstition, and crime; now rising to the sublimity of heroism, and catching a glimpse of a better destiny; now turning remorselessly away from, and leaving to perish, empires and civilizations in which it had invested its faith, and courage, and boundless energy for a thousand years, and plunging into the forests of Germany, Gaul, and Britain, to build for itself new empires better fitted for its new aspirations; and, at last, crossing three thousand miles of unknown sea, and building in the wilderness of a new hemisphere its latest and proudest monuments.

A MEMORABLE SPEECH.

DELIVERED BY MR. GARFIELD UPON THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The *Congressional Globe* containing the official report of the proceedings of Congress, April 14th, 1866, the first anniversary

of the assassination of President Lincoln, recites that Mr. Garfield, in the House of Representatives, moved to dispense with the reading of the Journal, and said: "Mr. Speaker, I desire to move that this House do now adjourn. And before the vote on that motion is taken, I desire to say a few words. This day, Mr. Speaker, will be sadly memorable so long as this Nation shall endure, which God grant may be 'till the last syllable of recorded time,' when the volume of human history shall be sealed up and delivered to the Omnipotent Judge. In all future time, on the recurrence of this day, I doubt not that the citizens of this republic will meet in solemn assembly to reflect on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, and the awful tragic event of April 14, 1865 — an event unparalleled in the history of nations, certainly unparalleled in our own. It is eminently proper that this House should this day place upon its records a memorial of that event." After a brief eulogy upon the late President, and a pathetic allusion to the circumstances of his death, Mr. Garfield concluded:

"Sir, there are times in the history of men and nations where they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beatings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed. When 250,000 brave spirits passed from the field of honor that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyr President to the company of the dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men. Awe-stricken by His voice, the American people knelt in tearful reverence and made a solemn covenant with Him and with each other that this nation should be saved from its enemies, that all its glories should be restored, and on the ruins of slavery and treason the temples of freedom and justice should be built and should survive forever. It remains for us, consecrated by that great event and under a covenant with God, to keep that faith, to go forward in the great work until it shall be completed. Following the lead of that great man and obeying the high behests of God, let us remember that—

'He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet;
For God is marching on.'"

MEMORY.

[This little poem, from the pen of the late President, was written before his first term in Congress—hence some twenty years ago. At that time possibly the president of a Christian college was the "summit where the sunbeams fell," but the last lines are all but a prophecy.]

'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
No light gleams at the window, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicate pen e'er portrayed,
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed
In Heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the distant light of dreamy years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days,
Upon its gentle, sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; and yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Receiving their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast with sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimsoned hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins,
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,

And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, the life-path leads along.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

FROM ROLLA.

[ALFRED DE MUSSET, one of the most brilliant and favorite poets of France, was born in Paris, in 1810, and died there in 1857. He wrote, beside many volumes of verse, several comedies, miscellanies and tales. De Musset has been styled the French Byron, and his early poems, marked by great fascination of style, with the singularly handsome and graceful *personnel* of the poet, with his dreamy eyes and half melancholy look, made him a piquant figure in the literary society of Paris. In 1852, De Musset was elected to the French Academy, and died five years later of organic disease of the heart.]

Wouldst thou recall the days, when upon earth
Heaven dwelt and breathed among a race divine?
When Venus rose, still virgin, from the brine,
Shook from her limbs the tear-drops of her birth,
And wringing from her hair the mother-wave,
Joy and fecundity to nature gave?
The days when 'mid the flow'ring water-weeds
Buoyed in the sunshine, lay the wanton nymph,
Intent with saucy laughter to provoke
The lazy faun stretched out among the reeds?
When lone Narcissus kissed the trembling lymph,
When mocking Dryads hid in every oak,
Or started from the bark, their green abode,
Or bending branches in the wind to sway,
While Echo warbled back the traveller's lay?
When Hercules throughout creation strode
In blood-stained mantle of the lion's hide,
With everlasting justice at his side?
When all was godlike, even human pain,
And men paid worship to what now is slain?
All happy,—save Prometheus alone,
He, Satan's elder-born, and fall'n like him.
Or when the breath of change passed cold and dim
O'er all, earth, man, and heaven, like a cloud,
And the world's cradle had become its tomb:
When from the North the avalanche of doom
O'er Rome's vast ruin wrapped its icy shroud:
Wouldst thou recall the days, when as at first
A savage age brought forth an age of gold?
When like to Lazarus the dead earth burst
Fresh from her tomb, and back the gravestone rolled?
The days when spreading wide its golden wings,
Romance for realms enchanted took its flight;
Our monuments, our creeds, our sacred things
Still wore unsullied robes of virgin white?
When 'neath Christ's master-hand all lived anew,
When the priest's home, the prince's palace high,
The self-same radiant cross upheld to view,
Based on the mountain, looking towards the sky?
When Notre Dame, St. Peter's, and Cologne,
And Strasbourg, kneeling in their cloaks of stone,
Poured with the organ of a world in prayer
The centuries' grand birth-psalm through the air?
When deeds were done which history has sung;
The ivory rood o'er hallowed altars hung,
Its spotless arms to all mankind did ope,
When life was young, and even death could hope!

RECOLLECTION.

I feared to suffer, though I hoped to weep
In seeing thee again, thou hallowed ground,
Where ever dear remembrance for her sleep
A tomb has found.

Friends, in this solitude what did you dread,
Why did ye seek my footsteps to restrain,
When sweet and ancient custom hither led
My feet again?

Here are these haunts beloved, the flow'ry waste,
The silvery footprints on the silent sand,
The paths, where lost in love-talk sweet we paced,
Hand locked in hand.

Here are the pine-trees with their sombre green,
The deep ravine, with rocky, winding ways,
Lulled by whose ancient murmurs I have seen
Such happy days.

Here are the thickets, where my joyous youth
Sings like a choir of birds in every tree;
Sweet wilds, that saw my mistress pass, in sooth
Looked ye for me?

Nay, let them flow, for they are precious tears,
The tears that from a heart unhardened rise,
Nor brush away this mist of bygone years
From off mine eyes!

I shall not wake with vain and bitter cry
The echo of these woods, where I was blest;
Proud is the forest in its beauty high,
Proud is my breast.

Let him devote himself to endless woes
Who kneels alone beside a loved one's tomb;
But here all breathes of life, the churchyard rose
Here does not bloom.

And lo! the moon is rising through the shades;
Her glance still trembles, "beauteous queen of night";
But all the dark horizon she pervades
With growing light.

As all the perfumes of the buried day
Rise from this soil, still humid with the rain,
So from my softened breast, beneath her ray,
Rises my love again.

Whither have fled the griefs that made me old?
Vanished is all that vexed my life before,
I grow, as I this friendly vale behold,
A child once more.

O fatal power of time! O fleeting hours!
Our tears, our cries, our vain regrets ye hush,
But pity moves you, and our faded flowers
Ye do not crush.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

A LAST WORD.

Thing of a day! Fret out thy little hour;
Whence thy unceasing plaint, thy bitter cry;
And why in tears consume thy spirit's pow'r?
Immortal is thy soul, thy tears will dry.

Thy heart is racked and wrung by love betrayed,
Beneath the strain 'twill break, or cease to feel;
Thou prayest God to hasten to thine aid:
Immortal is thy soul, thy heart will heal.

By longing and regret thy life is torn,
The past shuts out the future from thine eye;
Grieve not for yesterday,—await the morn;
Immortal is thy soul, time passes by.

Thy form is bent beneath oppressive thought,
Thy brow is burdened, and thy limbs give way;
Oh, bow the knee! fall prostrate, thing of naught!
Immortal is thy soul, death frees thy clay.

Thy mouldering form its mother-earth will feed,
Thy glory, name, and memory must die,
But not thy love, if thou hast loved indeed,
Thy deathless soul will cherish it on high.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

GEMS FROM THE KORAN.

[MOHAMMED, the Arabian prophet and founder of Islam or the creed of the Moslem, was born at Mecca, A. D. 571, died at Medina, in 632. Mohammed was early left an orphan, and became successively a merchant, a soldier and a shepherd. At the age of 24, having married a rich widow, he relinquished all business, and gave himself up to those religious meditations to which he had been long addicted. Spending much time in solitude in a cave near Mecca, he is said to have received his first revelation in his fortieth year, though he did not become publicly a prophet until 612. His first converts were his wife and family, but the progress of the new faith was slow, and Mohammed met with ridicule, persecution, and finally banishment from Mecca. The Mohammedan era dates from Sept. 20, 622, the epoch of the Hedjrah (Hegira) or flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina. Here he built a mosque, and began to propagate the new religion by preaching and the institution of religious rites This was followed in subsequent years by the military efforts of Mohammed to propagate the new faith by the sword, in which he was remarkably successful, capturing Mecca, and leading on to the conversion and consolidation into one people of all the Arabian tribes.

The Koran (Al-Koran, Arabic) the sacred book of the Mohammedans, was undoubtedly composed chiefly if not entirely by the prophet, though it is claimed by believers to have been revealed by the angel Gabriel, at different times during twenty-three years, partly at Mecca and partly at Medina. It is divided into Sûras or Chapters, each beginning with the solemn form called the Bismillah, "In the name of the most merciful God." Its language is elegant and of the purest Arabic. Its main purpose was to unite in the worship of the one true God the followers of the three different religions of Arabia, the majority of whom were idolaters, and the rest Jews and Christians.

With this doctrine of pure monotheism was joined a code of laws and ceremonial observances enforced by

promised rewards and threatened punishments, both temporal and eternal; and the final object was to bring all to the obedience of Mohammed as the inspired prophet and ambassador of the Almighty. The Koran teaches that there are angels and devils, besides an intermediate order called Djinns or Genii, created of fire, and both good and evil in moral quality. Of these there are different ranks, some being Peri or fairies, some Dio or giants. Mohammed taught that there were four different Scriptures or revelations, the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Gospel and the Koran. While abounding in noble and sometimes poetic sentiments, the Koran taught the doctrine of polygamy, and a sensuous Paradise. Its great merit is its rejection of idolatry, and its appeals to the high religious feeling.]

SURA 93.—THE BRIGHTNESS.

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

By the noon-day Brightness,
And by the night when it darkeneth!
Thy Lord hath not forsaken thee, neither hath he been displeased.
And surely the Future shall be better for thee than the Past,
And in the end shall thy Lord be bounteous to thee and thou be satisfied.
Did he not find thee an orphan and give thee a home?
And found thee erring and guided thee,
And found thee needy and enriched thee.
As to the orphan therefore wrong him not;
And as to him that asketh of thee, chide him not away;
And as for the favours of thy Lord tell them abroad.

Say: O, ye Unbelievers!
I worship not that which ye worship,
And ye do not worship that which I worship;
I shall never worship that which ye worship,
Neither will ye worship that which I worship.
To you be your religion; to me my religion.

By the Night when she spreads her veil
By the Day when it brightly shineth;
By him who made male and female;
At different ends truly do ye aim!
But as to him who giveth alms and feareth God,
And yieldeth assent to the Good,
To him will we make easy the path to happiness.
But as to him who is covetous and bent on riches,
And calleth the Good a lie,
To him will we make easy the path to misery:
And what shall his wealth avail him when he goeth down?
Truly man's guidance is with Us
And Our's the Future and the Past.
I warn you therefore of the flaming fire,
None shall be cast to it but the most wretched,—
Who hath called the truth a lie and turned his back.
But the God-fearing shall escape it,—
Who giveth away his substance that he may become pure;
And who offereth not favours to any one for the sake of recompense,
But only as seeking the face of his Lord the Most High.
And surely in the end he shall be well content.

Praise the name of the Lord the Most High,
Who hath created and balanced all things,
Who hath fixed their destinies and guideth them,
Who bringeth forth the pasture,
And reduceth it to dusky stubble.
We will teach thee to recite the Koran, nor aught shalt thou forget,
Save what God pleaseth; for he knoweth alike things manifest and hidden;
And we will make easy to thee our easy ways.
Warn, therefore, for the warning is profitable:
He that feareth God will receive the warning,—
And the most reprobate only will turn aside from it,
Who shall be exposed to the terrible fire
In which he shall not die, and shall not live.
Happy he who is punished by Islam,
And who remembereth the name of his Lord and prayeth;
But ye prefer this present life,
Though the life to come is better and more enduring.
This truly is in the Books of old,
The Books of Abraham and Moses.

When the Heaven shall have split asunder
And duteously obeyed its Lord;
And when Earth shall have been stretched out as a plain,
And shall have cast forth what was in her and become empty,
And duteously obeyed its Lord;
Then verily, O man, who desirest to reach thy Lord, shalt thou meet him.
And he into whose right hand his Book shall be given,
Shall be reckoned within an easy reckoning,

And shall turn, rejoicing, to his kindred.
But he whose Book shall be given him from behind his back
Shall invoke destruction:
But in the fire shall he burn
For that he lived joyously among his kindred,
Without a thought that he should return to God
Yea, but his Lord beheld him.
It needs not therefore that I swear by the sunset redness,
And by the night and its gatherings,
And by the moon when at her full,
That from state to state shall ye be surely carried onward.
What then hath come to them that they believe not?
And that when the Koran is recited to them, they adore not?
Yea, the unbelievers treat it as a lie.
But God knoweth their secret hatreds:
Let their only tidings be those of painful punishment;
Save to those who believe and do the things that be right.
An unfailing recompense shall be theirs.
By the star-bespangled Heaven!
By the promised ray!
By the witness and the witnessed!
Cursed the master of the trench
Of the fuel-fed fire,
When they sat around it,
Witnesses of what they inflicted on the believers!
Nor did they torment them out for their father's God, the Mighty, the Praiseworthy:
His the kingdom of the Heavens and of the Earth; and God is the witness of everything.
Verily, those who vexed the believers, men and women, and repented not, doth the torment of Hell and the torment of the burning await.
But for those who shall have believed and done the things that be right, are the Gardens beneath whose shades the rivers flow! This the immense bliss!
Verily, right terrible will be the Lord's vengeance!
He it is who produceth *all* things, and causeth them to return;
And He is the Indulgent, the Loving;
Possessor of the Glorious throne;
Worker of that He willeth;
Hath not the story reached thee of the hosts
Of Pharaoh and Themond?
Nay! the infidels are all for denial:
But God surroundeth them from behind.
Yet it is a glorious Koran
Written on the preserved Table.
Of what ask they of one another?
Of the great News,
The theme of their dispute.
Nay! they shall certainly know its *truth!*
Again. Nay! they shall certainly know it.
Have we not made the Earth a couch?
And the mountains its tent-stakes?
We have created you of two sexes,
And ordained your sleep for rest,
And ordained the night as a mantle,
And ordained the day for gaining livelihood,
And built above you seven solid heavens,
And placed therein a burning lamp;
And we send down water in abundance from the rain-clouds,
That we may bring forth by it corn and herb,
And gardens thick with trees.
Lo! the day of Severance is fixed;
The day when there shall be a blast on the trumpet, and ye shall come in crowds,
And the heaven shall be opened and be full of portals,
And the mountains shall be set in motion, and melt into thin vapour.
Hell truly shall be a place of snares,
The home of transgressors,
To abide therein ages;
No coolness shall they taste therein nor any drink,
Save boiling water and running sores;
Meet recompense!
For they looked not forward to their account;
And they give the lie to our signs, charging them with falsehood;
But we noted and wrote down all:
"Taste this then: and we will give you increase of nought but torment."
But, for the God-fearing is a blissful abode,
Enclosed gardens and vineyards;
And damsels with swelling breasts, their peers in age,
And a full cup:
There shall they hear no vain discourse, nor any falsehood:
A recompense from thy Lord—sufficing gift!—
Lord of the heavens and of the earth, and of all that between them lieth—the God of Mercy! But not a word shall they obtain from Him.
On the day whereon the Spirit and the Angels shall be ranged in order, they shall not speak; save he whom the God of Mercy shall permit, and who shall say that which is right.
This is the sure day. Whoso then will, let him take the path of return to his Lord.
Verily, we warn you of a chastisement close at hand:
The day on which a man shall see the deeds which his hands have sent before him; and when the unbeliever shall say, "Oh! would I were dust!"

THE PERFECT LOVER.

[**Sir John Suckling**, born at Whitton, Middlesex, 1608; died in France, 1641. Poet and soldier in the troublous days of Charles I. He was educated at Cambridge. His works are: *The Session of the Poets; Aglaura*, a tragi-comedy; *The Discontented Colonel*, and *A Sad One*, tragedies; *The Goblins*, a comedy; *An Account of Religion by Reason;* the *Ballad on a Wedding;* &c. "The grace and elegance of his songs and ballads are inimitable."—*George Ellis.*]

Honest lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same:
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over:
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When she has little or nothing spoken:
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou let'st not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly:
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat;
And with much gazing on her face
Dost not rise hungry from the place:
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew:
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

A HIGHLAND GLEN.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing?
Silent—as infant at the breast—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with unseen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie!
By that blue arch this beauteous earth
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth
Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh! that this lovely vale were mine—
Then from glad youth to calm decline
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And Memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious Heaven,
A piety sublime;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make, in this deep solitude,
Eternity of time!

And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale?—I feel that I have wronged
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint heirs of the whole!

Yea! long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies.

ON A FADED VIOLET.

The odour from the flower is gone,
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown,
Which glowed of thee, and only thee.

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not!
I sigh—it breathes no more on me!
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

P. B. SHELLEY.

THE INVENTOR.

[Erckmann-Chatrian, the compound name of two French authors. Emile Erckmann, born at Phalsbourg, in the department of the Meurthe, 20th May, 1822. Alexandre Chatrian, born at Soldatenthal, Meurthe, 18th December, 1826. In conjunction, and under the name of Erckmann-Chatrian, the two friends have produced numerous tales and plays, which were for some time supposed to proceed from one pen. *The Illustrious Doctor Mathéus* was the first work which obtained popularity, and since then the authors have written the following amongst other novels:—*The Conscript of 1813; Madame Thérèse; The Invasion; Waterloo; A Man of the People; The War; The Blockade* (of Phalsbourg); *History of a Peasant; Master Daniel Rock; Tales of the Rhine Borders; Friend Fritz; The Story of the Plébicite; The Polish Jew*, a play, &c. &c. Their works are distinguished by faithful and vivid portraiture of rural life and manners; and sometimes by a kind of weird fancy playing with scientific possibilities.]

On the twenty-ninth day of July, 1835, Kasper Bœck, a shepherd of the village of Hirchwiller, his large felt hat hanging upon his shoulders, his canvas wallet hanging by his side, and followed by his great yellow-pawed dog, presented himself about nine o'clock in the evening at the house of the Burgomaster Petrousse, who had just finished supper, and was helping himself to a glass of kirschenwasser to aid his digestion.

The Burgomaster was a tall thin man, and wore on his lip a large grizzly moustache. He had, in former days, served in the army of the Archduke Charles; and, while possessed of a good-natured disposition, he ruled the village of Hirchwiller with a wag of his finger and a nod of his head.

"Burgomaster!" cried the shepherd in a state of excitement; but Petrousse, without waiting to hear him further, frowned and said—

"Kasper Bœck, begin by taking off your hat; send out your dog, and then speak plainly without spluttering, in order that I may understand you."

Whereupon the Burgomaster, standing near the table, quietly emptied his glass, and sucked the fringe of his great moustache with an air of indifference.

Kasper sent out his dog and returned, cap in hand.

"Now," said Petrousse, seeing the shepherd somewhat composed, "tell me what has happened."

"It happens that the ghost has appeared again in the ruins of Geirstein!"

"Ah! I doubt that very much. Have you seen it, Kasper?"

"That I have, Burgomaster, very plainly."

"What was it like?"

"It looked like a little man."

"Good."

Then the old soldier, unhooking his gun from above the door, slung it over his shoulder and addressed the shepherd,

"Go and tell the constable to meet me directly in the little lane of the hollies," said he. "Your ghost is likely to prove some vagabond rascal; but if it should turn out to be only a fox, I'll make its skin into a cap with long ears for you."

So saying the Burgomaster strode out, followed humbly by Kasper Bœck.

The weather was charming. Whilst the shepherd hastened to knock at the door of the constable, Petrousse ensconced himself in a grove of elders which skirted the back of the old village church. Two minutes later Kasper and Hans Gœrner, his short sword dangling by his side, joined the Burgomaster at a sharp trot. The three advanced towards the ruins of Geirstein.

These ruins, situated at about twenty minutes' walk from the village, appeared insignificant enough, consisting of several fragments of a broken-down wall, some four or six feet in height, which made themselves barely visible amidst the brushwood. Archæologists called them the aqueducts of Seranus, the Roman camp of Holderloch, or the vestiges of Theodoric, according to their fancy. The only remarkable feature about these ruins was the flight of stairs of a cavern cut in the rock. Contrary to most winding stairs, instead of the concentric circles contracting at every downward sweep, the spiral of this hollow increased in width in such a manner that the bottom of the hollow became three times as large as the outlet.

Could this be a caprice of architecture? or what other strange cause determined so odd a structure? It is a matter which need concern us little; sufficient for the present is the fact, that in the cavern might be heard that vague murmur which any one may hear by applying the hollow of a shell to his ear: you could hear also the step of the wayfarer upon the gravel, the sighing of the breeze, the rustling of the leaves, and even the conversation of the passers-by.

The three travellers ascended the little footpath which lay between the vines and the cabbage-gardens of Hirchwiller.

"I can see nothing," broke forth the Burgomaster, turning up his nose mockingly.

"Nor I either," Hans chimed in, imitating the tone of his superior.

"Oh, it is in the hole," muttered the shepherd.

"We shall see, we shall see," the Burgomaster replied confidently. And after this fashion in about a quarter of an hour they reached the mouth of the cavern.

I have said that the night was clear, bright, and perfectly calm. The moon, as far as the eye could reach, lit with bluish tints one of those nocturnal landscapes clothed with silvery trees, the shadows of which upon the ground seem traced in the firm dark lines of a pencil. The heath and the broom in blossom perfumed the breeze with an odour sharpened by the night air; and the frogs of a neighbouring marsh croaking their hoarse strains broke from time to time the silence of the night.

But all these appearances escaped the attention of our worthy rustics; they thought only of laying hands upon the ghost.

Arriving at the cavern mouth the three halted and listened. Then they looked into the darkness: nothing could be seen, nothing stirred.

"Confound it," exclaimed the Burgomaster, "we have forgotten to bring a bit of candle with us. Get down the stair, Kasper, you know the way better than I do; I will follow you."

At this proposal the shepherd recoiled hastily. If he had followed his own inclination the poor fellow would have taken to his heels: his piteous looks caused the Burgomaster to fall into fits of laughter.

"Very well then, Hans, since Kasper is afraid to descend, you must lead the way."

"But—but, good Burgomaster," expostulated the constable, "you know there are some of the steps awanting. We run the risk of breaking our necks."

"Then send on your dog, Kasper," continued the Burgomaster.

The shepherd called his dog; he showed him the stairs, he urged him forward, but the dog no more than the men inclined to make the venture.

At this moment a brilliant idea occurred to Hans.

"Ha! Mister Petrousse," he exclaimed, "suppose you fire a shot into the cave?"

"By my faith," cried the Burgomaster, "you are right. We shall see clearly at any rate."

And without hesitating the bold man approached the staircase holding his gun. But by reason of the acoustic effects which have been already pointed out, the ghost, the vagabond, or whatever it was occupied the cavern, heard all that had passed. The idea of receiving the report of a gun did not seem to suit his tastes, for in a small shrill voice he cried—

"Hold! do not fire! I ascend to you!"

Then the three besiegers regarded each other, subduing their laughter, and the Burgomaster again bending over the hollow shouted in rude tone—

"Make haste, rascal, or I fire!"

He shouldered his gun. The click of the lock seemed to hasten the ascent of the mysterious individual, and several stones, detached in his haste, were heard to roll to the bottom. Nevertheless, more than a minute elapsed before any one appeared, the cavern being at least sixty feet in depth.

What could engage that man in the midst of such darkness? Surely he must be some great criminal! Thus thought at least the Burgomaster and his attendants.

At length a vague form emerged from the shade. Then slowly, step by step, a little lean red-haired man, four and a half feet in height, his complexion sallow, his eye sparkling like a magpie's, his hair in disorder, and his clothes in tatters, issued from the cavern crying—

"By what right, wretches, do you come to disturb my studies?"

This authoritative speech was not at all in keeping with the dress and figure of the little fellow, so the Burgomaster replied indignantly:—

"Make haste to prove yourself an honest man, you wretched imp, or I shall begin by giving you a thrashing."

"A thrashing!" cried the manikin, dancing with rage and drawing himself up under the nose of the Burgomaster.

"Yes, a thrashing," replied Petrousse, who, nevertheless, could not help admiring the courage of the dwarf, "if you do not reply in a satisfactory manner to the questions I am about to put to you. I am the Burgomaster of Hirchwiller; here is the constable, the shepherd, and his dog; we are stronger than you, observe; be wise, therefore, and tell me peaceably what you are, what you do here, and why you do not appear in the light of day. After that we shall see what is to be done with you."

"All that does not concern you," replied the little man in his harsh voice; "I will not answer you."

"In that case then, forward, march!" the Burgomaster responded, seizing him by the neck, "you shall take up your quarters in prison."

The little fellow struggled and twisted like

a weasel: he even attempted to bite, and the dog was already manifesting designs upon his calves, when, thoroughly exhausted, he said, not without a certain dignity:—

"Release me sir, I yield to force; I shall follow you."

The Burgomaster, not wanting in courtesy, became more calm in turn.

"You promise me that," said he.

"I promise you."

"That is well: walk then in front of us."

And this is how, on the night of the twenty-ninth of July, 1835, the Burgomaster of Hirchwiller effected the capture of a little red-haired man, issuing from the ruins of Geirstein.

On reaching the village the constable ran to seek the key of the prison, and the captive was shut in under double lock.

The next day, towards nine o'clock, Hans Gœrner, having received orders to lead the prisoner to the court-house in order to submit him to a new interrogation, betook himself with four stout fellows to the cell. They opened the door, full of curiosity to see the ghost, but what was their surprise to see him hanging by his cravat to the railing of the skylight window. Without delay they set off to the house of the Burgomaster, to apprise him of the event.

The justice of peace and the doctor of Hirchwiller drew up in legal form a deposition of the witnesses of the catastrophe; then they buried the unknown one in a neighbouring clover-field, and so the matter ended.

But about three weeks after these events I went to see my cousin Petrousse, of whom I happened to be the nearest relative and heir, circumstances which maintained between us an attachment of the closest kind. We were dining together and talking of various subjects, in the course of which he related to me the preceding history, just as I have reported it.

"It is strange, cousin," said I to him, "very strange! and you have no other trace of that mysterious being?"

"None."

"You have learned nothing which can give you a hint of his intentions?"

"Absolutely nothing, Christian."

"But what could he be doing in the cave? what could be the object of his life?"

The Burgomaster shrugged his shoulders, refilled our glasses, and replied—

"Your health, cousin."

"And yours."

We remained silent for some minutes. It was impossible for me to be satisfied with the sudden termination of this adventure, and in spite of myself I fell into a dreamy melancholy, thinking of the sad fate of certain men who appear and disappear in the world like the flowers of the field, without leaving behind them the least remembrance or the least regret.

"Cousin," I at length inquired, "how far may it be from here to the ruins of Geirstein?"

"Twenty minutes' walk at farthest. Why do you ask?"

"Just that I wish to see them."

"You know that to-day we have a meeting of the council, and that I cannot accompany you."

"Oh!" I replied, "I shall easily find them myself."

"That is unnecessary," he said, "Hans will show you the way; he has nothing better to do." And my cousin, having tapped upon his glass, called his servant and said—

"Katel, go seek Hans Gœrner; let him make haste; it is now two o'clock, and I must be going."

The domestic departed, and Hans arrived without delay. He received instructions to conduct me to the ruins, and, whilst the Burgomaster proceeded leisurely to the council chamber, we mounted the brow of the hill. Hans Gœrner pointed out to me with his hand the remains of the aqueduct. At this moment the rocky edge of the plateau, the blue mountains of Hundsrück, the sadly dilapidated walls covered with sombre ivy, the clang of the village bell calling the worthies of Hirchwiller to council, the panting constable clinging to the brushwood, all produced within me a sad and sombre impression I could hardly account for, unless it might be the history of the poor suicide casting a shadow on the horizon.

The staircase of the cavern appeared to me extremely curious, its spiral form elegant. The rough shrubs springing from the fissures at almost every step, and the desolate aspect of the place, accorded with my sadness.

We descended, and soon the luminous point of the opening above, which appeared to become more and more narrow, taking the form of a star with diverging rays, alone lent us its pale light.

On reaching the bottom of the cave it was a wondrous sight which the whole flight of steps presented, lighted from above and casting their shadows with a marvellous regularity. I now heard the resonance Petrousse had spoken of to me; the immense granite shell had as many echoes as stones.

"Has any one descended here since the little

man was discovered?" I inquired of Hans Gœrner.

"No, sir, the peasants are afraid; they imagine that the ghost has gone back again. No one ventures into the Screech-owl's Ear."

"Do they call this the Screech-owl's Ear?"

"Yes."

"It resembles that closely," said I lifting my eyes. "This vault reversed forms the concha or outer part, underneath the stairs we have the tympanic cavity, and the windings of the staircase represent the cochlea, the labyrinth, and the vestibule of the ear. Here, then, is the cause of the murmur which is heard: we are at the base of a colossal ear."

"It is very likely," replied Hans, who seemed to understand nothing of my observations.

We prepared to ascend, and I had already mounted a few steps when I felt something crumble under my foot. Bending down to see what it might be, I perceived at the same time a white object before me, which proved to be a tattered sheet of paper. As for the hard substance which had been broken, I recognized in it a kind of glazed brown stone jug.

"Oh, ho!" I cried, "this may throw some light upon the Burgomaster's story," and I rejoined Hans Gœrner, who already awaited me at the mouth of the cavern.

"Now sir," he said to me, "where do you wish to go?"

"In the first place," said I, "let us rest a little: we shall consider presently."

I sat down upon a stone, while Hans cast his falcon eye round about the village in search of plunderers in the gardens, if any such could be discovered.

I examined carefully the stone vase, of which only a fragment remained. That fragment presented the form of the mouth of a trumpet lined with down. Its use I could not make out. I then read the fragment of the letter, which was written in a steady flowing hand. I have transcribed it word for word. It seems to form a continuation of another portion of the sheet, which I have since sought for unsuccessfully in and about the ruins.

. . . . . .

"My micracoustic cornet has therefore the double advantage of multiplying infinitely the intensity of sounds, and of introducing into the ear nothing which will in the least annoy the observer. You could hardly credit, my dear master, the delight which one experiences in distinguishing the thousand imperceptible noises which, in the beautiful summer days, combine to form one immense hum. The bee has his song, like the nightingale; the wasp is the linnet of the mosses; the grasshopper the twittering swallow of the tall grass; the gnat resembles the wren in the same degree; its voice is only a sigh, but that sigh is melodious.

"This discovery, from a philosophic point of view, which makes us share in the life universal, surpasses in importance all that I am able to say of it.

"After so much suffering, privation, and weariness, how glorious it is to gather in at last the reward of our labours. With what thankfulness the soul lifts itself towards the divine Author of these microscopic worlds, the magnificence of which has been revealed to us! What are now the long hours of anguish, of hunger, of scorn, which formerly overwhelmed us? Nothing, my dear master, nothing! Tears of gratitude moisten our eyes. We are proud of having bought by suffering new joys for humanity and of having contributed to its elevation. But however vast, however admirable may be these first results of my micracoustic cornet, its advantages do not stop there. There are others more positive, more material, so to speak, and which are demonstrable by figures.

"Just as the telescope enables us to discover myriads of worlds accomplishing their harmonious revolutions in space, so does my micracoustic cornet carry the sense of hearing beyond the bounds of the possible. Thus, sir, I do not stop at the circulation of the blood and the humours of the living body. You may hear them rush along with the impetuosity of cataracts, you may perceive them with a distinctness that would astonish you. The least irregularity in the pulse, the slightest obstacle in its course, strikes you, and produces the effect of a rock against which are dashed the waters of a torrent!

"This is unquestionably an immense gain in the development of our physiological and pathological knowledge, but it is not on this point I insist.

"On applying your ear, sir, to the ground, you can hear the hot mineral waters springing up at immense depths; you can estimate their volume, their currents, their obstacles. Do you desire to go further? Descend into a subterranean vault so constructed as to collect a considerable quantity of appreciable sounds; then at night, when all sleep, and nothing disturbs the interior sounds of our globe, listen!

"My dear master, all that I can say at this moment—for in the midst of my deep misery, of my privations, and often indeed of my despair, there is left for me only a few lucid moments

in which I can pursue my geological observations—all it is possible for me to tell you is, that the bubbling of flaming lava and the uproar of elements in ebullition is something awful and sublime, and which can only be compared to the feelings of the astronomer sounding with his glass the depths of space and infinitude. Nevertheless I must confess to you, that these experiences have need of being further studied and classified in methodic manner, in order to draw from them reliable conclusions. Also, as soon as you have deigned, my dear and worthy master, to forward to me at Newstadt the small sum I have asked of you to meet my pressing wants, we shall come to an understanding, with the view of establishing three subterranean observatories—one in the valley of Catane, the other in Iceland, and the third in one of the valleys of Capac-Uren, of Songay, or of Cayembe-Uren, the deepest in the Cordilleras, and consequently . . .

. . . . . .

Here the letter ended! My hands fell by my sides, I was stupified. Had I been reading the ravings of a madman or the realized inspirations of a genius? What could one say? What could one think? This miserable man living at the bottom of a pit, dying with hunger, had been perhaps one of those chosen ones whom the Supreme Being sends upon the earth to enlighten future generations. This man had hung himself in disgust. His prayer had not been responded to, although he asked only a morsel of bread in exchange for his discovery. It was a horrible thought. Long I remained there, lost in reverie and thanking Heaven for not having willed to make of me a leading man in the community of martyrs. At length Hans Gœrner, seeing me with eyes fixed and mouth agape, ventured to touch me on the shoulder.

"Sir," said he, "it grows late; the Burgomaster by this time will have returned from the council."

"Ah! you are right," I exclaimed, crumpling the paper in my hand; "let us go."

We descended the bank. My cousin met us on the threshold, a smile upon his face.

"Well, friend Christian! you have found nothing of the simpleton who hung himself?"

"No."

"I thought as much," continued the Burgomaster. "He was doubtless some lunatic escaped from Stefansfeld or other madhouse. By my faith, he did well to hang himself. When one is good for nothing, that is the wisest thing he can do."—*From the French, by* JOHN CHALMERS, M.D.

ON THE PICTURE OF "A CHILD TIRED OF PLAY."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Tired of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;
Twilight gathers, and day is done—
How hast thou spent it—restless one?

Playing? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learn'd by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired—but not of play!
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.
If thine open hand hath relieved distress—
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence—
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With her holy meanings eloquently—
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove—
If never a sad, low spoken word
Hath pled with thy human heart unheard—
Then, when the night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

THE ROSE.

The rose, alas! thy guardian hand
Saved yesterday from dying,
Pale, wan, and wither'd from its stem,
Is now in ruins lying:
But the fond flower, to show she still
Was grateful e'en in death,
Her blushes to thy cheek bequeathed,
Her perfume to thy breath.

SIR THOMAS E. CROFT.

A MATCH.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

[**John Evelyn**, born at Wotton, Surrey, 31st October, 1620; died 27th February, 1705-6 He saw much of the court of Charles II., but retained his character of an upright and studious gentleman. He wrote numerous works, chiefly on social and scientific subjects, but his *Diary* (from which our extract is taken) and his *Sylva*, or a Discourse of Forest Trees, are the only ones which have kept their place in general estimation. Of his other works it will suffice to mention: *Fumifugium*, or the Inconvenience of the Air and Smoke of London Dissipated; *Tyrannus*, or the Mode, in a Discourse of Sumptuary Laws; *Sculptura*, or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving on Copper; *Terra*, a Philosophical Discourse of the Earth; *Mundus Muliebris*, or the Ladies' Dressing-room Unlocked and her Toilette Spread,—a burlesque; *Numismata*, a Discourse of Medals, Ancient and Modern, &c. "His life, which was extended to eighty-six years, was a course of inquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence." —*Horace Walpole.*]

1666. 2 Sept. This fatal night about ten, began that deplorable fire neere Fish Streete in London.

3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole Citty in dreadfull flames neare the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd: and so returned exceedinge astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadfull manner) when conspiring with a fierce Eastern wind in a very drie season; I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole South part of the Citty burning from Cheapeside to the Thames, and all along Cornehill (for it likewise kindl'd back against the wind, as well as forward), Tower Streete, Fen-church Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches,

C. SCHWENINGER. PINX.

Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from the other; for the heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the aire and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as happly the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdon till the universal conflagration of it. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shreiking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of Towers, Houses and Churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at the last one was not able to approch it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clowds also of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 56 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly call'd to my mind that passage *non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem:* the ruines resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned home.

Sept. 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; all Fleet Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paules Chaine, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, the mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The Eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was the help of man.

5. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh, the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleas'd his Majesty to command me among the rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen tooke their several posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them downe with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd nearly the whole Citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permitt, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd, and my concerne being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew neere Smithfield, where I had my wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God by abating the wind, and by the industrie of the people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the furie of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than the Temple Westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield North: but continu'd all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripple-gate and the Tower as made us all despaire; it also brake out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlongs space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischeife, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and publish'd,[1] giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the Citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accomodations in stately and

[1] The *Fumifugium*.

well furnish'd houses, were now reduced to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, were safe and sound.

Sept. 6, Thursday. I represented to his Majesty the case of the French prisoners at war in my custodie, and besought him that there might be still the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseised houses. It is not indeede imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which he shewed his affection to his people and gained theirs. Having then dispos'd of some under cure at the Savoy, I return'd to White-hall, where I din'd at Mr. Offley's,[1] the groome porter, who was my relation.

7. I went this morning on foote from White-hall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paules, Cheapeside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroyed all the bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in the river, and render'd the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my returne I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly Church St. Paules now a sad ruine, and that beautifull portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heate had in a manner calcin'd, so that all the ornaments, columnes, freezes, capitals, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to the very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no lesse than 6 akers by measure) was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broke into St. Faith's, which being fill'd with the magazines of bookes belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the East end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one Bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabriq of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies Halls, splendid buildings, arches, enteries, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerely warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clowds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one loade of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about the ruines appear'd like men in some dismal desart, or rather in some greate Citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the Citty streetes, hinges, barrs and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heate. Nor was I yet able to passe through any of the narrower streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and aire, smoake and fiery vapour, continu'd so intense that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably surbated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly knowne where he was, but by the ruines of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along

[1] Dr. Offley was rector of Abinger, and donor of farms to Okewood Chapel in the parish of Wotton, in the patronage of the Evelyn family.

by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse, and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one pennie for reliefe, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the Citty. There was in truth some days before greate suspicion of those two nations joyning; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into the suburbs about the Citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Majesty's Proclamation also invited them.

Still the plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

10. I went againe to the ruines, for it was now no longer a Citty.

13 Sept. I presented his Majesty with a survey of the ruines, and a plot for a new Citty, with a discourse on it; whereupon after dinner his Majesty sent for me into the Queen's bed-chamber, her Majesty and the Duke onely being present; they examin'd each particular, and discours'd on them for neere an houre, seeming to be extreamely pleas'd with what I had so early thought on. The Queene was now in her cavalier riding habite, hat and feather, and horseman's coate, going out to take the aire.

16. I went to Greenewich Church, where Mr. Plume preached very well from this text: 'Seeing therefore all these things must be dissolved,' &c. taking occasion from the late unparalell'd conflagration to remind us how we ought to walke more holyly in all manner of conversation.

27. Dined at Sir Wm. D'Oylie's with that worthy gent. Sir John Holland of Suffolke.

10 Oct. This day was order'd a generall fast thro' the Nation, to humble us on the late dreadfull conflagration, added to the plague and warr, the most dismall judgments that could be inflicted, but which indeede we highly deserv'd for our prodigious ingratitude, burning lusts, dissolute Court, profane and abominable lives, under such dispensations of God's continu'd favour in restoring Church, Prince, and People from our late intestine calamities, of which we were altogether unmindfull, even to astonishment. This made me resolve to go to our parish assemblie, where our Doctor preached on the 19 Luke 41, piously applying it to the occasion. After which was a collection for the distress'd loosers in the late fire.

LOVE'S EYES.

O me, what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's "No."
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE SEA CAVE.

Hardly we breathe, although the air be free.
How massively doth awful nature pile
The living rock, like some cathedral aisle,
Sacred to silence and the solemn sea!
How that clear pool lies sleeping tranquilly,
And under its glassed surface seems to smile,
With many hues, a mimic grove the while,
Of foliage submarine—shrub, flower, and tree!
Beautiful scene! and fitted to allure
The printless footsteps of some sea-born maid;
Who here, with her green tresses disarrayed,
'Mid the clear bath, unfearing and secure,
May sport, at noontide in the caverned shade,
Cold as the shadow, as the waters pure.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

NEW YEAR NUMBERS.

[William Sawyer, born at Brighton, 26th July, 1828. Poet and novelist. He was early connected with literature as a contributor to the magazines; in 1846 he published *Stray Leaves*, and in 1849 *Thought and Reverie*, two volumes of poems. In 1867 appeared his *Ten Miles from Town*, and in 1872 his *Legend of Phyllis*—an exquisite new reading of an old story—which established his reputation as a poet. He has also written a number of novels, which have appeared anonymously. Of *Ten Miles from Town*, Dr. Westland Marston said: "It is long since I have enjoyed, in modern works, pictures so charming, so individual, so earnestly and so conscientiously wrought out as those this book presents; or listened to strains of feeling so high and pure, and so finished in point of execution." Grace, fancy, music, and tender thought distinguish his poems. He died in 1876.]

Trust Him that is thy God, and have no fear:
His eyelids ache not with the drowse of sleep,
He cannot tire, and how should He forget?

Self centred in His own eternity,
He that is All is cause and law of all;
Alike in orb and atom infinite.

The worlds He soweth broadcast with His hand,
As o'er the glebe the sower soweth seed,
Till with His glory all the heavens are sown.

Yet perfect from His shaping fingers sent
The rain-drop glitters populous with life;
And in a jewelled surcoat wheels the gnat.

Behold the yearly miracle of Spring!
The pinky nipples of the budding leaves
Break in a night, and lo, the wood is green!

Art thou more bare than is the winter wood,
Or less esteemed of Him who gives thee joy
In the first rustle of the April leaves?

And if thy prime be gone and thou lament,
"The leaves are falling and the fruit is done!"
Yet shrink not from the winter of thy days.

See where the cruel winds have swept the trees
And all are branching bare against the night,
There, in the barren spaces, hang the stars.

So when the leafage of thy days is past,
And life is desolate, repine thou not,—
God can give thee the stars of heaven for fruit!

Nor fear thou death. God's law is gain in loss:
Growth and decay obey a common law,
The starry blossom and the seed are one.

Think! Thou wert born and fashioned for a world
Assorted to thy needs and thy delights,
And wherein thou hast dwelt and had content.

Not of thy strength nor cunning didst thou come
Into the fief and heritage of life;
And shall all fail thee in thy going hence?

Thou art not of thyself a thing alone,
But of the earth which shaped and nourisheth
And is thy vital warmth and fount of life.

Its mountains are thy brothers, and its woods,
Its seas have lent thee, and its affluent winds
Spare thee thy being for a little space.

All things have part in thee as thou in all
Hast thine own part; thy soul its part in God,
And all enduring, shalt not thou endure?

The salt foam of the sea upon thy lips,
The blown sand of the desert in thy face,
Shall these outlast the ages and not thou?

The star shines and the cloud slips from its face
Each to its function, moving to one law;
And both imperishable, cloud and star.

Content thyself and comfort thee in this;
In God's design is neither best nor worst,
To Him the greater is not nor the less.

The All of all embraces gain and loss,
His steadfast and his fleeting are as one,
And of His ordered change is ordered good.

In Him love bounds the infinite of might,
And He who giveth both to live and die
Is equal Lord of Life and Lord of Death.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

A widow, she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

The widow's mite—ay, so sustain'd,
She battled onward, nor complain'd
Tho' friends were fewer:
And while she toil'd for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much:
She has, HE gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

1856. —*London Lyrics.*

SOCIETY IN LAST CENTURY.

[Frances Burney (Madame D'Arblay), born at Lynn Regis, Norfolk, 13th June, 1752; died at Bath, 6th January, 1840. She was the second daughter of Dr. Charles Burney, the author of the *History of Music*, and was for five years one of the keepers of the robes to Queen Charlotte. She had many opportunities of studying society and manners, and her works show that she did not neglect them. Her most notable productions are: *Evelina*, or the History of a Young Lady's Introduction to the World (from which we quote); *Cecilia*, or the Memoirs of an Heiress; *Camilla*, or a Picture of Youth; *The Wanderer*, or Female Difficulties; and the *Memoirs* of her father Dr. Burney. Her diary, published after her death, contains several valuable sketches of society towards the close of the last century. Dr. Johnson said: "Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively." Macaulay thought that "Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama. She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force, and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality."]

[The characters in the following scenes are:—Mrs. Beaumont, the hostess of the party; Lady Louisa, sister of Lord Orville, affected and vain, and betrothed to Lord Merton, a dissipated man about town, pretending to be reformed; Mr. Coverley, a sporting gentleman; Mr. Lovel, a fop; Mrs. Selwyn, a shrewd sarcastic lady in charge of Evelina, the heroine, who is a beautiful and unsophisticated girl, now betrothed to Lord Orville, a gentleman of sense and position; Captain Mirvan, a retired seaman, rough, and given to practical jokes; Maria, his daughter. Evelina writes:—]

The charming city of Bath answered all my expectations. The Crescent, the prospect from it, and the elegant symmetry of the Circus, delighted me. The Parades, I own, rather disappointed me; one of them is scarce preferable to some of the best paved streets in London: and the other, though it affords a beautiful prospect, a charming view of Prior-Park and of the Avon, yet wanted something in *itself* of more striking elegance than a mere broad pavement, to satisfy the ideas I had formed of it.

At the pump-room I was amazed at the public exhibition of the ladies in the bath; it is true, their heads are covered with bonnets; but the very idea of being seen in such a situation, by whoever pleases to look, is indelicate.

"'Fore George," said the captain, looking into the bath, "this would be a most excellent place for old Madame French to dance a fandango in! By jingo, I wouldn't wish for better sport than to swing her round this here pond!"

"She would be very much obliged to you," said Lord Orville, "for so extraordinary a mark of your favour."

"Why, to let you know," answered the captain, "she hit my fancy mightily; I never took so much to an old tabby before."

"Really now," cried Mr. Lovel, looking also into the bath, "I must confess it is, to me, very incomprehensible why the ladies choose that frightful unbecoming dress to bathe in! I have often pondered very seriously upon the subject, but could never hit upon the reason."

"Well, I declare," said Lady Louisa, "I should like of all things to set something new a-going; I always hated bathing, because one can get no pretty dress for it! Now do, there's a good creature, try to help me to something."

"Who, me!—O dear ma'am," said he, simpering, "I can't pretend to assist a person of your ladyship's taste; besides, I have not the least head for fashions—I really don't think I ever invented above three in my life! but I never had the least turn for dress,—never any notion of fancy or elegance."

"O fie, Mr. Lovel! how can you talk so?—don't we all know that you lead the *ton* in the *beau monde?* I declare, I think you dress better than anybody."

"O dear, ma'am, you confuse me to the last degree! *I* dress well!—I protest I don't think I'm ever fit to be seen!—I'm often shocked to death to think what a figure I go. If your ladyship will believe me, I was full half an hour this morning thinking what I should put on!"

"Odds my life," cried the captain, "I wish I'd been near you!—I warrant I'd have quickened your motions a little. Half an hour thinking what you'd put on! and who the deuce do you think cares the snuff of a candle whether you've anything on or not?"

"O pray, captain," cried Mrs. Selwyn, "don't be angry with the gentleman for *thinking*, whatever be the cause, for I assure you he makes no common practice of offending in that way."

"Really, ma'am, you're prodigiously kind," said Mr. Lovel, angrily.

"Pray now," said the captain, "did you ever get a ducking in that there place yourself?"

"A ducking, sir!" repeated Mr. Lovel: "I protest I think that's rather an odd term!—but if you mean a *bathing*, it is an honour I have had many times."

"And pray, if a body may be so bold, what do you do with that frizzle-frize top of your own? Why, I'll lay you what you will, there is fat and grease enough on your crown to buoy you up, if you were to go in head downwards."

"And I don't know," cried Mrs. Selwyn, "but that might be the easiest way: for I'm sure it would be the lightest."

"For the matter of that there," said the captain, "you must make him a soldier before you can tell which is lightest, head or heels. Howsomever, I'd lay ten pounds to a shilling I could whisk him so dexterously over into the pool, that he should light plump upon his foretop and turn round like a tetotum."

"Done!" cried Lord Merton; "I take your odds."

"Will you?" returned he; "why then, 'fore George, I'd do it as soon as say Jack Robinson."

"He, he!" faintly laughed Mr. Lovel, as he moved abruptly from the window; "'pon honour, this is pleasant enough; but I don't see what right anybody has to lay wagers about one without one's consent."

"There, Lovel, you are out," cried Mr. Coverley; "any man may lay what wager about you he will; your consent is nothing to the purpose: he may lay that your nose is sky-blue if he pleases."

"Ay," said Mrs. Selwyn, "or that your mind is more adorned than your person;—or any absurdity whatsoever."

"I protest," said Mr. Lovel, "I think it's a very disagreeable privilege, and I must beg that nobody may take such a liberty with *me*."

"Like enough you may," cried the captain; "but what's that to the purpose? Suppose I've a mind to lay that you've never a tooth in your head—pray, how will you hinder me?"

"You'll allow me, at least, sir, to take the liberty of asking how you'll *prove* it?"

"How?—why, by knocking them all down your throat."

"Knocking them all down my throat, sir!" repeated Mr. Lovel, with a look of horror; "I protest I never heard anything so shocking in my life! And I must beg leave to observe, that no wager, in my opinion, could justify such a barbarous action."

Here Lord Orville interfered, and hurried us to our carriages.

We returned in the same order we came. Mrs. Beaumont invited all the party to dinner, and has been so obliging as to beg Miss Mirvan may continue at her house during her stay. The captain will lodge at the Wells.

The first half-hour after our return was devoted to hearing Mr. Lovel's apologies for dining in his riding-dress.

Mrs. Beaumont then, addressing herself to Miss Mirvan and me, inquired how we liked Bath.

"I hope," said Mr. Lovel, "the ladies do not call this seeing Bath."

"No!—what should ail 'em?" cried the captain; "do you suppose they put their eyes in their pockets?"

"No, sir; but I fancy you will find no person—that is, no person of any condition—call going about a few places in a morning *seeing Bath*."

"Mayhap, then," said the literal captain, "you think we should see it better by going about at midnight?"

"No, sir, no," said Mr. Lovel, with a supercilious smile, "I perceive you don't understand me;—*we* should never call it *seeing Bath* without going at the right season."

"Why, what a plague then," demanded he, "can you only see at one season of the year?"

Mr. Lovel again smiled; but seemed superior to making any answer.

"The Bath amusements," said Lord Orville, "have a sameness in them, which, after a short time, renders them rather insipid; but the greatest objection that can be made to the place is the encouragement it gives to gamesters."

"Why, I hope, my lord, you would not think of abolishing *gaming*," cried Lord Merton; "'tis the very *zest* of life! Devil take me if I could live without it."

"I am sorry for it," said Lord Orville, gravely, and looking at Lady Louisa.

"Your lordship is no judge of this subject," continued the other; "but if once we could get you to a gaming-table, you'd never be happy away from it."

"I hope, my lord," cried Lady Louisa, "that nobody *here* ever occasions your quitting it."

"Your ladyship," said Lord Merton, recollecting himself, "has power to make me quite anything."

"Except *herself*," said Mr. Coverley. "Egad, my lord, I think I've helped you out there!"

"You men of wit, Jack," answered his lordship, "are always ready; for my part, I don't pretend to any talents that way."

"Really, my lord?" asked the sarcastic Mrs. Selwyn: "well, that is wonderful, considering success would be so much in your power."

"Pray, ma'am," said Mr. Lovel to Lady Louisa, "has your ladyship heard the news?"

"News!—what news?"

"Why, the report circulating at the Wells concerning a certain person."

"O Lord, no: pray tell me what it is?"

"O no, ma'am, I beg your la'ship will excuse me; 'tis a profound secret, and I would not have mentioned it, if I had not thought you knew it."

"Lord, now, how can you be so monstrous? I declare, now, you're a provoking creature! But come, I know you'll tell me;—won't you, now?"

"Your la'ship knows I am but too happy to obey you; but, 'pon honour, I can't speak a word if you won't all promise me the most inviolable secrecy."

"I wish you'd wait for that from me," said the captain, "and I'll give you my word you'd be dumb for one while. Secrecy, quoth-a!—'Fore George, I wonder you a'n't ashamed to mention such a word when you talk of telling it to a woman. Though, for the matter of that, I'd as lief blab it to the whole sex at once as to go for to tell it to such a thing as you."

"Such a thing as me, sir!" said Mr. Lovel, letting fall his knife and fork, and looking very important; "I really have not the honour to understand your expression."

"It's all one for that," said the captain; "you may have it explained whenever you like it."

"'Pon honour, sir," returned Mr. Lovel, "I must take the liberty to tell you, that I should be extremely offended, but that I suppose it to be some sea-phrase; and therefore I'll let it pass without further notice."

Lord Orville, then, to change the discourse, asked Miss Mirvan, if she should spend the ensuing winter in London.

"No, to be sure," said the captain; "what should she for? she saw all that was to be seen before."

"Is London, then," said Mr. Lovel, smiling at Lady Louisa, "only to be regarded as a *sight?*"

"Why, pray, Mr. Wiseacre, how are you pleased for to regard it yourself?—Answer me to that."

"O sir, *my* opinion, I fancy, you would hardly find intelligible. I don't understand *sea-phrases* enough to define it to your comprehension. Does not your la'ship think the task would be rather difficult?"

"O Lord, yes," cried Lady Louisa; "I declare I'd as soon teach my parrot to talk Welsh."

"Ha! ha! ha! admirable!—'Pon honour, your la'ship's quite in luck to-day; but that, indeed, your la'ship is every day. Though, to be sure, it is but candid to acknowledge, that the gentlemen of the ocean have a set of ideas, as well as a dialect, so opposite to *ours*, that it is by no means surprising *they* should regard London as a mere *show*, that may be seen by being *looked* at. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" echoed Lady Louisa: "Well, I declare you are the drollest creature."

"He! he! 'Pon honour, I can't help laughing at the conceit of *seeing London* in a few weeks!"

"And what a plague should hinder you?" cried the captain; "do you want to spend a day in every street?"

Here again Lady Louisa and Mr. Lovel interchanged smiles.

"Why, I warrant you, if I had the showing it, I'd haul you from St. James's to Wapping the very first morning."

The smiles were now, with added contempt, repeated; which the captain observing, looked very fiercely at Mr. Lovel, and said, "Hark'ee, my spark, none of your grinning!—'tis a lingo I don't understand; and if you give me any more of it, I shall go near to lend you a box o' the ear."

"I protest, sir," said Mr. Lovel, turning extremely pale, "I think it's taking a very particular liberty with a person, to talk to one in such a style as this!"

"It's like you may," returned the captain: "but give a good gulp, and I'll warrant you'll swallow it." Then calling for a glass of ale, with a very provoking and significant nod, he drank to his easy digestion.

Mr. Lovel made no answer, but looked extremely sullen; and soon after, we left the gentlemen to themselves.

At tea-time we were joined by all the gentlemen but Captain Mirvan, who went to the hotel where he was to sleep, and made his daughter accompany him, to separate her *trumpery*, as he called it, from his clothes.

As soon as they were gone, Mr. Lovel, who still appeared extremely sulky, said, "I protest I never saw such a vulgar, abusive fellow in my life as that captain: 'pon honour, I believe he came here for no purpose in the world but to pick a quarrel: however, for my part, I vow I won't humour him."

"I declare," cried Lady Louisa, "he put me in a monstrous fright;—I never heard anybody talk so shocking in my life!"

"I think," said Mrs. Selwyn, with great solemnity, "he threatened to box your ears, Mr. Lovel;—did not he?"

"Really, ma'am," said Mr. Lovel, colouring, "if one was to mind everything those low kind

of people say, one should never be at rest for one impertinence or other; so I think the best way is to be above taking any notice of them."

"What!" said Mrs. Selwyn, with the same gravity, "and so receive the blow in silence?"

During this discourse I heard the captain's chaise stop at the door, and ran downstairs to meet Maria. She was alone, and told me that her father, who, she was sure, had some scheme in agitation against Mr. Lovel, had sent her on before him. We continued in the parlour till his return, and were joined by Lord Orville, who begged me not to insist on a patience so unnatural, as submitting to be excluded our society. And let me, my dear sir, with a grateful heart let me own, I never before passed half an hour in such perfect felicity.

I believe we were all sorry when the captain returned; yet his inward satisfaction, from however different a cause, did not seem inferior to what ours had been. He chucked Maria under the chin, rubbed his hands, and was scarce able to contain the fulness of his glee. We all attended him to the drawing-room; where, having composed his countenance, without any previous attention to Mrs. Beaumont, he marched up to Mr. Lovel, and abruptly said, "Pray, have you e'er a brother in these here parts?"

"Me, sir? No, thank Heaven, I'm free from all encumbrances of that sort."

"Well," cried the captain, "I met a person just now so like you, I could have sworn he had been your twin-brother."

"It would have been a most singular pleasure to me," said Mr. Lovel, "if I also could have seen him: for, really, I have not the least notion what sort of person I am, and I have a prodigious curiosity to know."

Just then the captain's servant, opening the door, said, "A little gentleman below desires to see one Mr. Lovel."

"Beg him to walk up stairs," said Mrs. Beaumont. "But, pray, what is the reason William is out of the way?"

The man shut the door without any answer.

"I can't imagine who it is," said Mr. Lovel. "I recollect no little gentleman of my acquaintance now at Bristol,—except indeed the Marquis of Charlton;—but I don't much fancy it can be him. Let me see, who else is there so very little?"

A confused noise among the servants now drew all eyes towards the door: the impatient captain hastened to open it; and then clapping his hands, called out, "'Fore George, 'tis the same person I took for your relation."

And then, to the utter astonishment of everybody but himself, he hauled into the room a monkey, full dressed, and extravagantly *à la mode!*

The dismay of the company was almost general. Poor Mr. Lovel seemed thunderstruck with indignation and surprise: Lady Louisa began a scream, which for some time was incessant; Miss Mirvan and I jumped involuntarily upon the seats of our chairs; Mrs. Beaumont herself followed our example; Lord Orville placed himself before me as a guard; and Mrs. Selwyn, Lord Merton, and Mr. Coverley, burst into a loud, immoderate, ungovernable fit of laughter, in which they were joined by the captain, till, unable to support himself, he rolled on the floor.

The first voice which made its way through this general noise was that of Lady Louisa, which her fright and screaming rendered extremely shrill. "Take it away!" cried she, "take the monster away;—I shall faint, I shall faint, if you don't!"

Mr. Lovel, irritated beyond endurance, angrily demanded of the captain what he meant.

"Mean?" cried the captain, as soon as he was able to speak; "why only to show you in your proper colours." Then, rising and pointing to the monkey, "Why, now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll be judged by you all!—Did you ever see anything more like?—Odds my life, if it wasn't for this here tail, you wouldn't know one from t'other."

"Sir," cried Mr. Lovel, stamping, "I shall take a time to make you feel my wrath."

"Come now," continued the regardless captain, "just for the fun's sake, doff your coat and waistcoat, and swop with Monsieur *Grin-again* here; and I'll warrant you'll not know yourself which is which."

"Not know myself from a monkey!—I assure you, sir, I'm not to be used in this manner, and I won't bear it, curse me if I will!"

"Why, hey-day!" cried the captain, "what, is master in a passion?—Well, don't be angry—come, he sha'n't hurt you;—here, shake a paw with him:—why, he'll do you no harm, man!—come, kiss and be friends!"

"Who, I?" cried Mr. Lovel, almost mad with vexation; "as I'm a living creature, I would not touch him for a thousand worlds!"

"Send him a challenge," cried Mr. Coverley, "and I'll be your second."

"Ay, do," said the captain, and I'll be second

to my friend Monsieur Clapperclaw here. Come to it at once!—tooth and nail!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mr. Lovel, retreating, "I would sooner trust my person with a mad bull!"

"I don't like the looks of him myself," said Lord Merton, "for he grins most horribly."

"O, I'm frightened out of my senses!" cried Lady Louisa: "take him away, or I shall die!"

"Captain," said Lord Orville, "the ladies are alarmed; and I must beg you would send the monkey away."

"Why, where can be the mighty harm of one monkey more than another?" answered the captain: "howsomever if it's agreeable to the ladies, suppose we turn them out together?"

"What do you mean by that, sir?" cried Mr. Lovel, lifting up his cane.

"What do *you* mean?" cried the captain, fiercely: "be so good as to down with your cane."

Poor Mr. Lovel, too much intimidated to stand his ground, yet too much enraged to submit, turned hastily round, and, forgetful of consequences, vented his passion by giving a furious blow to the monkey.

The creature, darting forwards, sprung instantly upon him: and clinging round his neck, fastened his teeth to one of his ears.

I was really sorry for the poor man; who, though an egregious fop, had committed no offence that merited such chastisement.

It was impossible now to distinguish whose screams were loudest, those of Mr. Lovel or of the terrified Lady Louisa, who, I believe, thought her own turn was approaching: but the unrelenting captain roared with joy.

Not so Lord Orville: ever humane, generous, and benevolent, he quitted his charge, who he saw was wholly out of danger, and seizing the monkey by the collar, made him loosen the ear; and then, with a sudden swing, flung him out of the room, and shut the door.

Poor Mr. Lovel, almost fainting with terror, sunk upon the floor, crying out, "O, I shall die, I shall die! O, I'm bit to death!"

"Captain Mirvan," said Mrs. Beaumont, with no little indignation, "I must own I don't perceive the wit of this action; and I am sorry to have such cruelty practised in my house."

"Why, Lord, ma'am," said the captain, when his rapture abated sufficiently for speech, "how could I tell they'd fall out so?—By jingo, I brought him to be a messmate for t'other."

"Egad," said Mr. Coverley, "I would not have been served so for a thousand pounds."

"Why, then, there's the odds of it," said the captain; "for you see he is served so for nothing. But come," turning to Mr. Lovel, "be of good heart; all may end well yet, and you and *monseer* Longtail be as good friends as ever."

"I'm surprised, Mrs. Beaumont," cried Mr. Lovel, starting up, "that you can suffer a person under your roof to be treated so inhumanly."

"What argufies so many words?" said the unfeeling captain; "it is but a slit of the ear; it only looks as if you had been in the pillory."

"Very true," added Mrs. Selwyn; "and who knows but it may acquire you the credit of being an antiministerial writer?"

"I protest," cried Mr. Lovel, looking ruefully at his dress, "my new riding-suit's all over blood!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried the captain, "see what comes of studying for an hour what you shall put on!"

Mr. Lovel then walked to the glass; and looking at the place, exclaimed, "O Heaven, what a monstrous wound! my ear will never be fit to be seen again!"

"Why then," said the captain, "you must hide it;—'tis but wearing a wig."

"A wig!" repeated the affrighted Mr. Lovel; "I wear a wig?—No, not if you would give me a thousand pounds an hour!"

"I declare," said Lady Louisa, "I never heard such a shocking proposal in my life!"

Lord Orville then, seeing no prospect that the altercation would cease, proposed to the captain to walk. He assented; and having given Mr. Lovel a nod of exultation, accompanied his lordship down stairs.

"'Pon honour," said Mr. Lovel, the moment the door was shut, "that fellow is the greatest brute in nature! he ought not to be admitted into a civilized society."

"Lovel," said Mr. Coverley, affecting to whisper, "you must certainly pink him: you must not put up with such an affront."

"Sir," said Mr. Lovel, "with any common person I should not deliberate an instant; but really with a fellow who has done nothing but fight all his life, 'pon honour, sir, I can't think of it!"

"Lovel," said Lord Merton, in the same voice, "you *must* call him to account."

"Every man," said he, pettishly, "is the best judge of his own affairs; and I don't ask the honour of any person's advice."

"Egad, Lovel," said Mr. Coverley, "you're in for it!—you can't possibly be off!"

"Sir," cried he, very impatiently, "upon any proper occasion, I should be as ready to show my courage as anybody; but as to fighting for such a trifle as this—I protest I should blush to think of it!"

"A trifle!" cried Mrs. Selwyn; "good Heaven! and have you made this astonishing riot about a *trifle?*"

"Ma'am," answered the poor wretch in great confusion, "I did not know at first but that my cheek might have been bit; but as 'tis no worse, why, it does not a great deal signify. Mrs. Beaumont, I have the honour to wish you a good evening; I'm sure my carriage must be waiting." And then, very abruptly, he left the room.

What a commotion has this mischief-loving captain raised! Were I to remain here long, even the society of my dear Maria could scarce compensate for the disturbances which he excites.

ON SIGHT OF A LADY'S FACE IN THE WATER.

[Thomas Carew, born 1589; died 1639. He belonged to a Gloucestershire family of distinction; educated at Oxford, and became gentleman of the privy chamber and sewer in ordinary to Charles I. He wrote elegant lyrics, and a masque entitled *Cœlum Britannicum*, once ascribed to Sir William Davenant. "He deservedly ranks among the earliest of those who gave a cultivated grace to our lyrical strains."—*Campbell.*]

Stand still, you floods, do not deface
That image which you bear:
So votaries, from every place,
To you shall altars rear.

No winds but lover's sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streams,
On which no star from any sphere
Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal then in haste congeal,
Lest you should lose your bliss;
And to my cruel fair reveal,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to tear
That face which you adorn'd;

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may despise;
And from your froth we soon shall see
A second Venus rise.

CŒUR DE LION IN PALESTINE.

[Edward Gibbon, born at Putney, Surrey, 27th April, 1737; died in London, 15th January, 1794. Author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; The History of the Crusades; An Essay on the Study of Literature*, and an *Autobiography*. His great History was first projected in October, 1764, and was completed on the 27th June, 1787, at Lausanne, where a large portion of it was written and where the author spent much of his life. Gibbon is said to have received £6000 for the whole work.]

Philip Augustus and Richard I. are the only kings of France and England who (A.D. 1191–92) have fought under the same banners; but the holy service in which they were enlisted was incessantly disturbed by their national jealousy; and the two factions which they protected in Palestine were more averse to each other than to the common enemy. In the eyes of the orientals the French monarch was superior in dignity and power, and in the emperor's absence the Latins revered him as their temporal chief. His exploits were not adequate to his fame. Philip was brave, but the statesman predominated in his character; he was soon weary of sacrificing his health and interest on a barren coast. The surrender of Acre became the signal of his departure; nor could he justify this unpopular desertion by leaving the Duke of Burgundy, with 500 knights and 10,000 foot, for the service of the Holy Land. The King of England, though inferior in dignity, surpassed his rival in wealth and military renown; and if heroism be confined to brutal and ferocious valour, Richard Plantagenet will stand high among the heroes of the age. The memory of Cœur de Lion, of the lion-hearted prince, was long dear and glorious to his English subjects, and at the distance of sixty years it was celebrated in proverbial sayings by the grandsons of the Turks and Saracens, against whom he had fought. His tremendous name was employed by the Syrian mothers to silence their infants; and if a horse suddenly started from the way, his rider was wont to exclaim, "Dost thou think King Richard is in that bush?" His cruelty to the Mohammedans was the effect of temper and zeal; but I cannot believe that a soldier so free and fearless in the use of his lance would have descended to whet a dagger against his valiant brother Conrad of Montferrat, who was slain at Tyre by some secret assassins. After the surrender of Acre and the departure of Philip, the King of England led the Crusaders to the recovery of the sea-coast; and the cities of Cæsarea and Jaffa were

added to the fragments of the Kingdom of Lusignan. A march of 100 miles from Acre to Ascalon was a great and perpetual battle of eleven days. In the disorder of his troops Saladin remained on the field with seventeen guards without lowering his standard or suspending the sound of his brazen kettle-drum. He again rallied and renewed the charge, and his preachers or heralds called aloud on the *unitarians* manfully to stand up against the Christian idolaters. But the progress of these idolaters was irresistible; and it was only by demolishing the walls and buildings of Ascalon that the sultan could prevent them from occupying an important fortress on the confines of Egypt. During a severe winter the armies slept; but in the spring the Franks advanced within a day's march of Jerusalem, under the leading standard of the English king, and his active spirit intercepted a convoy or caravan of 7000 camels. Saladin had fixed his station in the holy city, but the city was struck with consternation and discord. He fasted, he prayed, he preached, he offered to share the dangers of the siege; but his Mamalukes, who remembered the fate of their companions at Acre, pressed the sultan with loyal or seditious clamours to reserve *his* person and *their* courage for the future defence of the religion and empire. The Moslems were delivered by the sudden, or, as they deemed, the miraculous retreat of the Christians; and the laurels of Richard were blasted by the prudence or envy of his companions. The hero, ascending an hill and veiling his face, exclaimed with an indignant voice, "Those who are unwilling to rescue are unworthy to view the sepulchre of Christ!" After his return to Acre, on the news that Jaffa was surprised by the sultan, he sailed with some merchant vessels, and leaped foremost on the beach. The castle was relieved by his presence, and 60,000 Turks and Saracens fled before his arms. The discovery of his weakness provoked them to return in the morning, and they found him carelessly encamped before the gates with only seventeen knights and 300 archers. Without counting their numbers he sustained their charge; and we learn from the evidence of his enemies that the King of England, grasping his lance, rode furiously along their front from the right to the left wing without meeting an adversary who dared to encounter his career. Am I writing the history of Orlando or Amadis?

During these hostilities a languid and tedious negotiation between the Franks and Moslems was started, and continued, and broken, and again resumed, and again broken. Some acts of royal courtesy, the gift of snow and fruit, the exchange of Norway hawks and Arabian horses, softened the asperity of religious war. From the vicissitudes of success the monarchs might learn to suspect that Heaven was neutral in the quarrel; nor, after the trial of each other, could either hope for a decisive victory. The health both of Richard and Saladin appeared to be in a declining state, and they respectively suffered the evils of distant and domestic warfare. Plantagenet was impatient to punish a perfidious rival who had invaded Normandy in his absence; and the indefatigable sultan was subdued by the cries of the people, who was the victim, and of the soldiers, who were the instruments of his martial zeal. The first demands of the King of England were the restitution of Jerusalem, Palestine, and the true cross; and he firmly declared that himself and his brother pilgrims would end their lives in the pious labour rather than return to Europe with ignominy and remorse. But the conscience of Saladin refused, without some weighty compensation, to restore the idols or promote the idolatry of the Christians. He asserted with equal firmness his religious and civil claim to the sovereignty of Palestine; descanted on the importance and sanctity of Jerusalem; and rejected all terms of the establishment or partition of the Latins. The marriage which Richard proposed of his sister with the sultan's brother was defeated by the difference of faith. A personal interview was declined by Saladin, who alleged their mutual ignorance of each other's language; and the negotiation was managed with much art and delay by their interpreters and envoys. The final agreement (A.D. 1192, Sept.) was equally disapproved by the zealots of both parties, by the Roman pontiff, and the Caliph of Bagdad. It was stipulated that Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre should be open, without tribute or vexation, to the pilgrimage of the Latin Christians; that after the demolition of Ascalon they should inclusively possess the sea-coast from Jaffa to Tyre; that the Count of Tripoli and the Prince of Antioch should be compromised in the truce; and that, during three years and three months, all hostilities should cease. The principal chiefs of the two armies swore to the observance of the treaty, but the monarchs were satisfied with giving their word and their right hand; and the royal majesty was excused from an oath, which always implies some suspicion of falsehood and dishonour. Richard embarked for Europe to seek a long captivity and a premature grave; and the space of a few months (A.D. 1193,

March 4) concluded the life and glories of Saladin. The orientals describe his edifying death, which happened at Damascus; but they seem ignorant of the equal distribution of his alms among the three religions, or of the display of a shroud instead of a standard, to admonish the East of the instability of human greatness. The unity of empire was dissolved by his death; his sons were oppressed by the stronger arm of their uncle Saphadin; the hostile interests of the sultans of Egypt, Damascus, and Aleppo were again revived; and the Franks or Latins stood, and breathed, and hoped in their fortresses along the Syrian coast.

TO INDOLENCE.

[**Dr. Thomas Brown,** born at Kirkcudbright, 9th January, 1778; died in London, 1820. His first poems were issued in two volumes in 1804; his *Paradise of Coquettes* in 1814; *The War Fiend*, 1816; *The Wanderer in Norway; Agnes; Emily*, and other Poems, 1818. In 1808–9 he became the assistant, and subsequently the successor, of Dugald Stewart in the chair of moral philosophy in the Edinburgh University.]

Come to my bower,
Nymph of the softly sleeping eye!
Come where I lie,
Safe from the sun, and mock his feeble power.
The beams, that thro' the foliage stray,
But with thy quivering glance shall play,
And, while its veil they close,
Woo the sweet languor to more sweet repose.

Not Silence weaves
Her waveless gossamer around;
—The pause of sound
Would tempt too wakeful fancy—But the leaves,
Scarce fann'd by Zephyr's lightest wing,
Shall such faint fluttering murmurs fling
As, lost by fits and caught,
May fill at once and lull the listless thought.

Where evening sips
Sweet fragrance for her dews unseen,
There let me lean,
Couch'd on soft roses, o'er thy softer lips,
And watch their breathings number'd all
By thy slow bosom's rise and fall,—
Till tired I sink, oppress'd
With the sweet toil, and slumber on thy breast!

No dream shall rise
Of morrow's weary strife and care:
Enough, if there
A moment's joy the moment's thought supplies;
Her softest, gentlest visions shed,
Calm Pleasure floating o'er our head,
Shall pause in smiles above:—
Rest even our waking, even our sleep all love.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

[**Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D.,** born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 20th August, 1809. Professor of anatomy first in Dartmouth College, and afterwards in Harvard University. He has written a number of valuable works on medical subjects, but he is best known to the general public as a poet and humourist. *Poetry*, a Metrical Essay; *Terpsichore; Urania*, a Rhymed Lesson; and *Astraea*, the Balance of Illusions, are amongst his more important productions in verse: *Elsie Venner*, a novel; and *The Guardian Angel* have been also widely appreciated. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, a series of gossiping discourses supposed to be delivered at the breakfast table of a boarding-house, by its humour, pathos, and epigrammatic expression of shrewd observation, has obtained great popularity. It has been followed by two not less successful, although similar works: *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*.]

CONVERSATION.

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers who have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

CONCEITED PEOPLE.

"So you admire conceited people, do you?" said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off for—the duties of life.

I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a

salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a centre is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a straight line. Even if it have the third vowel as its centre, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought, that is, is the most seemingly impersonal; it does not obviously imply any individual centre.

Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. What resplendent beauty that must have been which could have authorized Phryne to "peel" in the way she did! What fine speeches are those two: "*Non omnis moriar,*" and "I have taken all knowledge to be my province!" Even in common people, conceit has the virtue of making them cheerful; the man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, his dog, and himself severally unequalled, is almost sure to be a good-humoured person, though liable to be tedious at times.

SELF-MADE MEN.

Self-made men? Well, yes. Of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman's house on the marsh at Cambridgeport, which house he built from drain to chimney-top with his own hands? It took him a good many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb, and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a "self-made" carpenter's house, and people praised it, and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little farther on.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it when I say that, *other things being equal,* in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

A PARADOX.

It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

[The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.]

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

[Our landlady turned pale;—no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellects,—and that involved the probable loss of a boarder. A severe looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighbouring theatre, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and somewhat rasping *voce di petto,* to Falstaff's nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up. I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.]

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

Three Johns.
1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases.
1. The real Thomas.
2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.
3. John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from the point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say; therefore he *is,* so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows, that, until a man can be

found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

[A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches—a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses—was on its way to me *vid* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the mean time he had eaten the peaches.]

CYCLES OF THOUGHT.

Just as we find a mathematical rule at the bottom of many of the bodily movements, just so thought may be supposed to have its regular cycles. Such or such a thought comes round periodically, in its turn. Accidental suggestions, however, so far interfere with the regular cycles, that we may find them practically beyond our power of recognition. Take all this for what it is worth, but at any rate you will agree that there are certain particular thoughts that do not come up once a day, nor once a week, but that a year would hardly go round without your having them pass through your mind. Here is one which comes up at intervals in this way. Some one speaks of it, and there is an instant and eager smile of assent in the listener or listeners. Yes, indeed; they have often been struck by it.

All at once a conviction flashes through us that we have been in the same precise circumstances as at the present instant, once or many times before.

Oh, dear, yes!—said one of the company—everybody has had that feeling.

The landlady didn't know anything about such notions; it was an idea in folks' heads, she expected.

The schoolmistress said, in a hesitating sort of way, that she knew the feeling well, and didn't like to experience it; it made her think she was a ghost, sometimes.

The young fellow whom they call John said he knew all about it; he had just lighted a cheroot the other day, when a tremendous conviction all at once came over him that he had done just that same thing ever so many times before. I looked severely at him, and his countenance immediately fell—*on the side toward me;* I cannot answer for the other, for he can wink and laugh with either half of his face without the other half's knowing it. I have noticed—I went on to say—the following circumstances connected with these sudden impressions. First, that the condition which seems to be the duplicate of a former one is often very trivial—one that might have presented itself a hundred times. Secondly, that the impression is very evanescent, and that it is rarely, if ever, recalled by any voluntary effort, at least after any time has elapsed. Thirdly, that there is a disinclination to record the circumstances, and a sense of incapacity to reproduce the state of mind in words. Fourthly, I have often felt that the duplicate condition had not only occurred once before, but that it was familiar, and, as it seemed, habitual. Lastly, I have had the same convictions in my dreams.

How do I account for it? Why, there are several ways that I can mention, and you may take your choice. The first is that which the young lady hinted at—that these flashes are sudden recollections of a previous existence. I don't believe that; for I remember a poor student I used to know told me he had such a conviction one day when he was blacking his boots, and I can't think he had ever lived in another world where they use Day and Martin.

Some think that Dr. Wigan's doctrine of the brain's being a double organ, its hemispheres working together like the two eyes, accounts for it. One of the hemispheres hangs fire, they suppose, and the small interval between the perceptions of the nimble and the sluggish half seems an indefinitely long period, and therefore the second perception appears to be the copy of another, ever so old. But even allowing the centre of perception to be double, I can see no good reason for supposing this indefinite lengthening of the time, nor any analogy that bears it out. It seems to me most likely that the coincidence of circumstances is very partial, but that we take this partial resemblance for identity, as we occasionally do resemblances of persons. A momentary posture of circumstances is so far like some preceding one that we accept it as exactly the same, just as we accost a stranger occasionally, mistaking him for a friend. The apparent similarity may be owing perhaps quite as much to the mental state at the time, as to the outward circumstances.

THE RACE OF LIFE.

Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course. "Commencement day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year-olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there too, but he has paid forfeit; step out here into the grass back of the church; ah! there it is:—

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT
SOCII MŒRENTES."

But this is the start, and here they are,—coats bright as silk, and manes as smooth as *eau lustrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about? and the old lady by him, and the three girls, what are they all covering their eyes for? Oh, that is *their* colt which has just been trotted upon the stage. Do they really think those little thin legs can do any thing in such a slashing sweepstakes as is coming off in these next forty years? Oh, this terrible gift of second-sight that comes to some of us when we begin to look through the silver rings of the *arcus senilis!*

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down; two or three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck. *Cassock*, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest; those black colts commonly get the start, I have noticed, of the others, in the first quarter. *Meteor* has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. *Cassock* has dropped from the front, and *Judex*, an iron-gray, has the lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down flat,—five,—six,—how many? They lie still enough! they will not get up again in this race, be very sure! And the rest of them, what a "tailing off!" Anybody can see who is going to win,—perhaps.

Thirty years. Third corner turned. *Dives*, bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in a yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favourite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don't you remember the quiet brown colt *Asteroid*, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts; look out for him! The black "colt," as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easily in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call *the Filly*, on account of a certain feminine air he had; well up, you see; the Filly is not to be despised, my boy!

Forty years. More dropping off,—but places much as before.

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning-post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how!

OLD AGE.

As to *giving up*, because the Almanac or the Family Bible says that it is about time to do it, I have no intention of doing any such thing. I grant you that I burn less carbon than some years ago. I see people of my standing really good for nothing,—decrepit, effete, *la lèvre inférieure déjà pendante*, with what little life they have left mainly concentrated in their epigastrium. But as the disease of old age is epidemic, endemic, and sporadic, and every body that lives long enough is sure to catch it, I am going to say, for the encouragement of such as need it, how I treat the malady in my own case.

First. As I feel that, when I have any thing to do, there is less time for it than when I was younger, I find that I give my attention more thoroughly, and use my time more economically, than ever before; so that I can learn any thing twice as easily as in my earlier days. I am not, therefore, afraid to attack a new study. I took up a difficult language a very few years ago with good success, and think of mathematics and metaphysics by and by.

Secondly. I have opened my eyes to a good many neglected privileges and pleasures within my reach, and requiring only a little courage to enjoy them. You may well suppose it pleased me to find that old Cato was thinking of learning to play the fiddle, when I had deliberately taken it up in my old age, and satisfied myself that I could get much comfort, if not much music, out of it.

Thirdly. I have found that some of those active exercises, which are commonly thought to belong to young folks only, may be enjoyed at a much later period.

BRAINS.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the over-tired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest!—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos?—that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath?—that they take counsel of the grim friend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remembered that,—the kind city fathers,—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself on the very plain but serviceable upholstery. If anybody would only contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery?—

From half a dime to a dime, according to the style of the place and the quality of the liquor,—said the young fellow whom they call John.

You speak trivially, but not unwisely,—I said. Unless the will maintain a certain control over these movements, which it cannot stop, but can to some extent regulate, men are very apt to try to get at the macnine by some indirect system of leverage or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium; they change the maddening monotony of the rhythm by means of fermented liquors. It is because the brain is locked up, and we cannot touch its movement directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, and so alter its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.[1]

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now all is done that man can do,
And all is done in vain;
My love and native land, fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

I turn'd me right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
An' ga'e my bridle-reins a shake,
With "Adieu for evermore, my dear,"
With "Adieu for evermore."

The sodger frae the war returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane an' night is come,
An' a' folk bound in sleep,
O think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night. an' weep.

A THOUGHT.

Though far away,
Though ruthless time have scatter'd memory's dream;
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest where all is change, like islands on a stream.

REV. THOMAS BRYDSON.

[1] The author of this ballad is said to be Captain Ogilvie of the house of Inverquharity, who accompanied the deposed James II. to Ireland and France.

HUGH SUTHERLAND'S PANSIES.

[Robert Buchanan, born at Caverswall, Staffordshire, 18th August, 1841. Educated in Glasgow, where his father, the late Robert Buchanan, was editor and proprietor of several newspapers. As early as 1859, Mr. Buchanan had published two volumes of verse, *Lyrics*, and *Mary*, and other poems. His first important work was *Undertones*, first issued in 1862. It was followed by *Idyls and Legends of Inverburn; London Poems; Danish Ballads* (a series of admirable translations); *Wayside Posies; Napoleon Fallen*, a lyrical drama; *The Land of Lorne*, descriptive sketches; *The Drama of Kings; The Fleshly School of Poetry*, an attack on Swinburne and D. G. Rossetti; &c. Anonymously he has published much in prose and verse, fiction, essays and plays. With singular versatility of genius he unites rare powers of poetic expression.]

The aged Minister of Inverburn,
A mild heart hidden under features stern,
Leans in the sunshine on the garden pale,
Pensive, yet happy, as he tells this tale,—
And he who listens sees the garden lie
Blue as a little patch of fallen sky.

"The lily minds me of a maiden brow,"
Hugh Sutherland would say; "the marigold
Is full and sunny like her yellow hair,
The full-blown rose her lips with sweetness tipt:
But if you seek a likeness to her eye—
Go to the pansy, friend, and find it there!"
"Ay, leeze me on the pansies!" Hugh would say—
Hugh Sutherland, the weaver—he who dwelt
Here in the white-wash'd cot you fancy so—
Who knew the learnèd names of all the flowers,
And recognized the lily, tho' its head
Rose in a ditch of dull Latinity!

Pansies? You praise the ones that grow to-day
Here in the garden: had you seen the place
When Sutherland was living! Here they grew,
From blue to deeper blue, in midst of each
A golden dazzle like a glimmering star,
Each broader, bigger, than a silver crown;
While here the weaver sat, his labour done,
Watching his azure pets and rearing them,
Until they seem'd to know his step and touch,
And stir beneath his smile like living things!
The very sunshine loved them, and would lie
Here happy, coming early, lingering late,
Because they were so fair.

Hugh Sutherland
Was country-bred—I knew him from the time
When on a bed of pain he lost a limb,
And rose at last, a lame and sickly lad,
Apprenticed to the loom—a peevish lad,
Mooning among the shadows by himself.
Among these shadows, with the privilege
Of one who loved his flock, I sought him out,
And gently as I could I won his heart;
And then, tho' he was young and I was old,
We soon grew friends. He told his griefs to me,
His joys, his troubles, and I help'd him on;
Yet sought in vain to drive away the cloud
Deep pain had left upon his sickly cheek,
And lure him from the shades that deepen'd it.
Then Heaven took the task upon itself,
And sent an angel down among the flowers!
Almost before I knew the work was done,
I found him settled in this but and ben,
Where, with an eye that brighten'd, he had found
The sunshine loved his garden, and begun
To rear his pansies.

Sutherland was poor,
Rude, and untutor'd; peevish, too, when first
The angel in his garden found him out;
But pansy-growing made his heart within
Blow fresh and fragrant. When he came to share
This cottage with a brother of the craft,
Only some poor and sickly bunches bloom'd,
Vagrant, though fair, among the garden-plots;
And idly, carelessly, he water'd these,
Spread them and train'd them, till they grew and grew
In size and beauty, and the angel thrust
Its bright arms upward thro' the bright'ning sod,
And clung around the sickly gardener's heart.
Then Sutherland grew calmer, and the cloud
Was fading from his face. Well, by and by,
The country people saw and praised the flowers,
And what at first had been an idle joy
Became a sober serious work for fame.
Next, being won to send a bunch for show,
He won a prize—a sixth or seventh rate,
And slowly gath'ring courage, rested not
Till he had won the highest prize of all.
Here in the sunshine and the shade he toil'd
Early and late in joy, and, by and by,
Rose high in fame; for not a botanist,
A lover of the flowers, poor man or rich,
Came to the village, but the people said,
"Go down the lane to Weaver Sutherland's,
And see his pansies!"

Thus the summers pass'd,
And Sutherland grew gentler, happier;
The angel God had sent him clung to him:
There grew a rapturous sadness in his tone
When he was gladdest, like the dewiness
That moistens pansies when they bloom the best;
And in his face there dawn'd a gentle light,
Like that which softly clings about a flow'r,
And makes you love it Yet his heart was glad,
More for the pansies' sakes than for his own:
His eye was like a father's, moist and bright,
When they were praised; and, as I said, they seem'd
To make themselves as beauteous as they could,
Smiling to please him. Blessings on the flowers!
They were his children! Father never loved
His little darlings more, or for their sakes
Fretted so dumbly! Father never bent
More tenderly above his little ones,

In the still watches of the night, when sleep
Breathes balm upon their eyelids! Night and day
Poor Hugh was careful for the gentle things
Whose presence brought a sunshine to the place
Where sickness dwelt: this one was weak and small,
And needed watching like a sickly child;
This one so beauteous that it shamed its mates
And made him angry with its beauteousness.
"I cannot rest!" cried Hughie with a smile,
"I scarcely snatch a moment to myself—
They plague me so!" Part fun, part earnest, this:
He loved the pansies better than he knew.
Ev'n in the shadow of his weaving room
They haunted him and brighten'd on his soul:
Daily while busy working at the loom
The humming-humming seem'd a melody
To which the pansies sweetly grew and grew—
A leaf unrolling soft to every note,
A change of colours with the change of sound;
And walking to the door to rest himself,
Still with the humming-humming in his ears,
He saw the flowers and heard a melody
They made in growing. Pleasure such as this,
So exquisite, so lonely, might have pass'd
Into the shadowy restlessness of yore;
But wholesome human contact saved him here,
And kept him fresh and meek. The people came
To stir him with their praise, and he would show
The medals and the prizes he had got—
As proud and happy as a child who gains
A prize in school.

The angel still remain'd
In winter, when the garden plots were bare,
And deep winds piloted the shriven snow:
He saw its gleaming in the cottage fire,
While, with a book of botany on his knee,
He sat and hunger'd for the breath of spring.
The angel of the flowers was with him still!
Here beds of roses sweeten'd all the page;
Here lilies whiter than the fallen snow
Crept gleaming softly from the printed lines;
Here dewy violets sparkled till the book
Dazzled his eyes with rays of misty blue;
And here, amid a page of Latin names,
All the sweet Scottish flowers together grew
With fragrance of the summer.

Hugh and I
Were still fast friends, and still I help'd him on;
And often in the pleasant summer-time,
The service over, on the Sabbath-day,
I join'd him in the garden, where we sat
And chatted in the sun. But all at once
It came upon me that the gardener's hand
Had grown less diligent; for tho' 'twas June
The garden that had been the village pride
Look'd but the shadow of its former self;
And ere a week was out I saw in church
Two samples fairer far than any blown
In Hughie's garden—blooming brighter far
In sweeter soil. What wonder that a man,
Loving the pansies as the weaver did—
A skilful judge, moreover—should admire
Sweet Mary Moffat's sparkling pansy-eyes?

The truth was out. The weaver play'd the game
(I christen'd it in sport that very day)
Of "Love among the Pansies!" As he spoke,
Telling me all, I saw upon his face
The peevish cloud that it had worn in youth;
I cheer'd him as I could, and bade him hope:
"You both are poor, but, Sutherland, God's flowers
Are poor as well!" He brighten'd as I spoke,
And answer'd, "It is settled! I have kept
The secret till the last, lest 'nay' should come
And spoil it all; but 'ay' has come instead,
And all the help we wait for is your own!"

Even here, I think, his angel clung to him.
The fairies of his garden haunted him
With similes and sympathies that made
His likes and dislikes, though he knew it not.
Beauty he loved if it was meek and mild,
And like his pansies tender ev'n to tears;
And so he chose a maiden pure and low,
Who, like his garden pets, had love to spare,
Sunshine to cast upon his pallid cheek,
And yet a tender clinging thing, too weak
To bloom uncared for and unsmiled upon.

Soon Sutherland and she he loved were one,—
And bonnily a moon of honey gleam'd
At night among the flowers! Amid the spring
That follow'd, blossom'd with the other buds
A tiny maiden with her mother's eyes.
The little garden was itself again,
The sunshine sparkled on the azure beds;
The angel Heaven had sent to save a soul
Stole from the blooms and took an infant shape;
And, wild with pleasure, seeing how the flowers
Had given her their choicest lights and shades,
The father bore his baby to the font
And had her christen'd PANSY.

After that,
Poor Hugh was happy as the days were long,
Divided in his cares for all his pets,
And proudest of the one he loved the best.
The summer found him merry as a king,
Dancing the little one upon his knee
Here in the garden, while the plots around
Gleam'd in the sun, and seem'd as glad as he.

But moons of honey wane, and summer suns
Of wedlock set to bring the autumn in!
Hugh Sutherland, with wife and child to feed,
Wrought sore to gain his pittance in a world
His pansies made so fair. Came Poverty
With haggard eyes to dwell within the house;
When first she saw the garden she was glad,
And, seated on the threshold, smiled and span,
But times grew harder, bread was scarce as gold,

A shadow fell on Pansy and the flowers;
And when the strife was sorest, Hugh received
An office - lighter work and higher pay—
To take a foreman's place in Edinglass.
'Twas hard, 'twas hard, to leave the little place
He loved so dearly; but the weaver look'd
At Mary, saw the sorrow in her face,
And gave consent,—happy at heart to think
His dear ones would not want. To Edinglass
They went, and settled. Thro' the winter hours
Bravely the weaver toil'd; his wife and child
Were happy, he was heartsome—tho' his taste
Was grassy lowlands and the caller air.

The cottage here remain'd untenanted,
The angel of the flowers forsook the place,
The sunshine faded, and the pansies died.

Two summers pass'd; and still in Edinglass
The weaver toil'd, and ever when I went
Into the city, to his house I hied—
A welcome guest. Now first, I saw a change
Had come to Sutherland: for he was pale
And peevish, had a venom on his tongue,
And hung the under-lip like one that doubts.
Part of the truth I heard, and part I saw—
But knew too late, when all the ill was done!
At first, poor Hugh had shrunk from making friends,
And pored among his books of botany;
And later, in the dull dark nights he sat,
A dismal book upon his knee, and read:
A book no longer full of leaves and flowers,
That glimmer'd on the soul's sweet consciousness,
Yet seem'd to fill the eye,—a dismal book,—
Big-sounding Latin, English dull and dark,
And not a breath of summer in it all.
The sunshine perish'd in the city's smoke,
The pansies grew no more to comfort him,
And he began to spend his nights with those
Who waste their substance in the public-house:
The flowers had lent a sparkle to his talk,
Which pleased the muddled wits of idle men.
Sought after, treated, liked by one and all,
He took to drinking; and at last lay down
Stupid and senseless on a rainy night,
And ere he waken'd caught the flaming fire,
Which gleams to white heat on the face, and burns
Clear crimson in the lungs.

But it was long
Ere any knew poor Hughie's plight; and, ere
He saw his danger, on the mother's breast
Lay Pansy withering; tho' the dewy breath
Of spring was floating like a misty rain
Down from the mountains. Then the tiny flower
Folded its leaves in silence, and the sleep
That dwells in winter on the pansy-beds
Fell on the weaver's house. At that sad hour
I enter'd, scarcely welcomed with a word
Of greeting: by the hearth the woman sat
Weeping full sore, her apron o'er a face
Haggard with midnight watching, while the man
Cover'd his bloodshot eyes and cursed himself.
Then leaning o'er, my hand on his, I said—
"She could not bear the smoke of cities, Hugh!
God to His Garden has transplanted her,
Where summer dwells for ever, and the air
Is fresh and pure!" But Hughie did not speak;
I saw full plainly that he blamed himself;
And ere the day was out he bent above
His little sleeping flower, and wept, and said:
"Ay, sir! she wither'd, wither'd like the rest,
Neglected!" and I saw his heart was full.
When Pansy slept beneath the churchyard grass
Poor Hughie's angel had return'd to Heaven,
And all his heart was dark. His ways grew strange,
Peevish, and sullen; often he would sit
And drink alone; the wife and he grew cold,
And harsh to one another; till at last
A stern physician put an end to all,
And told him he must die.

No bitter cry,
No sound of wailing rose within the house
After the doctor spoke, but Mary mourn'd
In silence, Hughie smoked his pipe and set
His teeth together, at the ingleside.
Days pass'd; the only token of a change
Was Hughie's face—the peevish cloud of care
Seem'd melting to a tender gentleness.
After a time, the wife forgot her grief,
Or could at times forget it, in the care
Her husband's sickness brought. I went to them
As often as I could, for Sutherland
Was dear to me, and dearer for his sin.
Weak as he was he did his best to toil,
But it was weary work! By slow degrees,
When May was breathing on the sickly bunch
Of mignonette upon the window-sill,
I saw his smile was softly wearing round
To what it used to be, when here he sat
Rearing his flowers; altho' his brow at times
Grew cloudy, and he gnaw'd his under lip.
At last I found him seated by the hearth,
Trying to read: I led his mind to themes
Of old langsyne, and saw his eyes grow dim:
"O sir," he cried, "I cannot, cannot rest!
Something I long for, and I know not what,
Torments me night and day!" I saw it all,
And sparkling with the brilliance of the thought,
Look'd in his eyes and caught his hand, and cried,
"Hugh, it's the pansies! Spring has come again,
The sunshine breathes its gold upon the air,
And threads it through the petals of the flowers,
Yet here you linger in the dark!" I ceased,
And watch'd him. Then he trembled as he said,
"I see it now, for as I read the book,
The lines and words, the Latin seem'd to bud,
And they peep'd thro'." He smiled, like one ashamed,
Adding in a low voice, "I long to see
The pansies ere I die!"

What heart of stone
Could throb on coldly, sir, at words like those?
Not mine, not mine! Within a week poor Hugh
Had left the smoke of Edinglass behind,
And felt the wind that runs along the lanes,
Spreading a carpet of the grass and flowers
For June the sunny-hair'd to walk upon.
In the old cottage here he dwelt again:
The place was wilder than it once had been,
But buds were blowing green around about,
And with the glad return of Sutherland
The angel of the flowers came back again.
The end was near, and Hugh was wearied out,
And like a flower was closing up his leaves
Under the dropping of the gloaming dews.

And daily, in the summer afternoon,
I found him seated on the threshold there,
Watching his flowers, and all the place, I thought,
Brighten'd when he was nigh. Now first I talk'd
Of heavenly hopes unto him, and I knew
The angel help'd me. On the day he died
The pain had put its shadow on his face,
And words of doubt were on his tremulous lips:
"Ah, Hughie, life is easy!" I exclaim'd,
"Easier, better, than we know ourselves:
'Tis pansy-growing on a mighty scale,
And God above us is the gardener.
The fairest win the prizes, that is just,
But all the flowers are dear to God the Lord:
The Gardener loves them all, He loves them all!"
He saw the sunshine on the pansy-beds
And brighten'd. Then by slow degrees he grew
Cheerful and meek as dying man could be,
And as I spoke there came from far-away
The faint sweet melody of Sabbath bells.
And "Hugh," I said, "if God the Gardener
Neglected those he rears as you have done
Your pansies and your Pansy, it were ill
For we who blossom in His garden. Night
And morning He is busy at His work.
He smiles to give us sunshine, and we live:
He stoops to pluck us softly, and our hearts
Tremble to see the darkness, knowing not
It is the shadow He, in stooping, casts.
He pluckt your Pansy so, and it was well.
But, Hugh, though some be beautiful and grand,
Some sickly, like yourself, and mean and poor,
He loves them all, the Gardener loves them all!"
Then later, when no longer he could sit
Out on the threshold, and the end was near,
We set a plate of pansies by his bed
To cheer him. "He is coming near," I said;
"Great is the garden, but the Gardener
Is coming to the corner where you bloom
So sickly!" And he smiled, and moan'd, "I hear!"
And sank upon his pillow wearily.
His hollow eyes no longer bore the light,
The darkness gather'd round him as I said,
"The Gardener is standing at your side,
His shade is on you, and you cannot see:
O Lord, that lovest both the strong and weak,
Pluck him and wear him!" Even as I pray'd,
I felt the shadow there and hid my face;
But when I look'd again the flower was pluck'd,
The shadow gone: the sunshine thro' the blind
Gleam'd faintly, and the widow'd woman wept.

ROSE SONG.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

Sunny breadths of roses,
Roses white and red,
Rosy bud and rose leaf
From the blossom shed!
Goes my darling flying
All the garden through,
Laughing she eludes me,
Laughing I pursue.

Now to pluck the rose-bud,
Now to pluck the rose,
(Hand a sweeter blossom)
Stopping as she goes:
What but this contents her,
Laughing in her flight?
Pelting with the red rose,
Pelting with the white.

Roses round me flying,
Roses in my hair,
I to snatch them trying,—
Darling, have a care!
Lips are so like flowers,
I might snatch at those
Redder than the rose leaves,
Sweeter than the rose.

—*Legend of Phyllis*

TO ENGLAND.

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent:
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England! sweet her artless daughters;
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters!

JOHN KEATS.

THE LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S DYKE,

AS RELATED BY MASTER CISBURY OLDFIRLE, SCHOOLMASTER OF POYNINGS.

[William Harrison Ainsworth, born in Manchester, 1805. Novelist. He studied law, but before he had attained his majority he published *Sir John Chiverton*, a romance which obtained the favour of Sir Walter Scott. Soon afterwards Mr. Ainsworth devoted himself entirely to literature: he became editor of *Bentley's Miscellany* on the retirement of Dickens in 1840; he also edited *Colburn's New Monthly*, and the magazine which bore his own name in the title. His chief works are: *Rookwood; Crichton; Guy Fawkes; The Tower of London; Old St. Paul's; Windsor Castle; The Miser's Daughter; Lancashire Witches; The Flitch of Bacon; The Star Chamber; The Constable of the Tower; Mervyn Clitheroe; Ovingdean Grange*, a romance of the times of the Commonwealth (from which we quote); *John Law, the Projector; Hilary St. Ives; Myddleton Pomfret*, &c. &c. He has also written a number of poems, amongst which are *Ballads, Romantic, Fantastical, and Humorous*; and *The Combat of the Thirty*, a Breton legend. Cheap editions of his works are issued by Routledge & Sons. He died in 1881.]

The wondrous event I am about to detail happened in the time of the good Saint Cuthman of Steyning, in this county—a holy man, who, from his extraordinary piety and austerity, was believed to be endowed with supernatural power. Many miracles are attributed to him, some of which occurred long before his canonization. While yet a boy, and employed in tending his father's sheep on the downs, in order to pursue his devotional exercises undisturbed, he was wont to trace a large circle round the flock with his crook, beyond which none of them could stray, neither could any enemy approach them. Moreover, the good saint could punish the scoffer, as well as bless and sustain the lowly and the well-doer. Derided by certain blasphemous haymakers for carrying his palsied mother in a barrow—no better means of conveyance being at hand at the time—he brought down a heavy shower upon their heads, rendering their labour of no account; and thenceforward, whenever grass was cut and dried within that meadow, rain would fall upon it, and turn it to litter. Such was holy Cuthman—a man, you will perceive, whom it was necessary to treat with the respect due to his exalted virtues.

At a later period of the saint's life, when his aged mother had gone from him, when he had built a wooden church with his own hands at Steyning—wherein, in the fulness of time, he was interred—and when his reputation for sanctity and austerity had greatly increased, causing him to be equally reverenced and dreaded—dreaded, I mean, by evil-doers, to whom he was especially obnoxious—the holy man walked forth one afternoon in early autumn, wholly unattended, across the downs; his purpose being to visit a recluse named Sister Ursula, who dwelt in a solitary cell on the summit of a hill adjoining Poynings, and whom he had been told was sick, and desirous of being shriven by him. Now Saint Cuthman had his staff in his hand, without which he never journeyed abroad, and he walked on until he reached the eminence for which he was bound. On the brow of this hill in former times the heathen invaders of the land had made a camp, vestiges of which may still be discerned. But it was not with these memorials of a by-gone and benighted people that Saint Cuthman concerned himself. If he thought about the framers of those mighty earthworks at all, it was with thanksgiving that they had been swept away, and had given place to a generation to whom the purer and brighter light of the gospel was vouchsafed.

Thus communing with himself, it may be, holy Cuthman reached the northern boundary of the rampart surrounding the old Roman camp, and cast his eyes over the vast weald of Sussex, displayed before him like a map. The contemplation of this fair and fertile district filled his soul with gladness; but what chiefly rejoiced him was to note how the edifices reared for worship had multiplied since he first looked upon the extensive plain. He strove to count the numerous churches scattered about, but soon gave up the attempt—he might as well have tried to number the trees. But the difficulty he experienced increased his satisfaction, inasmuch as it proved to him that true religion had taken deep root in the land. And he gave glory and praise accordingly, where glory and praise are due.

Scarcely were his audibly-uttered thanksgivings ended when he became aware that some one stood nigh him, and turning his head, he beheld a tall man of singularly swarthy complexion, haughty mien, and eyes that seemed to burn like coals of fire. The habiliments of this mysterious and sinister-looking personage were of blood-red hue, and though their richness and the egret in his velvet cap betokened princely rank, he bore the implements of a common labourer, namely, a pickaxe and a shovel. No sound had proclaimed the stranger's approach, and his appearance was as sudden and startling as if he had risen from the earth. As Saint Cuthman regarded him with the aversion inspired by

the sight of a venomous and deadly snake, yet wholly without fear, he knew that he was in the presence of the Author of Ill.

"Comest thou to tempt me, accursed one?" the holy man sternly demanded. "If so, learn that I am proof against thy wiles. Depart from me, or I will summon good spirits that shall cast thee hence."

"Thou canst not do so," the inauspicious-looking stranger replied, laughing derisively. "I am master here. Altars have been reared to strange gods upon this hill, and sacrifices made to them,—nay, I myself have been worshipped as Dis, and the blood of black bulls has been poured out upon the ground in mine honour. Therefore the hill is mine, and thou thyself art an intruder upon it, and deservest to be cast down headlong into the plain. Yet will I spare thee——"

"Thou darest not so much as injure a hair of my head, Sathanas," interrupted the saint in a menacing voice, and raising his staff as he spoke. Approach! and lightnings shall blast thee."

"I tell thee I have no design to harm thee," returned the fiend, with a look that showed he would willingly have rent the holy man in pieces. "But give heed to what I am about to say. Vainly hast thou essayed to count the churches in the Sussex weald, and thou hast glorified Heaven because of the number of the worshippers gathered within those fanes. Now mark me, thou servant of God! Thou hast taken a farewell look of that plain, so thickly studded with structures pleasing in thy sight, but an abomination to me. Before to-morrow morn that vast district, far as thine eye can stretch, even to the foot of yon distant Surrey hills—the whole Weald of Sussex, with its many churches, its churchmen, and its congregations, shall be whelmed beneath the sea."

"Thou mockest me," returned Saint Cuthman, contemptuously; "but I know thee to be the Father of Lies."

"Disbelieve me if I fail in my task—not till then," said the fiend. "With the implements which I hold in my hand I will cut such a dyke through this hill, and through the hills lying between it and Hove, as shall let in the waters of the deep, so that all dwelling within yonder plain shall be drowned by them."

"And thinkest thou thy evil work will be permitted?" cried the saint, shaking his head.

"Thou, at least, canst not prevent it," rejoined the fiend, with a bitter laugh. "I will take my chance of other hindrance."

The holy man appeared for a moment troubled, but his confidence was presently restored.

"Thou deceivest thyself," he said. "The task thou proposest to execute is beyond thy power."

"Beyond *my* power!" exclaimed the demon. "It is a trifle in comparison with what I can achieve. I have had a hand in many wonderful works, some of which are recognized as mine, though I have not got credit for a tithe of those I have performed. Devil's bridges are common enough, methinks, in mountainous gorges—devil's towers are by no means rare in old castles. Most of the camps upon these downs were planned and executed by me—the very rampart upon which we stand being partly my work. The first Cæsar has got the credit of many of my performances, and he is welcome to it. He is not the only man who has worn laurels belonging by right to others. Saint as thou art, it is meet thou give the devil his due. Do so, and thou must needs praise his industry."

"Thy industry in evil-doing is unquestionable," rejoined the saint. "But good work is out of thy power. Thou darest not affirm that thou hast had any hand in the erection of temples and holy piles."

"Ask thy compeers, Saint Dunstan and Saint Augustine—they will tell thee differently. But I disdain to boast. I have certainly had no hand in thy ugly little wooden church at Steyning."

"And thy present feat is to be performed before to-morrow, thou sayest?" demanded the saint, highly offended at this uncalled-for allusion to his own favourite structure.

"Between sunset and sunrise, most saintly sir."

"That is but a short time for so mighty a task," said the holy man, in an incredulous tone. "Bethink thee, a September night is not a long night?"

"The shortest night is long enough for me," the fiend replied. "If the dawn comes and finds my work incomplete, thou shalt be at liberty to deride me."

"I shall never treat thee otherwise than with scorn," the saint rejoined. "But thou hast said it, and I hold thee to thy word. Between sunset and sunrise thy task must be done. If thou failest, from whatever cause, thy evil scheme shall be for ever abandoned."

"Be it so! I am content," the fiend rejoined. "But I shall *not* fail," he added, with a fearful laugh. "Come hither at sunset, and thou wilt see me commence my work. Thou mayst tarry nigh me, if thou wilt, till it be done."

"Heaven forfend that it should be done!" ejaculated the saint, casting his eyes upwards.

When he looked up again towards the spot where the Evil One had stood, he could no more perceive him.

"No!" exclaimed the good saint, allowing his gaze to wander over the smiling and far-stretching weald, "I cannot believe that I am taking farewell of this lovely plain. I cannot for an instant believe that its destruction will be permitted. Its people have not sinned, but have incurred the hatred of the arch-fiend solely because of their piety and zeal. It shall be my business to defeat his hateful design."

The holy man turned away, and quitting the camp, proceeded in an easterly direction over the hill until he came to a small stone structure, standing near a gray old thorn-tree, on an acclivity covered with gorse and heather. The occupant of this solitary cell belonged to a priory of Benedictine nuns, situated at Leominster, near Arundel, and attached to the Abbey of Almenesches in Normandy. Sister Ursula Braose had retired to this lonesome spot in order to pass the whole of her time in devotion, and had acquired a reputation for sanctity and asceticism scarcely inferior to that of holy Cuthman himself. She was a daughter of the noble house of Braose of Bramber Castle. Once a week the purveyor of the priory at Leominster brought her a scanty supply of provisions (for the poor soul needed but little), and it was from him that Saint Cuthman had heard of her illness, and of her desire to be shriven by him.

He found the recluse occupied in her devotions. She was kneeling before an ivory crucifix fastened against the wall of her cell, and was so absorbed as to be entirely unconscious of the saint's approach. He did not make his presence known to her till she had done. Sister Ursula Braose had once been remarkable for beauty, but years, the austere life she had led, and the frequent and severe penances she had undergone, had obliterated all traces of loveliness from her features. She was old and wrinkled now; her hair white as snow, and her fingers thin as those of a skeleton. She was clothed in a loose black robe, with a cincture of cord round her waist. Reverentially saluting the holy man, she prayed him to be seated upon a stool, which, with another small seat hewn out of stone, a stone table, and a straw pallet, formed the entire furniture of her cell. An iron lamp hung by a chain from the roof. On the table were placed a missal written on vellum, an hour-glass, and a small taper.

After inquiring as to her ailments, and expressing his satisfaction that she felt somewhat better, Saint Cuthman said, "Are you still fasting, sister? I know you are wont only to break bread and drink water after the hour of vespers."

"Since yestere'en nothing has passed my lips, holy father," the recluse replied.

"It is well," said the saint. "The prohibition I am about to lay upon you—painful to any other unaccustomed to severe mortification of the flesh—will by you be scarcely accounted a penance. I enjoin you to refrain from all refreshment of the body, whether by food or rest, until to-morrow morning. Think you you can promise compliance with the order?"

"Do I think it, holy father?" Sister Ursula cried. "If Heaven will spare me so long, I am sure of it. I was in hopes," she added, almost with a look of disappointment, "that you were about to enjoin me some severe discipline such as my sinfulness merits, and I pray you to add sharp flagellations, or other wholesome correction of the flesh, to your mandate."

"Nay," rejoined the saint, smiling at the recluse's zeal; "the scourge is unneeded. You have no heavy offence, I am well assured, on your conscience. But keep strict vigil throughout the night, and suffer not sleep to weigh down your eyelids for a moment, or you may be exposed to temptation and danger. The arch-fiend himself will be abroad."

"I will spend the livelong night in prayer," said Sister Ursula, trembling.

"Fear nothing," returned the saint; "the Prince of Darkness has other business on hand, and will not trouble you. He will be engaged in a terrible work, but, with Heaven's aid, good sister, yours shall be the hand to confound him."

"Mine!" exclaimed the recluse, seeking by her looks for an explanation from the holy man.

"When the sun hath gone down," rejoined Saint Cuthman, "which will be about the seventh hour, turn this hour-glass, and let the sand run out six times—six times, do you mark, good sister? That will bring you to the first hour after midnight. Kneel then before yon crucifix, and pray fervently that the dark designs of him who took our Saviour to the top of the high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment, may be defeated. Next light this taper, which I will presently consecrate; set it within the bars of that little grated window looking towards the east; and pray that its glimmer may be as the first gray light of dawn. Again I say, do you mark me, sister?"

"Not a word uttered by you, holy father, but hath sank deep in my breast," she replied. "Your instructions shall be scrupulously obeyed."

"Nothing evil shall cross this threshold during the night," pursued the saint. "I will guard it as in the days of my youth I guarded my father's flocks on the hills. Light not your lamp, but only the taper, as I have bidden you; and stir not forth on any threat or summons, for such will only be a snare to injure you; and let not your heart quail because of the frightful sounds you may hear. Though the earth should quake beneath your feet, and this solid hill tremble to its foundations, yet shall not a stone of your cell be removed, neither shall any harm befall you."

The saint then took up the taper, and blessed it in these terms:—"*Domine Jesu Christi, fili Dei vivi, benedic candelam istam supplicationibus nostris: infunde ei, Domine, per virtutem sanctæ crucis benedictionem cælestem; ut quibuscumque locis accensa, sive posita fuerit, discedant principes tenebrarum, et contremiscant, et fugiunt pavidi cum omnibus ministris suis ab habitationibus illis: nec præsumant amplius inquietare, aut molestare servientes tibi omnipotenti Deo.*"

After going through certain other ceremonials, which it is needless to describe, the saint sat down, and addressing Sister Ursula, declared his readiness to shrive her.

The recluse then knelt down before him, and inclining her head so as to conceal her features, said she had one secret within her breast which she had never revealed to her confessor—one sin upon her soul of which she had never been able to repent.

After duly reproving her, the saint told her to make clean her breast by confession, declaring she would then be able to repent.

Thus exhorted, Sister Ursula replied, in accents half suffocated by irrepressible emotion: "My secret is, that I loved you—you, holy father—when I was young. My unrepented sin is that I have never been able to banish that love from my heart."

"Alas! sister," rejoined the holy man, trembling in spite of himself, "we have been equally unhappy. In days long gone by I could not behold unmoved the charms of the fair and noble Lady Ursula Braose. But I conquered the passion, and repented that I had ever indulged it. Thou must do likewise. The struggle may be hard, but strength will be given thee for it. Hast thou aught more to confess?"

And the poor recluse, who shed abundance of tears, replying in the negative, the saint gave her absolution, saying that the penance he had already enjoined was sufficient, and that ere the morrow her breast would be free from its load. Struck by her looks, which were those of one not long for this world, he told her that if her sickness should prove mortal, dirges and trentals should be said for the repose of her soul.

The recluse thanked him, and after a while became composed and even cheerful.

Saint Cuthman tarried in the cell, discoursing with her upon the glorious prospects of futurity, and carefully avoiding any reference to the past, until, from the door of the little structure, which opened toward the west, he beheld the sun sink into the sea. Telling the good sister that a thousand lives depended upon her vigilance, he gave her his benediction and departed, never more to behold her alive.

As he took his way towards the north-eastern boundary of the ancient encampment, a noise resembling thunder smote his ear, and the ground shook so violently beneath his feet that he could scarcely stand, but reeled to and fro, as if his brain—his! whose lips no drink stronger than water had ever passed—had been assailed by the fumes of wine. Nevertheless he went on, and after a while reached the lofty headland overlooking Poynings.

Here, as he expected, he beheld the arch-fiend at work. The infernal excavator had already made a great breach into the down, and enormous fragments of chalk and flint-stones rolled down with a terrific crash like that caused by an avalanche amidst the Alps. Every stroke of his terrible pickaxe shook the hill to its centre. No one who was not sustained by supernatural power could have stood firmly upon the quaking headland. But Saint Cuthman, planting his staff upon the ground, remained unmoved—the only human witness of the astounding scene. The fiend's proportions had now become colossal, and he looked like one of that giant race whom poets of heathendom tell us warred against Jove. His garb was suited to his task, and resembled that of a miner. His brawny and hirsute arms were bared to the shoulder, and the curled goat's-horns were visible on his uncovered head. His implements had become enormous as himself, and the broadest and heaviest anchor-fluke ever forged was as nought to the curved iron head of his pickaxe. Each stroke plunged fathom-deep into the ground, and tore up huge boulder-like masses of chalk, the smallest of which might have loaded a wain.

The fiend worked away with might and main, and the concussion produced by his tremendous strokes was incessant and terrible, echoing far over the weald like the rattling of a dreadful thunderstorm.

But the sand ran out, and Sister Ursula turned her glass for the first time.

Suddenly the fiend stopped, and clapped his hand to his side, as if in pain. "A sharp stitch!" quoth he. "My side tingles as if pricked by a thousand pins. The sensation is by no means pleasant—but 'twill soon pass." Then perceiving the saint watching him, he called out derisively, "Aha! art thou there, thou saintly man? What thinkest thou now of the chance of escape for thy friends in the weald? Thou art a judge of such matters, I doubt not. Is my dyke broad enough and profound enough, thinkest thou—or shall I widen it and deepen it yet more?" And the chasm resounded with his mocking laughter.

"Thou art but a slovenly workman after all," remarked Saint Cuthman. "The sides of thy dyke are rough and uneven, and want levelling. A mortal labourer would be shrewdly reprimanded if he left them in such an untidy condition."

"No mortal labourer could make such a trench," cried the fiend. "However, it shall never be said that I am a slovenly workman."

Whereupon he seized his spade, and proceeded to level the banks of the dyke, carefully removing all roughness and irregularity.

"Will that satisfy thy precise notions?" he called out when he had done.

"I cannot deny that it looks better," returned the holy man, glad to think that another hour had passed—for a soft touch falling upon his brow made him aware that at this moment Sister Ursula had turned the hour-glass for the second time.

A sharp sudden pain smote the fiend, and made him roar out lustily, "Another stitch, and worse than the first! But it shall not hinder my task."

Again he fell to work. Again the hill was shaken to its base. Again mighty masses of chalk were hurled into the valley, crushing everything upon which they descended. Again the strokes of the pickaxe echoed throughout the weald.

It was now dark. But the fiery breath of the demon sufficed to light him in his task. He toiled away with right good-will, for the devil can work hard enough, I promise you, if the task be to his mind. All at once he suspended his labour. The hour-glass had been turned for the third time.

"What is the matter with thee?" demanded the saint.

"I know not," replied the writhing fiend. "A sudden attack of cramp in the arms and legs, I fancy. I must have caught cold on these windy downs. I will do a little lighter work till the fit passes off." Upon this he took up the shovel, and began to trim the sides of the dyke as before.

While he was thus engaged the further end of the chasm closed up, so that when he took up the pickaxe once more he had all his work to do again. This caused him to snort and roar like a mad bull; and so much flame and smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils, that the bottom of the dyke resembled the bed of a volcano.

Sister Ursula then turned the glass for the fourth time. Hereupon an enormous mass of breccia, or gold-stone, as the common folk call it, which the fiend had dislodged, rolled down upon his foot and crushed it. This so enraged him that he sent the fragment of gold-stone whizzing over the hills to Hove. What with rubbing his bruised foot and roaring, a quarter of an hour elapsed before he could resume his work.

The fifth turning of the glass gave him such pains in the back, that for some minutes he was completely disabled.

"An attack of lumbago!" he cried. "I seem liable to all mortal ailments to-night."

"Thou hadst better desist," said the saint. "The next attack may cripple thee for all time."

"I am all right again!" shouted the demon. "It was but a passing seizure, like those that have gone before it. Thou shalt now see what I can do."

And he began to ply his pickaxe with greater energy than ever, toiling on without intermission, filling the chasm with flame from his fiery nostrils, and producing the effect of a continuous thunderstorm over the weald. Thus he wrought on, I say, uninterruptedly for the space of another hour.

Sister Ursula then turned the glass for the last time.

The fiend was suddenly checked, but not this time by pains in the limbs or prostration of strength. He had struck the pickaxe so deeply into the chalk that he could not remove it. He strained every nerve to pluck it forth, but it continued firmly embedded; and the helve, which was thick as the mainmast of a ship, and of toughest oak, broke in his grasp.

While he was roaring like an infuriated lion

with rage and mortification, Saint Cuthman called out to him to come forth.

"Wherefore should I come forth?" the fiend cried. "Thou thinkest I am baffled; but thou art mistaken. I will dig out my axe-head presently, and my shovel will furnish me with a new handle."

"Cease, if thou canst, for a short space, to breathe forth flame and smoke; and look towards the east," cried the saint.

"There is a glimmer of light in the sky in that quarter!" exclaimed the demon, holding his breath; "but dawn cannot be come already."

"The streak of light grows rapidly wider and brighter," said the saint. "The shades of night are fleeing fast away. The larks are beginning to rise and carol forth their matin hymns on the downs. The rooks are cawing amid the trees of the park beneath us. The cattle are lowing in the meads—and hark! dost thou not hear the cocks crowing in the adjacent village of Poynings?"

"Cocks crowing at Poynings!" yelled the fiend. "It must be the dawn. But the sun shall not behold my discomfiture."

"Hide thy head in darkness, accursed being!" exclaimed the saint, raising his staff. "Hence with thee! and return not to this hill. The dwellers within the Sussex Weald are saved from thy malice, and may henceforth worship without fear. Get thee hence! I say."

Abashed by the awful looks of the saint, the demon fled. Howling with rage, like a wild beast robbed of its prey, he ran to the northern boundary of the rampart surrounding the camp, where the marks of his gigantic feet may still be seen indelibly impressed on the sod. Then springing off, and unfolding his sable pinions, he soared over the weald, alighting on Leith Hill.

Just as he took flight Sister Ursula's taper went out. Instant darkness fell upon the hill, and Night resumed her former sway. The village cocks ceased crowing, the larks paused in their songs and dropped to the ground like stones, the rooks returned to roost, and the lowing herds became silent.

Saint Cuthman had to make a considerable circuit to reach Sister Ursula's cell, a deep gulf having been placed between it and the headland on which he had taken his stand. On arriving at the little structure he found that the recluse's troubles were over. Her loving heart had for ever ceased to beat. Her failing strength had sufficed to turn the hour-glass for the last time, and just as the consecrated taper expired she passed away. In death she still retained the attitude of prayer, her clasped hands being raised heavenwards.

"*Suspice Domine, preces nostras pro animâ famulæ tuæ; ut si quæ ei maculæ de terrenis contagiis adhæserunt, remissionis tuæ misericordia deleantur!*" ejaculated the holy man. "She could not have had a better ending. May my own be like it! She shall have sepulture in my mother's grave at Steyning. And masses and trentals, according to my promise, shall be said for the repose of her soul. Peace be with her!" And he went on his way.

Thus was the demon banished by Saint Cuthman from that hill overlooking the fair Sussex Weald, and the people of the plain ever after prayed in peace. But the devil's handiwork, the unfinished dyke, exists to this day. Though I never heard that his pickaxe had been found.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle;—
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

P. B. Shelley.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

With work in hand, perchance some fairy cap
To deck the little stranger yet to come;
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap—
The eldest studious, with a book or map—
Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom,
Conning some tale—while, with no gentle tap,
Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.
So sits the mother! with her fondest smile
Regarding her sweet little ones the while.
And he, the happy man! to whom belong
These treasures, feels their living charm beguile
All mortal cares, and eyes the prattling throng
With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving tongue.

Sir Aubrey De Vere Hunt.

THE ANNUITY.

[George Outram, born at Glasgow, 25th March, 1805; died there, 1856. He was called to the bar in 1827; became part proprietor and editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and wrote a number of humorous and satirical verses. A collection of his poems is published by Blackwood.]

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell:
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
She just was turn'd saxty-three—
I couldna guess'd she'd prove sae teugh
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
The limmer's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's cried awa' to bane and skin;
But that it seems is naught to me.
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage of tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company:
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here, or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free—
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil may care! the blast gaed by,
And miss'd the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough of cholera,
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she!
She buys up baths, and drugs an a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever-proof:
The pest walk'd o'er her very roof—
She tauld me sae—and then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured!—she handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale;
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh and banes can be;
She beats the taeds that live in stanes
And fatten in vacuity.
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her!—expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread
Sma' crime it wad appear to me:
Ca't murder, or ca't homicide,
I'd justify't—and do it tae.
But how to fell a wither'd wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life!
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot; but whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her back-bane wanders through her sark,
In an unkenn'd cork-screwity.
She's palsified, and shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't:
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drown'd: but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;
Or hang'd—if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope:
'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will puzion do't?—It has been tried.
But be't in hash or fricassee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts;
She gangs by instinct, like the brutes,
And only eats an' drinks what suits
Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore and ten perchance may be.
She's ninety-four.—Let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the flood;
She's come o' patriarchal blood;
She's some auld pagan mummified,
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and out;
  She's sauted to the last degree;
There's pickle in her very snout,
  Sae caper-like and cruety.
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her:
They've kyanized the useless knir—(witch);
She canna decompose—nae mair
  Than her accurs'd annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock,
  As this eternal jaud wears me.
I could withstand the single shock,
  But not the continuity.
It's pay me here, and pay me there,
And pay me, pay me, evermair;
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
  I'm *charged* for her annuity.

ON DECISION OF CHARACTER.

[Rev. John Foster, born in Yorkshire, 1770; died at Stapleton, 15th October, 1843. He officiated for some time as a Baptist minister, but his latter years were chiefly occupied in literary pursuits. His reputation rests mainly upon his essays: *On a Man's writing Memoirs of Himself; On Decision of Character; The Application of the Epithet Romantic; Evangelical Religion;*—these were written in the form of a series of letters to a friend; *Evils of Popular Ignorance; Lectures*, &c. "Mr. Foster's essays are full of ingenuity and original remarks; the style of them is at once terse and elegant."—*Dr. Dibdin.*]

A person of undecisive character wonders how all the embarrassments in the world happened to meet exactly in *his* way, to place him just in that one situation for which he is peculiarly unadapted, but in which he is also willing to think no other man could have acted with facility or confidence. Incapable of setting up a firm purpose on the basis of things as they are, he is often employed in vain speculations on some different supposable state of things, which would have saved him from all this perplexity and irresolution. He thinks what a determined course he could have pursued *if* his talents, his health, his age, had been different; if he had been acquainted with some one person sooner; if his friends were, in this or the other point, different from what they are; or if fortune had showered her favours on him. And he gives himself as much license to complain as if all these advantages had been among the rights of his nativity, but refused, by a malignant or capricious fate, to his life. Thus he is occupied, instead of marking with a vigilant eye, and seizing with a strong hand, all the possibilities of his actual situation.

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful, you would have supposed, as a spider, may make a seizure of the hapless boaster the very next moment, and contemptuously exhibit the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and his will. He belongs to whatever can make capture of him; and one thing after another vindicates its right to him, by arresting him while he is trying to go on; as twigs and chips floating near the edge of a river are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it—*if* the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the week will let him. His character precluding all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views and actions are destined to take to-morrow; as a farmer has often to acknowledge that next day's proceedings are at the disposal of its winds and clouds.

This man's notions and determinations always depend very much on other human beings; and what chance for consistency and stability while the persons with whom he may converse or transact are so various? This very evening he may talk with a man whose sentiments will melt away the present form and outline of his purposes, however firm and defined he may have fancied them to be. A succession of persons whose faculties were stronger than his own might, in spite of his irresolute reaction, take him and dispose of him as they pleased. Such infirmity of spirit practically confesses him made for subjection, and he passes, like a slave, from owner to owner. Sometimes indeed it happens that a person so constituted falls into the train, and under the permanent ascendency, of some one stronger mind, which thus becomes through life the oracle and guide, and gives the inferior a steady will and plan. This, when the governing spirit is wise and virtuous, is a fortunate relief to the feeling, and an advantage gained to the utility of the subordinate and, as it were, appended mind.

The regulation of every man's plan must greatly depend on the course of events, which come in an order not to be foreseen or prevented. But in accommodating the plans of conduct to the train of events, the difference between two men may be no less than that, in the one instance the man is subservient to the events, and in the other the events are made subservient to the man. Some men seem to have been taken along by a succession of events, and, as it were, handed forward in

helpless passiveness from one to another, having no determined principle in their own characters by which they could constrain those events to serve a design formed antecedently to them, or apparently in defiance of them. The events seized them as a neutral material, not they the events. Others, advancing through life with an internal invincible determination, have seemed to make the train of circumstances, whatever they were, conduce as much to their chief design as if they had, by some directing interposition, been brought about on purpose. It is wonderful how even the casualties of life seem to bow to a spirit that will not bow to them, and yield to subserve a design which they may, in their first apparent tendency, threaten to frustrate.

You may have known such examples, though they are comparatively not numerous. You may have seen a man of this vigorous character in a state of indecision concerning some affair in which it was necessary for him to determine, because it was necessary for him to act. But in this case his manner would assure you that he would not remain long undecided; you would wonder if you found him still balancing and hesitating the next day. If he explained his thoughts you would perceive that their clear process, evidently at each effort gaining something toward the result, must certainly reach it ere long. The deliberation of such a mind is a very different thing from the fluctuation of one whose second thinking only upsets the first, and whose third confounds both. To *know how* to obtain a determination is one of the first requisites and indications of a rationally decisive character.

When the decision was arrived at, and a plan of action approved, you would feel an assurance that something would absolutely be done. It is characteristic of such a mind to think for effect, and the pleasure of escaping from temporary doubt gives an additional impulse to the force with which it is carried into action. The man will not re-examine his conclusions with endless repetition, and he will not be delayed long by consulting other persons after he had ceased to consult himself. He cannot bear to sit still among unexecuted decisions and unattempted projects. We wait to hear of his achievements, and are confident we shall not wait long. The possibility or the means may not be obvious to us, but we know that everything will be attempted, and that a spirit of such determined will is like a river, which, in whatever manner it is obstructed, will make its way somewhere. It must have cost Cæsar many anxious hours of deliberation before he decided to pass the Rubicon, but it is probable he suffered but few to elapse between the decision and the execution. And any one of his friends who should have been apprised of his determination, and understood his character, would have smiled contemptuously to hear it insinuated that though Cæsar had resolved, Cæsar would not dare; or that though he might cross the Rubicon, whose opposite banks presented to him no hostile legions, he might come to other rivers which he would not cross; or that either rivers, or any other obstacle, would deter him from prosecuting his determination from this ominous commencement to its very last consequence.

One signal advantage possessed by a mind of this character is that its passions are not wasted. The whole measure of passion of which any one, with important transactions before him, is capable, is not more than enough to supply interest and energy for the required practical exertions; therefore as little as possible of this costly flame should be expended in a way that does not augment the force of action. But nothing can less contribute, or be more destructive to vigour of action, than protracted anxious fluctuation, through resolutions adopted, rejected, resumed, suspended; while yet nothing causes a greater expense of feeling. The heart is fretted and exhausted by being subjected to an alternation of contrary excitements, with the ultimate mortifying consciousness of their contributing to no end. The long-wavering deliberation, whether to perform some bold action of difficult virtue, has often cost more to feeling than the action itself, or a series of such actions, would have cost; with the great disadvantage too of not being relieved by any of that invigoration which the man in action finds in the activity itself, that spirit created to renovate the energy which the action is expending. When the passions are not consumed among dubious musings and abortive resolutions, their utmost value and use can be secured by throwing all their animating force into effective operation.

Another advantage of this character is that it exempts from a great deal of interference and obstructive annoyance which an irresolute man may be almost sure to encounter. Weakness in every form tempts arrogance, and a man may be allowed to wish for a kind of character with which stupidity and impertinence may not make so free. When a firm decisive spirit is recognized, it is curious to see how the space clears around a man, and leaves him room and freedom. The disposition to interrogate, dictate, or banter preserves a respect-

ful and politic distance, judging it not unwise to keep the peace with a person of so much energy. A conviction that he understands, and that he wills with extraordinary force, silences the conceit that intended to perplex or instruct him, and intimidates the malice that was disposed to attack him. There is a feeling, as in respect to fate, that the decrees of so inflexible a spirit *must* be right, or that at least they *will* be accomplished.

But not only will he secure the freedom of acting for himself: he will obtain also by degrees the coincidence of those in whose company he is to transact the business of life. If the manners of such a man be free from arrogance, and he can qualify his firmness with a moderate degree of insinuation; and if his measures have partly lost the appearance of being the dictates of his will, under the wider and softer sanction of some experience that they are reasonable, both competition and fear will be laid to sleep, and his will may acquire an unresisted ascendency over many who will be pleased to fall into the mechanism of a system which they find makes them more successful and happy than they could have been amidst the anxiety of adjusting plans and expedients of their own, and the consequences of often adjusting them ill. I have known several parents, both fathers and mothers, whose management of their families has answered this description, and has displayed a striking example of the facile complacency with which a number of persons, of different ages and dispositions, will yield to the decisions of a firm mind, acting on an equitable and enlightened system.

The last resource of this character is hard inflexible pertinacity, on which it may be allowed to rest its strength after finding it can be effectual in none of its milder forms. I remember admiring an instance of this kind in a firm, sagacious, and estimable old man whom I well knew, and who has long been dead. Being on a jury in a trial of life and death, he was satisfied of the innocence of the prisoner; the other eleven were of the opposite opinion. But he was resolved the man should not be condemned; and as the first effort for preventing it, very properly made application to the *minds* of his associates, spending several hours in labouring to convince them. But he found he made no impression, while he was exhausting the strength which it was necessary to reserve for another mode of operation. He then calmly told them that it should now be a trial who could endure confinement and famine the longest, and that they might be quite assured he would sooner die than release them at the expense of the prisoner's life. In this situation they spent about twenty-four hours; when at length all acceded to his verdict of acquittal.

It is not necessary to amplify on the indispensable importance of this quality in order to the accomplishment of anything eminently good. We instantly see that every path to signal excellence is so obstructed and beset that none but a spirit so qualified can pass.

"IN MAIDEN MEDITATION."

[**Thomas Haynes Bayly**, born near Bath, 1797; died 1839. Educated at Oxford, and intended for the church. He wrote thirty-six pieces for the stage, several novels —*Aylmers; Kindness in Women*, &c.,—and numerous songs As a song-writer, he was most prolific and most popular: *The Soldier's Tear* (one of four lyrics published under the title of *Songs of a S ldier's Story*, and the only one of them worth remembering), *We Met—'twas in a Crowd*, and a few others, are still well known. D. M. Moir said of him: "He possessed a playful fancy, a practised ear, a refined taste, and a sentiment which ranged pleasantly from the fanciful to the pathetic."]

What is her thought? may we not guess
What those eloquent eyes express?
May we not read in her tranquil cheek
All that her musical voice could speak?

What is her thought? sits she alone,
Watching the path of the absent one,
Eager to welcome him home again,
From the ocean storm or the battle-plain!
If it be so, how blest is he,
The treasured thought of her memory!

Upon her knees, at dawn of day,
For him she fervently will pray;
And, when her midnight lamp grows dim,
Again her prayer will be for him.

What is her thought? of former days?
Of childhood's bright and flowery ways?
Of ardent hopes untimely cross'd,
And early friends too early lost?

No, in that calm and lovely face
Nothing of sadness can we trace,
For self-reproach is the canker-worm
That wears away the beauteous form.

When the first wild storm of grief is spent,
There are tranquil days for the innocent;
She hath assuaged, while in prayer she knelt,
The keenest wound that her heart hath felt.

What is her thought? of the time to come?
Of a cheerful hearth, of a happy home?
Of love unchanging? of a friend
Whose fond affection ne'er will end?
What is her thought?—whatever it be,
May thoughts as pure be in store for me!

ADVENTURES OF A CAVALIER.

[Daniel De Foe, born in London, 1661; died there, 24th April, 1731. He was the son of a butcher in St. Giles, Cripplegate, and was educated with a view to the Presbyterian ministry. He became a soldier (as an adherent to Monmouth), a hosier, a tile-maker, and a woollen merchant in succession. His political and satirical pamphlets—*Essay on Projects; The True-Born Englishman* (verse); and *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*—earned for him reputation and imprisonment. He was employed as a government agent in the negotiations for the Union between Scotland and England, which supplied him with the materials for his history of that event. But his raillery and satire were misunderstood, imprisonment and fines impoverished him, slander harassed him, and he was stricken with apoplexy whilst writing his defence in 1715—*An Appeal to Honour and Justice, though it be of his Worst Enemies*, being a True Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs. He recovered his health, and thinking that it would be more to his advantage to attempt to amuse the public than to reform it, he produced *Robinson Crusoe*. The success was immediate and enduring. It was followed by *The Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton; The Adventures of Roxana; The Life of Colonel Jack; The History of Duncan Campbell; Moll Flanders; A Journal of the Plague in 1665; Religious Courtship; The Political History of the Devil, and a System of Magic; A Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal* (written to sell a heavy book, *Drelincourt on Death*); *A Tour through England and Scotland; A Plan of the English Commerce; Giving Alms no Charity;* and *The Memoirs of a Cavalier*, during the Civil Wars in England, from which we quote the Cavalier's adventures in escaping from the battle of Marston Moor. De Foe is said to have produced 210 books and pamphlets, and in all he was excellent. He is acknowledged to be one of the master spirits of English literature.]

I had but very coarse treatment in this fight; for, returning with the prince from the pursuit of the right wing, and finding all lost, I halted with some other officers to consider what to do. At first we were for making our retreat in a body, and might have done so well enough if we had known what had happened before we saw ourselves in the middle of the enemy; for Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had got together his scattered troops, and joined by some of the left wing, knowing who we were, charged us with great fury. It was not a time to think of anything but getting away, or dying upon the spot. The prince kept on in the front; and Sir Thomas Fairfax, by this charge, cut off about three regiments of us from our body; but bending his main strength at the prince, left us, as it were, behind him in the middle of the field of battle. We took this for the only opportunity we could have to get off; and joining together, we made across the place of battle in as good order as we could, with our carabines presented. In this posture we passed by several bodies of the enemy's foot, who stood with their pikes charged to keep us off; but they had no occasion, for we had no design to meddle with them, but to get from them. Thus we made a swift march, and thought ourselves pretty secure; but our work was not done yet, for on a sudden we saw ourselves under a necessity of fighting our way through a great body of Manchester's horse, who came galloping upon us over the moor. They had, as we suppose, been pursuing some of our broken troops which were fled before, and seeing us, they gave us a home charge. We received them as well as we could, but pushed to get through them, which at last we did with a considerable loss to them. However, we lost so many men, either killed or separated from us (for all could not follow the same way), that of our three regiments, we could not be above 400 horse together when we got quite clear, and these were mixed men, some of one troop and regiment, some of another. Not that I believe many of us were killed in the last attack, for we had plainly the better of the enemy; but our design being to get off, some shifted for themselves one way, and some another, in the best manner they could, and as their several fortunes guided them. Four hundred more of this body, as I afterwards understood, having broke through the enemy's body another way, kept together, and got into Pontefract Castle; and 300 more made northward and to Skipton, where the prince afterwards fetched them off.

These few of us that were left together, with whom I was, being now pretty clear of pursuit, halted, and began to inquire who and what we were, and what we should do; and, on a short debate, I proposed we should make to the first garrison of the king's that we could recover, and that we should keep together, lest the country people should insult us upon the roads. With this resolution we pushed on westward for Lancashire; but our misfortunes were not yet at an end. We travelled very hard, and got to a village upon the river Wharf, near Wetherby. At Wetherby there was a bridge, but we understood that a party from Leeds had secured the town and the post, in order to stop the fleeing Cavaliers, and that it would be very hard to get through there, though, as we understood afterwards, there were no soldiers there but a guard of the townsmen. In this pickle we consulted what course to take. To stay where we were till morning, we all concluded would not be safe. Some advised to take the stream with our horses; but the river, which is deep, and the current

strong, seemed to bid us have a care what we did of that kind, especially in the night. We resolved therefore to refresh ourselves and our horses, which indeed is more than we did, and go on till we might come to a ford or bridge, where we might get over. Some guides we had, but they either were foolish or false; for after we had rid eight or nine miles, they plunged us into a river at a place they called a ford, but it was a very ill one, for most of our horses swam, and seven or eight were lost, but we saved the men. However, we got all over.

We made bold, with our first convenience, to trespass upon the country for a few horses where we could find them, to remount our men whose horses were drowned, and continued our march. But being obliged to refresh ourselves at a small village on the edge of Bramham Moor, we found the country alarmed by our taking some horses; and we were no sooner got on horseback in the morning, and entering on the moor, but we understood we were pursued by some troops of horse. There was no remedy but we must pass this moor; and though our horses were exceedingly tired, yet we pressed on upon a round trot, and recovered an inclosed country on the other side, where we halted. And here, necessity putting us upon it, we were obliged to look out for more horses, for several of our men were dismounted, and others' horses disabled by carrying double, those who lost their horses getting up behind them; but we were supplied by our enemies against their will.

The enemy followed us over the moor, and we having a woody inclosed country about us where we were, I observed by their moving they had lost sight of us; upon which I proposed concealing ourselves till we might judge of their numbers. We did so; and lying close in a wood, they passed hastily by us without skirting or searching the wood, which was what on another occasion they would not have done. I found they were not above 150 horse, and considering that to let them go before us would be to alarm the country and stop our design, I thought, since we might be able to deal with them, we should not meet with a better place for it, and told the rest of our officers my mind, which all our party presently (for we had not time for a long debate) agreed to. Immediately upon this I caused two men to fire their pistols in the wood at two different places, as far asunder as I could. This I did to give them an alarm and amuse them: for being in the lane, they would otherwise have got through before we had been ready, and I resolved to engage them there as soon as it was possible. After this alarm we rushed out of the wood with about a hundred horse, and charged them on the flank in a broad lane, the wood being on their right. Our passage into the lane being narrow, gave us some difficulty in our getting out; but the surprise of the charge did our work, for the enemy, thinking we had been a mile or two before, had not the least thoughts of this onset till they heard us in the wood, and then they who were before could not come back. We broke into the lane just in the middle of them, and by that means divided them; and facing to the left, charged the rear. First our dismounted men, which were near fifty, lined the edge of the wood, and fired with their carabines upon those which were before so warmly, that they put them into a great disorder. Meanwhile fifty more of our horse from the further part of the wood showed themselves in the lane upon their front. This put them of the foremost party into a great perplexity, and they began to face about to fall upon us who were engaged in the rear; but their facing about in a lane where there was no room to wheel (and one who understands the manner of wheeling a troop of horse must imagine), put them into a great disorder. Our party in the head of the lane taking the advantage of this mistake of the enemy, charged in upon them, and routed them entirely. Some found means to break into the inclosures on the other side of the lane, and get away. About thirty were killed, and about twenty-five made prisoners, and forty very good horses were taken; all this, while not a man of ours was lost, and not above seven or eight wounded. Those in the rear behaved themselves better, for they stood our charge with a great deal of resolution, and all we could do could not break them; but at last our men, who had fired on foot through the hedges at the other party, coming to do the like here, there was no standing it any longer. The rear of them faced about, and retreated out of the lane, and drew up in the open field to receive and rally their fellows. We killed about seventeen of them, and followed them to the end of the lane, but had no mind to have any more fighting than needs must; our condition at that time not making it proper, the towns round us being all in the enemy's hands, and the country but indifferently pleased with us. However, we stood facing them till they thought fit to march away. Thus we were supplied with horses enough to remount our men, and pursued our first design of getting into Lancashire. As for our prisoners, we let them off on foot.

But the country being by this time alarmed, and the rout of our army everywhere known, we foresaw abundance of difficulties before us; we were not strong enough to venture into any great towns, and we were too many to be concealed in small ones. Upon this we resolved to halt in a great wood, about three miles beyond the place where we had the last skirmish, and sent out scouts to discover the country, and learn what they could, either of the enemy or of our friends.

Anybody may suppose we had but indifferent quarters here, either for ourselves or for our horses; but, however, we made shift to lie here two days and one night. In the interim I took upon me, with two more, to go to Leeds to learn some news. We were disguised like country ploughmen; the clothes we got at a farmer's house, which for that particular occasion we plundered; and I cannot say no blood was shed in a manner too rash, and which I could not have done at another time; but our case was desperate, and the people too surly, and shot at us out of the window, wounded one man, and shot a horse, which we counted as great a loss to us as a man, for our safety depended upon our horses. Here we got clothes of all sorts, enough for both sexes; and thus, dressing myself up *a la paisant*, with a white cap on my head, and a fork on my shoulder, and one of my comrades in the farmer's wife's russet gown and petticoat, like a woman; the other with an old crutch like a lame man, and all mounted on such horses as we had taken the day before from the country, away we go to Leeds by three several ways, and agreed to meet upon the bridge. My pretended countrywoman acted her part to the life, though the party was a gentleman of good quality of the Earl of Worcester's family; and the cripple did as well as he; but I thought myself very awkward in my dress, which made me very shy, especially among the soldiers. We passed their sentinels and guards at Leeds unobserved, and put up our horses at several houses in the town, from whence we went up and down to make our remarks. My cripple was the fittest to go among the soldiers, because there was less danger of being pressed. There he informed himself of the matters of war, particularly that the enemy sat down again to the siege of York; that flying parties were in pursuit of the Cavaliers; and there he heard that 500 horse of the Lord Manchester's men had followed a party of Cavaliers over Bramham Moor; and that, entering a lane, the Cavaliers, who were 1000 strong, fell upon them, and killed them all but about fifty. This, though it was a lie, was very pleasant to us to hear, knowing it was our party because of the other part of the story, which was thus: that the Cavaliers had taken possession of such a wood, where they rallied all the troops of their flying army; that they had plundered the country as they came, taking all the good horses they could get; that they had plundered Goodman Thompson's house, which was the farmer I mentioned, and killed man, woman, and child; and that they were about 2000 strong.

My other friend in woman's clothes got among the good wives at an inn, where she set up her horse, and there she heard the same sad and dreadful tidings; and that this party was so strong, none of the neighbouring garrisons durst stir out, but that they had sent expresses to York for a party of horse to come to their assistance.

I walked up and down the town, but fancied myself so ill disguised, and so easy to be known, that I cared not to talk with anybody. We met at the bridge exactly at our time, and compared our intelligence, found it answered our end of coming, and that we had nothing to do but to get back to our men; but my cripple told me he would not stir till he bought some victuals: so away he hops with his crutch, and buys four or five great pieces of bacon, as many of hung beef, and two or three loaves; and borrowing a sack at the inn (which I suppose he never restored), he loads his horse, and getting a large leather bottle, he filled that of aqua vitæ instead of small beer; my woman comrade did the like. I was uneasy in my mind, and took no care but to get out of the town. However, we all came off well enough; but it was well for me that I had no provisions with me, as you will hear presently. We came, as I said, into the town by several ways, and so we went out; but about three miles from the town we met again exactly where we had agreed. I being about a quarter of a mile from the rest, I met three country fellows on horseback: one had a long pole on his shoulder, another a fork, the third no weapon at all that I saw. I gave them the road very orderly, being habited like one of their brethren; but one of them stopping short at me, and looking earnestly, calls out, "Hark thee, friend," says he, in a broad north-country tone, "whar hast thou thilk horse?" I must confess I was in the utmost confusion at the question, neither being able to answer the question, nor to speak in his tone; so I made as if I did not hear him, and went on. "Na, but ye's not gang soa," says the boor, and comes up to me, and takes hold of the horse's

bridle to stop me; at which, vexed at heart that I could not tell how to talk to him, I reached him a great knock on the pate with my fork, and fetched him off his horse, and then began to mend my pace. The other clowns, though it seems they knew not what the fellow wanted, pursued me; and finding they had better heels than I, I saw there was no remedy but to make use of my hands, and faced about. The first that came up with me was he that had no weapons, so I thought I might parley with him; and speaking as country-like as I could, I asked him what he wanted? "Thou'st knaw that soon," says Yorkshire, "and I'se but come at thee." "Then keep awa', man," said I, "or I'se brain thee." By this time the third man came up, and the parley ended; for he gave me no words, but laid at me with his long pole, and that with such fury that I began to be doubtful of him. I was loathe to shoot the fellow, though I had pistols under my gray frock, as well for that the noise of a pistol might bring more people in, the village being in our rear, and also because I could not imagine what the fellow meant or would have; but at last, finding he would be too many for me with that long weapon, and a hardy strong fellow, I threw myself off my horse, and running in with him, stabbed my fork into his horse; the horse being wounded, staggered awhile and then fell down, and the booby had not the sense to get down in time, but fell with him; upon which, giving him a knock or two with my fork, I secured him. The other by this time had furnished himself with a great stick out of a hedge, and before I was disengaged from the last fellow, gave me two such blows that if the last had not missed my head and hit me on the shoulder, I had ended the fight and my life together. It was time to look about me now, for this was a madman; I defended myself with my fork, but it would not do. At last, in short, I was forced to pistol him, and get on horseback again, and with all the speed I could make, get away to the wood to our men.

If my two fellow spies had not been behind, I had never known what was the meaning of this quarrel of the three countrymen; but my cripple had all the particulars, for he being behind us, as I have already observed, when he came up to the first fellow, who began the fray, he found him beginning to come to himself. So he gets off, and pretends to help him, and sets him upon his breach, and being a very merry fellow, talked to him: "Well, and what's the matter now?" says he to him. "Ah, wae's me," says the fellow, "I'se killed!" "Not quite, mon," says the cripple. "O that's a fause thief," says he; and thus they parleyed. My cripple got him on his feet, and gave him a dram of his aqua vitæ bottle, and made much of him, in order to know what was the occasion of the quarrel. Our disguised woman pitied the fellow too, and together they set him up again upon his horse, and then he told them that that fellow was got upon one of his brother's horses who lived at Wetherby. They said the Cavaliers stole him, but it was like such rogues; no mischief could be done in the country but it was the poor Cavaliers must bear the blame, and the like; and thus they jogged on till they came to the place where the other two lay. The first fellow they assisted as they had done the other, and gave him a dram out of the leather bottle; but the last fellow was past their care, so they came away. For when they understood that it was my horse they claimed, they began to be afraid that their own horses might be known too, and then they had been betrayed in a worse pickle than I, and must have been forced to have done some mischief or other to have got away.

I had sent out two troopers to fetch them off if there was any occasion; but their stay was not long, and the two troopers saw them at a distance coming towards us, so they returned.

I had enough of going for a spy, and my companions had enough of staying in the wood; for other intelligences agreed with ours, and all concurred in this, that it was time to be going. However, this use we made of it, that while the country thought us so strong, we were in the less danger of being attacked, though in the more of being observed; but all this while we heard nothing of our friends till the next day. We then heard Prince Rupert, with about 1000 horse, was at Skipton, and from thence marched away to Westmoreland.

We concluded now we had two or three days' time good; for, since messengers were sent to York for a party to suppress us, we must have at least two days' march of them, and therefore all concluded we were to make the best of our way. Early in the morning, therefore, we decamped from those dull quarters; and as we marched through a village, we found the people very civil to us, and the woman cried out, "God bless them; it is a pity the Roundheads should make such work with such brave men," and the like. Finding we were among our friends, we resolved to halt a little and refresh ourselves; and indeed the people were very kind to us, gave us victuals and drink,

and took care of our horses. It happened to be my lot to stop at a house where the good woman took a great deal of pains to provide for us; but I observed the good man walked about with a cap upon his head, and very much out of order. I took no great notice of it, being very sleepy, and having asked my landlady to let me have a bed, I lay down and slept heartily. When I waked I found my landlord on another bed groaning very heavily.

When I came down stairs I found my cripple talking with my landlady. He was now out of his disguise, but we called him cripple still; and the other who put on the woman's clothes we called Goody Thompson. As soon as he saw me he called me out. "Do you know," says he, "the man of the house you are quartered in?" "No, not I," says I. "No, so I believe, nor they you," says he. "If they did, the goodwife would not have made you a posset, and fetched a white loaf for you." "What do you mean?" says I. "Have you seen the man?" says he. "Seen him?" says I, "yes, and heard him too. The man is sick, and groans so heavily," says I, "that I could not lie upon the bed any longer for him." "Why, this is the poor man," says he, "that you knocked down with your fork yesterday; and I have had all the story out yonder at the next door." I confess it grieved me to have been forced to treat one so roughly who was one of our friends; but to make some amends, we contrived to give the poor man his brother's horse; and my cripple told him a formal story, that he believed the horse was taken away from the fellow by some of our men; and if he knew him again, if it was his friend's horse he should have him. The man came down upon the news, and I caused six or seven horses, which were taken at the same time, to be shown him. He immediately chose the right; so I gave him the horse, and we pretended a great deal of sorrow for the man's hurt, and that we had not knocked the fellow on the head as well as took away the horse. The man was so overjoyed at the revenge he thought was taken on the fellow, that we heard him groan no more. We ventured to stay all day at this town, and the next night; and got guides to lead us to Blackstone Edge, a ridge of mountains which parts this side of Yorkshire from Lancashire. Early in the morning we marched, and kept our scouts very carefully out every way, who brought us no news for this day. We kept on all night, and made our horses do penance for that little rest they had, and the next morning we passed the hills and got into Lancashire, to a town called Littleborough, and from thence to Rochdale, a little market-town. And now we thought ourselves safe as to the pursuit of enemies from the side of York, our design was to get to Bolton, but all the county was full of the enemy in flying parties; and how to get to Bolton we knew not. At last we resolved to send a messenger to Bolton; but he came back and told us he had, with lurking and hiding, tried all the ways that he thought possible, but to no purpose, for he could not get into the town. We sent another, and he never returned: and some time afterward we understood he was taken by the enemy. At last one got into the town, but brought us word they were tired out with constant alarms, had been straitly blocked up, and every day expected a siege, and therefore advised us either to go northward, where Prince Rupert and the Lord Goring ranged at liberty, or to get over Warrington Bridge, and so secure our retreat to Chester. This double direction divided our opinions: I was for getting into Chester, both to recruit myself with horses and with money, both which I wanted, and to get refreshment, which we all wanted; but the major part of our men were for the north. First, they said, there was their general, and it was their duty to the cause, and the king's interest obliged us to go where we could do best service; and there were their friends, and every man might hear some news of his own regiment, for we belonged to several regiments; besides, all the towns to the left of us were possessed by Sir William Brereton; Warrington and Northwich garrisoned by the enemy, and a strong party at Manchester; so that it was very likely we should be beaten and dispersed before we could get to Chester. These reasons, and especially the last, determined us for the north, and we had resolved to march the next morning, when other intelligence brought us to more speedy resolutions. We kept our scouts continually abroad to bring us intelligence of the enemy, whom we expected on our backs, and also to keep an eye upon the country; for as we lived upon them something at large, they were ready enough to do us any ill turn as it lay in their power.

The first messenger that came to us was from our friends at Bolton, to inform us that they were preparing at Manchester to attack us. One of our parties had been as far as Stockport, on the edge of Cheshire, and was pursued by a party of the enemy, but got off by the help of the night. Thus all things looking black to the south, we had resolved to march northward in the morning, when one of

our scouts from the side of Manchester assured us Sir Thomas Middleton, with some of the Parliament forces and the country troops, making above 1200 men, were on their march to attack us, and would certainly beat up our quarters that night. Upon this advice we resolved to be gone; and getting all things in readiness, we began to march about two hours before night; and having gotten a trusty fellow for a guide—a fellow that we found was a friend to our side—he put a project into my head which saved us all for that time, and that was to give out in the village that we were marched back to Yorkshire, resolving to get into Pontefract Castle; and accordingly he leads us out of the town the same way we came in; and taking a boy with him, he sends the boy back just at night, and bade him say he saw us go up the hills at Blackstone Edge; and it happened very well, for this party were so sure of us that they had placed 400 men on the road to the northward to intercept our retreat that way, and had left no way for us, as they thought, to get away, but back again.

About ten o'clock at night they assaulted our quarters, but found we were gone; and being informed which way, they followed upon the spur, and travelling all night, being moonlight, they found themselves the next day about fifteen miles east, just out of our way; for we had, by the help of our guide, turned short at the foot of the hills, and through blind untrodden paths, and with difficulty enough, by noon the next day had reached almost twenty-five miles north, near a town called Clithero. Here we halted in the open field, and sent out our people to see how things were in the country. This part of the country, almost unpassable, and walled round with hills, was indifferent quiet; and we got some refreshment for ourselves, but very little horse-meat, and so went on; but we had not marched far before we found ourselves discovered; and the 400 horse sent to lie in wait for us as before, having understood which way we went, followed us hard; and, by letters to some of their friends at Preston, we found we were beset again. Our guide began now to be out of his knowledge, and our scouts brought us word the enemy's horse was posted before us; and we knew they were in our rear. In this exigence we resolved to divide our small body, and so amusing them, at least one might get off, if the other miscarried. I took about eighty horse with me, among which were all that I had of my own regiment, amounting to about thirty-two, and took the hills towards Yorkshire. Here we met with such unpassable hills, vast moors, rocks, and stony ways, as lamed all our horses and tired our men; and sometimes I was ready to think we should never be able to get over them, till our horses failing, and jack-boots being but indifferent things to travel in, we might be starved before we should find any road or towns, for guide we had none but a boy who knew but little, and would cry when we asked him any questions. I believe neither men nor horses ever passed in some places where we went, and for twenty hours we saw not a town nor a house, excepting sometimes from the top of the mountains, at a vast distance. I am persuaded we might have encamped here, if we had had provisions, till the war had been over, and have met with no disturbance; and I have often wondered since how we got into such horrible places, as much as how we got out. That which was worse to us than all the rest was, that we knew not where we were going, nor what part of the country we should come into when we came out of those desolate crags. At last, after a terrible fatigue, we began to see the western parts of Yorkshire, some few villages, and the country at a distance looked a little like England; for I thought before it looked like old Brennus hill, which the Grisons call the grandfather of the Alps. We got some relief in the villages, which indeed some of us had so much need of that they were hardly able to sit their horses, and others were forced to help them off, they were so faint. I never felt so much of the power of hunger in my life, for having not eaten in thirty hours, I was as ravenous as a hound; and if I had had a piece of horseflesh, I believe I should not have had patience to have stayed dressing it, but have fallen upon it raw, and have eaten it as greedily as a Tartar.

However, I ate very cautiously, having often seen the danger of men's eating heartily after long fasting. Our next care was to inquire our way. Halifax, they told us, was on our right; there we durst not think of going. Skipton was before us, and there we knew not how it was; for a body of 3000 horse, sent out by the enemy in pursuit of Prince Rupert, had been there but two days before, and the country people could not tell us whether they were gone or no; and Manchester's horse, which were sent out after our party, were then at Halifax in quest of us, and afterwards marched into Cheshire. In this distress we would have hired a guide, but none of the country people would go with us, for the Roundheads would hang them, they said, when they came there. Upon this I called a fellow to me: "Hark ye,

friend," says I, "dost thee know the way so as to bring us into Westmoreland, and not keep the great road from York?" "Ay, marry," says he, "I ken the ways weel enou." "And you would go and guide us," said I, "but that you are afraid the Roundheads will hang you?" "Indeed would I," says the fellow. "Why then," says I, "thou hadst as good be hanged by a Roundhead as a Cavalier; for if thou wilt not go, I'll hang thee just now." "Na, and ye serve me soa," says the fellow, "I'se ene gang with ye; for I care not for hanging; and ye'll get me a good horse, I'se gang and be one of ye, for I'll nere come heame more." This pleased us still better; and we mounted the fellow, for three of our men died that night with the extreme fatigue of the last service.

Next morning, when our new trooper was mounted and clothed, we hardly knew him; and this fellow led us by such ways, such wildernesses, and yet with such prudence, keeping the hills to the left that we might have the villages to refresh ourselves, that without him we had certainly either perished in those mountains, or fallen into the enemy's hands. We passed the great road from York so critically as to time, that from one of the hills he showed us a party of the enemy's horse, who were then marching into Westmoreland. We lay still that day, finding we were not discovered by them; and our guide proved the best scout that we could have had, for he would go out ten miles at a time, and bring us in all the news of the country. Here he brought us word that York was surrendered upon articles, and that Newcastle, which had been surprised by the king's party, was besieged by another army of Scots, advanced to help their brethren.

Along the edges of those vast mountains we passed, with the help of our guide, till we came into the forest of Swale; and finding ourselves perfectly concealed here—for no soldier had ever been here all the war, nor perhaps would not if it had lasted seven years—we thought we wanted a few days' rest, at least for our horses; so we resolved to halt, and while we did so we made some disguises, and sent out some spies into the country; but as here were no great towns nor no post-road, we got very little intelligence. We rested four days, and then marched again; and indeed, having no great stock of money about us, and not very free of that we had, four days was enough for those poor places to be able to maintain us.

We thought ourselves pretty secure now; but our chief care was how to get over those terrible mountains; for having passed the great road that leads from York to Lancaster, the crags, the farther northward we looked, looked still the worse, and our business was all on the other side. Our guide told us he would bring us out if we would have patience, which we were obliged to, and kept on this slow march till he brought us to Stanhope, in the county of Durham, where some of Goring's horse and two regiments of foot had their quarters. This was nineteen days from the battle of Marston Moor. The prince, who was then at Kendal in Westmoreland, and who had given me over as lost, when he had news of our arrival sent an express to me to meet him at Appleby. I went thither accordingly, and gave him an account of our journey; and there I heard the short history of the other part of our men, whom we parted from in Lancashire. They made the best of their way north. They had two resolute gentlemen who commanded; and being so closely pursued by the enemy that they found themselves under the necessity of fighting, they halted and faced about, expecting the charge. The boldness of the action made the officer who led the enemy's horse (which it seems were the county horse only) afraid of them; which they perceiving, taking the advantage of his fears, bravely advance and charge them; and though they were above 200 horse, they routed them, killed about thirty or forty, got some horses and some money, and pushed on their march night and day; but coming near Lancaster, they were so waylaid and pursued that they agreed to separate, and shift every man for himself. Many of them fell into the enemy's hands, some were killed attempting to pass through the river Lune, some went back again, six or seven got to Bolton, and about eighteen got safe to Prince Rupert.

HOAR-FROST.

What dream of beauty ever equall'd this!
What bands from Faeryland have sallied forth,
With snowy foliage from the abundant North,
With imagery from the realms of bliss!
What visions of my boyhood do I miss
That here are not restored! All splendours pure,
All loveliness, all graces that allure;
Shapes that amaze; a paradise that is,—
Yet was not,—will not in few moments be:
Glory from nakedness, that playfully
Mimics with passing life each summer boon;
Clothing the ground—replenishing the tree;
Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon;
Still as a dream,—and like a dream to flee!

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

[Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, born in Liverpool, 25th September, 1794; died in Dublin, 12th May, 1835. She began to write verses before she was nine years of age, and her first volume of poems, *Early Blossoms*, appeared in 1808. Four years afterwards she became the wife of Captain Hemans, from whom she separated about the period of the birth of her fifth son. Her principal works are: *England and Spain, or Valour and Patriotism; The Domestic Affections; Restoration of the Works of Art in Italy; Modern Greece; Wallace and Bruce; Tales and Historic Scenes; Vespers of Palermo*, a tragedy; *The Sceptic; The Forest Sanctuary; Records of Women; Hymns for Childhood; Scenes and Hymns of Life*, &c. She also contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, and edited and compiled many miscellaneous volumes. Sir Archibald Alison said: "Mrs. Hemans was imbued with the very soul of lyric poetry; she only required to have written a little less to have been one of the greatest in that branch that England ever produced." In the *Noctes* the Shepherd says: "It's no in that woman's power, sir, to write ill; for when a feeling heart and a fine genius forgather in the bosom o' a young matron, every line o' poetry is like a sad or cheerful smile frae her een, and every poem, whatever be the subject, in ae sense a picture o' hersel' - sae that a' she writes has an affecting and an endearing mannerism and moralism about it, that inspires the thochtful reader to say in to himsel'—that's Mrs. Hemans."]

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-birds' lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last;
A shade of earth has been round you cast!
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
—O! what have ye look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
—Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills pass'd?
—Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to the earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race!
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell!

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's;—fare ye well! farewell!

THE VOICE OF SPRING

A GENTLEMAN.

[**Henry Brooke**, born at Rantaven, Ireland, 1706; died 1783. He was the son of an Irish clergyman; and as a poet, dramatist, and novelist obtained a large measure of popular favour during his life. The patronage of Pope and Swift helped him to that popularity. Besides occasional poems, he wrote thirteen tragedies, of which the most successful were *Gustavus Vasa* and the *Earl of Essex*. His novel, *The Fool of Quality, or the History of Henry, Earl of Moreland*, was held in high esteem, and contains passages of merit. A new edition of this work, with biographical preface by Charles Kingsley, was issued in 1872. (Macmillan & Co.)]

There is no term in our language more common than that of "Gentleman;" and whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man some way elevated above the vulgar. Yet perhaps no two living are precisely agreed respecting the qualities they think requisite for constituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a "fine Gentleman," "a pretty Gentleman," "much of a Gentleman," "Gentlemanlike," "something of a Gentleman," "nothing of a Gentleman," and so forth; all these different appellations must intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of those who express them; though no two of them, as I said, may agree in the constituent qualities of the character they have formed in their own mind. There have been ladies who deemed a bag-wig, tasselled waistcoat, new-fashioned snuff-box, and a sword-knot, very capital ingredients in the composition of—a Gentleman. A certain easy impudence acquired by low people, by casually being conversant in high life, has passed a man current through many companies for—a Gentleman. In the country, a laced hat and long whip makes—a Gentleman. In taverns and some other places, he who is the most of a bully, is the most of—a Gentleman. With heralds, every Esquire is, indisputably,—a Gentleman. And the highwayman, in his manner of taking your purse; and your friend, in his manner of deceiving your wife, may, however, be allowed to have—much of the Gentleman. Plato, among the philosophers, was "the most of a man of fashion;" and therefore allowed, at the court of Syracuse, to be—the most of a Gentleman. But seriously, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages we have no term, any way adequate, whereby we may express it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among those rude and unpolished people, you read of philosophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demigods; but you never hear of any character so elegant as that of—a pretty Gentleman.

When those nations, however, became refined into what their ancestors would have called corruption; when luxury introduced, and fashion gave a sanction to certain sciences, which Cynics would have branded with the ill-mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenness, whoredom, gambling, cheating, lying, &c., the practitioners assumed the new title of Gentlemen, till such Gentlemen became as plenteous as stars in the milky-way, and lost distinction merely by the confluence of their lustre. Wherefore as the said qualities were found to be of ready acquisition, and of easy descent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it necessary to add further marks and criterions for severing the general herd from the nobler species — of Gentlemen.

Accordingly, if the commonalty were observed to have a propensity to religion, their superiors affected a disdain of such vulgar prejudices; and a freedom that cast off the restraints of morality, and a courage that spurned at the fear of a God, were accounted the distinguishing characteristics—of a Gentleman.

If the populace, as in China, were industrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labour and utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative—of a Gentleman.

If the common sort, by their conduct, declared a respect for the institutions of civil society and good government, their betters despise such pusillanimous conformity, and the magistrates pay becoming regard to the distinction, and allow of the superior liberties and privileges—of a Gentleman.

If the lower set show a sense of common honesty and common order, those who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonstrate that complaisance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or anything common, is quite beneath the attention or sphere—of a Gentleman.

Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and usurping the manners of their superiors; and as this state of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution: it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of insolence,

debauchery, irreligion, &c., the gentry, in order to be again distinguished, may assume the station that their inferiors had forsaken, and, however ridiculous the supposition may appear at present, humanity, equity, utility, complaisance, and piety may in time come to be the distinguishing characteristics—of a Gentleman.

It appears that the most general idea which people have formed of a Gentleman is that of a person of fortune above the vulgar, and embellished by manners that are fashionable in high life. In this case, fortune and fashion are the two constituent ingredients in the composition of modern Gentlemen; for whatever the fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against reason, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a Gentleman to conform. And yet I apprehend, that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or fashion, of time, customs, or opinions of any kind. The very same qualities that constituted a Gentleman in the first age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the constitution of the same character to the end of time.

Hector was the finest Gentleman of whom we read in history, and Don Quixote the finest Gentleman we read of in romance; as was instanced from the tenor of their principles and actions.

Some time after the battle of Cressy, Edward III. of England, and Edward the Black Prince, the more than heir of his father's renown, pressed John, king of France to indulge them with the pleasure of his company at London. John was desirous of embracing the invitation, and accordingly laid the proposal before his parliament at Paris. The parliament objected that the invitation had been made with an insidious design of seizing his person, thereby to make the cheaper and easier acquisition of the crown, to which Edward at that time pretended. But John replied, with some warmth, that he was confident his brother Edward, and more especially his young cousin, were too much of the GENTLEMAN to treat him in that manner. He did not say too much of the king, of the hero, or of the saint, but too much of the GENTLEMAN to be guilty of any baseness.

The sequel verified this opinion. At the battle of Poictiers King John was made prisoner, and soon after conducted by the Black Prince to England. The prince entered London in triumph, amid the throng and acclamations of millions of the people. But then this rather appeared to be the triumph of the French king than that of his conqueror. John was seated on a proud steed, royally robed, and attended by a numerous and gorgeous train of the British nobility; while his conqueror endeavoured, as much as possible, to disappear, and rode by his side in plain attire, and degradingly seated on a little Irish hobby.

As Aristotle and the Critics derived their rules, for epic poetry and the sublime, from a poem which Homer had written long before the rules were formed, or laws established for the purpose: thus, from the demeanour and innate principles of particular Gentlemen, art has borrowed and instituted the many modes of behaviour which the world has adopted, under the title of good manners.

One quality of a Gentleman is that of charity to the poor; and this is delicately instanced in the account which Don Quixote gives, to his fast friend Sancho Pancha, of the valorous but yet more pious knight-errant Saint Martin. On a day, said the Don, Saint Martin met a poor man half naked, and taking his cloak from his shoulders, he divided and gave him the one half. Now, tell me at what time of the year this happened? Was I a witness? quoth Sancho; how the vengeance should I know in what year or what time of the year it happened? Hadst thou, Sancho, rejoined the knight, anything within thee of the sentiment of Saint Martin, thou must assuredly have known that this happened in winter; for had it been summer, Saint Martin would have given the whole cloak.

Another characteristic of the true Gentleman is a delicacy of behaviour toward that sex whom nature has entitled to the protection, and consequently entitled to the tenderness, of man.

The same Gentleman-errant, entering into a wood on a summer's evening, found himself entangled among nets of green thread, that here and there hung from tree to tree; and conceiving it some matter of purposed conjuration, pushed valorously forward, to break through the enchantment. Hereupon some beautiful shepherdesses interposed with a cry, and besought him to spare the implements of their innocent recreation. The knight, surprised and charmed by the vision, replied,—Fair creatures! my province is to protect, not to injure; to seek all means of service, but never of offence, more especially to any of your sex and apparent excellences. Your pretty nets take up but a small piece of favoured ground; but, did they inclose the world, I would seek out new worlds, whereby I might win a passage, rather than break them.

Two very lovely but shamefaced girls had a cause of some consequence depending at Westminster, that indispensably required their personal appearance. They were relations of Sir Joseph Jeckel, and on this tremendous occasion requested his company and countenance at the court. Sir Joseph attended accordingly; and the cause being opened, the judge demanded whether he was to entitle those ladies by the denomination of spinsters? No, my lord, said Sir Joseph; they are lilies of the valley, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet you see that no monarch, in all his glory, was ever arrayed like one of these.

Another very peculiar characteristic of a Gentleman, is the giving place, and yielding to all with whom he has to do. Of this we have a shining and affecting instance in Abraham, perhaps the most accomplished character that may be found in history, whether sacred or profane. A contention had arisen between the herdsmen of Abraham and the herdsmen of his nephew Lot, respecting the propriety of the pasture of the lands wherein they dwelled, that could now scarce contain the abundance of their cattle. And those servants, as is universally the case, had respectively endeavoured to kindle and inflame their masters with their own passions. When Abraham, in consequence of this, perceived that the countenance of Lot began to change toward him, he called, and generously expostulated with him as followeth: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, or between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we be brethren. If it be thy desire to separate thyself from me, is not the whole land before thee? If thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

Another capital quality of the true Gentleman is, that of feeling himself concerned and interested in others. Never was there so benevolent, so affecting, so pathetic a piece of oratory exhibited upon earth, as that of Abraham's pleading with God for averting the judgments that then impended over Sodom. But the matter is already so generally celebrated, that I am constrained to refer my reader to the passage at full; since the smallest abridgment must deduct from its beauties, and that nothing can be added to the excellences thereof.

Honour, again, is said, in Scripture, peculiarly to distinguish the character of a Gentleman; where it is written of Sechem, the son of Hamor, "that he was more honourable than all the house of his father." This young prince, giving way to the violence of his passion, had dishonourably deflowered Dinah the daughter of Jacob. But his affections and soul cleaved to the party whom he had injured. He set no limit to his offers for repairing the wrong. Ask me, he said to her kindred, "ask me never so much dowry and gift, and I will give according as ye shall say unto me; but give me the damsel to wife."

From hence it may be inferred, that human excellence, or human amiableness, doth not so much consist in a freedom from frailty, as in our recovery from lapses, our detestation of our own transgressions, and our desire of atoning, by all possible means, the injuries we have done and the offences we have given. Herein therefore may consist the very singular distinction which the great apostle makes between his estimation of a just and of a good man. "For a just or righteous man," says he, "one would grudge to die; but for a good man one would even dare to die." Here the just man is supposed to adhere strictly to the rule of right or equity, and to exact from others the same measure that he is satisfied to mete; but the good man, though occasionally he may fall short of justice, has, properly speaking, no measure to his benevolence, his general propensity is to give more than the due. The just man condemns, and is desirous of punishing the transgressors of the line prescribed to himself; but the good man, in the sense of his own falls and failings, gives latitude, indulgence, and pardon to others; he judges, he condemns no one save himself. The just man is a stream that deviates not, to the right or left, from its appointed channel, neither is swelled by the flood of passion above its banks; but the heart of the good man, the man of honour, the Gentleman, is as a lamp lighted by the breath of GOD, and none save GOD himself can set limits to the efflux or irradiations thereof.

Again, the Gentleman never envies any superior excellence, but grows himself more excellent by being the admirer, promoter, and lover thereof. Saul said to his son Jonathan, "Thou son of the perverse, rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom; wherefore send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die."—Here every interesting motive that can possibly be conceived to have an influence on man united to urge Jonathan to the destruction of David; he would thereby have obeyed his king, and pacified a father

who was enraged against him. He would thereby have removed the only luminary that then eclipsed the brightness of his own achievments. And he saw, as his father said, that the death of David alone could establish the kingdom in himself and his posterity. But all those considerations were of no avail to make Jonathan swerve from honour, to slacken the bands of his faith, or cool the warmth of his friendship. O Jonathan! the sacrifice which thou then madest to virtue was incomparably more illustrious in the sight of God and his angels, than all the subsequent glories to which David attained. What a crown was thine, "Jonathan, when thou wast slain in thine high places!"

Saul of Tarsus had been a man of bigotry, blood, and violence; making havoc, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all who were not of his own sect and persuasion. But, when the spirit of that INFANT, who laid himself in the manger of human flesh, came upon him, he acquired a new heart and a new nature; and he offered himself a willing subject to all the sufferings and persecutions which he had brought upon others.

Saul, from that time, exemplified in his own person all those qualities of the Gentleman which he afterwards specifies in his celebrated description of that charity, which, as he says, alone endureth for ever. When Festus cried, with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad;" Paul stretched the hand, and answered, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul said, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were not only almost, but altogether, such as I am,—except these bonds." Here, with what an inimitable elegance did this man, in his own person, at once sum up the orator, the saint, and the Gentleman!

From these instances, my friend, you must have seen that the character, or rather quality of a GENTLEMAN, does not, in any degree, depend on fashion or mode, on station or opinion; neither changes with customs, climates, or ages. But as the Spirit of God can alone inspire it into man; so it is, as God is, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

THE TROOPER'S DEFENCE.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

Do I plead guilty to it? Yea, I do;
For I have never lied, and shall not now;
But give me a dog's leave to say a word
Touching what happened, and the why and how.

The night-guard went their rounds that night at one;
My post was in the lower dungeon range,
Down level with the moat, all slime and ooze
And damp; but there, 'tis fit we change and change,

We sentinels. Besides, 'twas in a sort
The place of honour, or of trust, we'll say;
For in the cell there with the mortised door
The young boy-lord, guilty of treason, lay.

Well, with my partisan I'd tramped an hour
Down in the dark there—just a lantern hung
By the wet wall—when close at hand I heard
My own name spoken by a woman's tongue.

My hair was like to lift my morion up,
For the keep's haunted; but I turned, to see
A woman like a ghost—face white, all white,
Ready to drop, and not a yard from me.

How she had come there God in heaven knows.
However, long before my tongue I'd found,
She tore out of her hair the white pearls, big
As pigeon's eggs, then dropt upon the ground.

"One word!" she said, "only one word with him;
He dies to-morrow! See, my pearls I give,
My bracelets too"—she slipt them from her arms—
"One word, and I will bless you while I live!

"Your face is stern. O, but one word, one word!"
With my big hand I set her on her feet;
But she clung to me, would not be thrust off,
Still pleading in a bird's voice, soft and sweet.

"Only one word with him!" that was her plea;
One word; he would be dead at break of day!
She wept till all her pretty face was wet,
And my heart melted: yea, she had her way.

They spake together. Did I hear? Not I;
Best ask me if I took her bribes. Well, there,
You know the rest—know how yon Judas-spy,
Yon starveling cur, crawled down the winding stair;

And how he caught the bird fast in the cage,
And made report of me with eager breath
For breach of duty. Right; it was a breach,
And that means, in our soldier-fashion, death!

Well, I can face it: only give me leave
To slit the weasand of yon craven hound,
Yon Judas-spy there, and I'd fall content,
Aye, as I'd fall to sleep upon the ground.

LADY CORISANDE.

[Benjamin Disraeli, D.C.L., Earl of Beaconsfield, born in London, 21st December, 1805. He is the eldest son of the late Isaac Disraeli, author of *The Curiosities of Literature*, &c., and has won the highest distinction as a statesman and novelist. His works are: *Vivian Grey* (1826); *Voyage of Captain Popanilla; The Young Duke; England and France; Alroy*, the Wondrous Tale; and *The Rise of Iskander; Contarini Fleming; The Revolutionary Epic*, a poem (1834); *The Crisis Examined; Vindication of the English Constitution; Letters of Runnymede; Henrietta Temple; Venetia; Alcaros*, a tragedy; *Coningsby*, or the New Generation; *Sibyl*, or the New Nation; *Ixion; Tancred*, or the New Crusade; *Lord George Bentinck*, a Political Biography; and *Lothair* (1870)—from which we quote. In 1837 Mr. Disraeli was returned to Parliament by the Maidstone constituency; by that of Shrewsbury in 1841, and by the electors of the county of Buckingham in 1847. He has served the state as chancellor of the exchequer and as prime minister. In 1874 Mr. Disraeli again became First Lord. In 1876 he carried through Parliament the bill adding to the Queen's titles, "Empress of India." At the close of the same session he retired from the Commons, and entered the Upper House as the Earl of Beaconsfield. His novels faithfully reflect his views of life, philosophy, and politics. Lothair is a young nobleman of unbounded wealth, and the novel is occupied with his adventures from his entrance into the world till his final escape from the schemes of Jesuits and Romanists to win him to their creed, and his settlement in life with the beautiful, accomplished, and Protestant Lady Corisande. Just previous to his death, in 1881, he published "*Endymion*," which is a paraphrased Biography of himself. The work contains many unworthy hits at his contemporaries—one especially against Thackeray. He died in 1881.]

One's life changes in a moment. Half a month ago Lothair, without an acquaintance, was meditating his return to Oxford. Now he seemed to know everybody who was anybody. His table was overflowing with invitations to all the fine houses in town. First came the routs and the balls; then, when he had been presented to the husbands, came the dinners. His kind friends the Duchess and Lady St. Jerome were the fairies who had worked this sudden scene of enchantment. A single word from them, and London was at Lothair's feet.

He liked it amazingly. He quite forgot the conclusion at which he had arrived respecting society a year ago, drawn from his vast experience of the single party which he had then attended. Feelings are different when you know a great many persons, and every person is trying to please you; above all, when there are individuals whom you want to meet, and whom, if you do not meet, you become restless.

Town was beginning to blaze. Broughams whirled and bright barouches glanced, troops of social cavalry cantered and caracolled in morning rides, and the bells of prancing ponies, lashed by delicate hands, gingled in the laughing air. There were stoppages in Bond Street, which seems to cap the climax of civilization, after crowded clubs and swarming parks.

But the great event of the season was the presentation of Lady Corisande. Truly our bright maiden of Brentham woke and found herself famous. There are families whom everybody praises, and families who are treated in a different way. Either will do; all the sons and daughters of the first succeed, all the sons and daughters of the last are encouraged in perverseness by the prophetic determination of society. Half a dozen married sisters, who were the delight and ornament of their circles, in the case of Lady Corisande were good precursors of popularity; but the world would not be content with that: they credited her with all their charms and winning qualities, but also with something grander and beyond comparison; and from the moment her fair cheek was sealed by the gracious approbation of Majesty, all the critics of the Court at once recognized her as the cynosure of the Empyrean.

Monsignore Catesby, who looked after Lothair, and was always breakfasting with him without the necessity of an invitation (a fascinating man, and who talked upon all subjects except High Mass), knew everything that took place at Court without being present there himself. He led the conversation to the majestic theme, and while he seemed to be busied in breaking an egg with delicate precision, and hardly listening to the frank expression of opinions which he carelessly encouraged, obtained a not insufficient share of Lothair's views and impressions of human beings and affairs in general during the last few days, which had witnessed a Levée and a Drawing-room.

"Ah! then you were so fortunate as to know the beauty before her début," said the Monsignore.

"Intimately; her brother is my friend. I was at Brentham last summer. Delicious place! and the most agreeable visit I ever made in my life, at least, one of the most agreeable."

"Ah! ah!" said the Monsignore. "Let me ring for some toast."

On the night of the Drawing-room, a great ball was given at Crecy House to celebrate the

entrance of Corisande into the world. It was a sumptuous festival. The palace, resonant with fantastic music, blazed amid illumined gardens rich with summer warmth.

A prince of the blood was dancing with Lady Corisande. Lothair was there, vis-à-vis with Miss Arundel.

"I delight in this hall," she said to Lothair; "but how superior the pictured scene to the reality!"

"What! would you like, then, to be in a battle?"

"I should like to be with heroes, wherever they might be. What a fine character was the Black Prince! And they call those days the days of superstition!"

The silver horns sounded a brave flourish. Lothair had to advance and meet Lady Corisande. Her approaching mien was full of grace and majesty, but Lothair thought there was a kind expression in her glance, which seemed to remember Brentham, and that he was her brother's friend.

A little later in the evening he was her partner. He could not refrain from congratulating her on the beauty and the success of the festival.

"I am glad you are pleased, and I am glad you think it successful; but, you know, I am no judge, for this is my first ball!"

"Ah! to be sure; and yet it seems impossible," he continued, in a tone of murmuring admiration.

"Oh! I have been at little dances at my sisters'; half behind the door," she added, with a slight smile. "But to-night I am present at a scene of which I have only read."

"And how do you like balls?" said Lothair.

"I think I shall like them very much," said Lady Corisande; "but to-night, I will confess, I am a little nervous."

"You do not look so."

"I am glad of that."

"Why?"

"Is it not a sign of weakness?"

"Can feeling be weakness?"

"Feeling without sufficient cause is, I should think." And then, and in a tone of some archness, she said, "And how do you like balls?"

"Well, I like them amazingly," said Lothair. "They seem to me to have every quality which can render an entertainment agreeable: music, light, flowers, beautiful faces, graceful forms, and occasionally charming conversation."

"Yes; and that never lingers," said Lady Corisande, "for see, I am wanted."

When they were again undisturbed, Lothair regretted the absence of Bertram, who was kept at the House.

"It is a great disappointment," said Lady Corisande; "but he will yet arrive, though late. I should be most unhappy though, if he were absent from his post on such an occasion. I am sure if he were here I could not dance."

"You are a most ardent politician," said Lothair.

"Oh! I do not care in the least about common politics, parties and office and all that; I neither regard nor understand them," replied Lady Corisande. "But when wicked men try to destroy the country, then I like my family to be in the front."

As the destruction of the country meditated this night by wicked men was some change in the status of the Church of England, which Monsignore Catesby in the morning had suggested to Lothair as both just and expedient and highly conciliatory, Lothair did not pursue the theme, for he had a greater degree of tact than usually falls to the lot of the ingenuous.

The bright moments flew on. Suddenly there was a mysterious silence in the hall, followed by a kind of suppressed stir. Everyone seemed to be speaking with bated breath, or, if moving, walking on tiptoe. It was the supper hour:

"Soft hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart."

Royalty, followed by the imperial presence of ambassadors, and escorted by a group of dazzling duchesses and paladins of high degree, was ushered with courteous pomp by the host and hostess into a choice saloon, hung with rose-coloured tapestry and illumined by chandeliers of crystal, where they were served from gold plate. But the thousand less favoured were not badly off, when they found themselves in the more capacious chambers, into which they rushed with an eagerness hardly in keeping with the splendid nonchalance of the preceding hours.

"What a perfect family," exclaimed Hugo Bohun, as he extracted a couple of fat little birds from their bed of aspic jelly; "everything they do in such perfect taste. How safe you were here to have ortolans for supper!"

All the little round tables, though their number was infinite, were full. Male groups hung about; some in attendance on fair dames, some foraging for themselves, some thoughtful and more patient and awaiting a satisfactory future. Never was such an elegant clatter.

"I wonder where Carisbrooke is," said Hugo Bohun. "They say he is wonderfully taken with the beauteous daughter of the house."

"I will back the Duke of Brecon against him," said one of his companions. "He raved about her at White's yesterday."

"Hem!"

"The end is not so near as all that," said a third wassailer.

"I do not know that," said Hugo Bohun. "It is a family that marries off quickly. If a fellow is obliged to marry, he always likes to marry one of them."

"What of this new star?" said his friend, and he mentioned Lothair.

"O! he is too young; not launched. Besides he is going to turn Catholic, and I doubt whether that would do in that quarter."

"But he has a greater fortune than any of them."

"Immense! A man I know, who knows another man——" and then he began a long statistical story about Lothair's resources.

"Have you got any room here, Hugo?" drawled out Lord St. Aldegonde.

"Plenty, and here is my chair."

"On no account; half of it and some soup will satisfy me."

"I should have thought you would have been with the swells," said Hugo Bohun.

"That does not exactly suit me," said St. Aldegonde. "I was ticketed to the Duchess of Salop, but I got a first rate substitute with the charm of novelty for her Grace, and sent her in with Lothair."

St. Aldegonde was the heir apparent of the wealthiest, if not the most ancient, dukedom in the United Kingdom. He was spoiled, but he knew it. Had he been an ordinary being, he would have merely subsided into selfishness and caprice, but having good abilities and a good disposition, he was eccentric, adventurous, and sentimental. Notwithstanding the apathy which had been engendered by premature experience, St. Aldegonde held extreme opinions, especially on political affairs, being a republican of the reddest dye. He was opposed to all privilege, and indeed to all orders of men, except dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favour of the equal division of all property, except land. Liberty depended on land, and the greater the landowners, the greater the liberty of a country. He would hold forth on this topic even with energy, amazed at anyone differing from him; "as if a fellow could have too much land," he would urge with a voice and glance which defied contradiction. St. Aldegonde had married for love and he loved his wife, but he was strongly in favour of woman's rights and their extremest consequences. It was thought that he had originally adopted these latter views with the amiable intention of piquing Lady St. Aldegonde; but if so, he had not succeeded. Beaming with brightness, with the voice and airiness of a bird, and a cloudless temper, Albertha St. Aldegonde had, from the first hour of her marriage, concentrated her intelligence, which was not mean, on one object; and that was never to cross her husband on any conceivable topic. They had been married several years, and she treated him as a darling spoiled child. When he cried for the moon, it was promised him immediately; however irrational his proposition, she always assented to it, though generally by tact and vigilance she guided him in the right direction. Nevertheless, St. Aldegonde was sometimes in scrapes; but then he always went and told his best friend, whose greatest delight was to extricate him from his perplexities and embarrassments.

. . . . . .

It was agreed that after breakfast they should go and see Corisande's garden. And a party did go: all the Phœbus family, and Lord and Lady St. Aldegonde, and Lady Corisande, and Bertram and Lothair.

In the pleasure-grounds of Brentham were the remains of an ancient garden of the ancient house that had long ago been pulled down. When the modern pleasure-grounds were planned and created, notwithstanding the protests of the artists in landscape, the father of the present Duke would not allow this ancient garden to be entirely destroyed, and you came upon its quaint appearance in the dissimilar world in which it was placed, as you might in some festival of romantic costume upon a person habited in the courtly dress of the last century. It was formed upon a gentle southern slope, with turfen terraces walled in on three sides, the fourth consisting of arches of golden yew. The Duke had given this garden to Lady Corisande, in order that she might practise her theory, that flower-gardens should be sweet and luxuriant, and not hard and scentless imitations of works of art. Here, in their season, flourished abundantly all those productions of nature which are now banished from our once delighted senses: huge bushes of honeysuckle, and bowers of sweet-pea and sweet-briar, and jessamine clustering over the walls, and gillyflowers scenting with their sweet breath the ancient bricks from which they seemed to spring. There were banks of violets which the southern breeze always stirred, and mignonette filled every vacant nook. As they entered now, it seemed a blaze of

roses and carnations, though one recognized in a moment the presence of the lily, the heliotrope, and the stock. Some white peacocks were basking on the southern wall, and one of them, as their visitors entered, moved and displayed its plumage with scornful pride. The bees were busy in the air, but their homes were near, and you might watch them labouring in their glassy hives.

"Now, is not Corisande quite right?" said Lord St. Aldegonde, as he presented Madame Phœbus with a garland of woodbine, with which she said she would dress her head at dinner. All agreed with him, and Bertram and Euphrosyne adorned each other with carnations, and Mr. Phœbus placed a flower on the uncovered head of Lady St. Aldegonde, according to the principles of high art, and they sauntered and rambled in the sweet and sunny air amid a blaze of butterflies and the ceaseless hum of bees.

Bertram and Euphrosyne had disappeared, and the rest were lingering about the hives while Mr. Phœbus gave them a lecture on the apiary and its marvellous life. The bees understood Mr. Phœbus, at least he said so, and thus his friends had considerable advantage in this lesson in entomology. Lady Corisande and Lothair were in a distant corner of the garden, and she was explaining to him her plans; what she had done and what she meant to do.

"I wish I had a garden like this at Muriel," said Lothair.

"You could easily make one."

"If you helped me."

"I have told you all my plans," said Lady Corisande.

"Yes; but I was thinking of something else when you spoke," said Lothair.

"That is not very complimentary."

"I do not wish to be complimentary," said Lothair, "if compliments mean less than they declare. I was not thinking of your garden, but of you."

"Where can they have all gone?" said Lady Corisande, looking round. "We must find them."

"And leave this garden?" said Lothair. "And I without a flower, the only one without a flower? I am afraid that is significant of my lot."

"You shall choose a rose," said Lady Corisande.

"Nay; the charm is that it should be your choice."

But choosing the rose lost more time, and when Corisande and Lothair reached the arches of golden yew, there were no friends in sight.

"I think I hear sounds this way," said Lothair, and he led his companion farther from home.

"I see no one," said Lady Corisande, distressed, and when they had advanced a little way.

"We are sure to find them in good time," said Lothair. "Besides, I wanted to speak to you about the garden at Muriel. I wanted to induce you to go there and help me to make it. Yes," he added, after some hesitation, "on this spot, I believe on this very spot, I asked the permission of your mother two years ago to express to you my love. She thought me a boy, and she treated me as a boy. She said I knew nothing of the world, and both our characters were unformed. I know the world now. I have committed many mistakes, doubtless many follies, have formed many opinions, and have changed many opinions; but to one I have been constant, in one I am unchanged, and that is my adoring love for you."

She turned pale, she stopped, then gently taking his arm, she hid her face in his breast.

He soothed and sustained her agitated frame, and sealed with an embrace her speechless form. Then, with soft thoughts and softer words, clinging to him he induced her to resume their stroll, which both of them now wished might assuredly be undisturbed. They had arrived at the limit of the pleasure-grounds, and they wandered into the park and into its most sequestered parts. All this time Lothair spoke much, and gave her the history of his life since he first visited her home. Lady Corisande said little, but when she was more composed, she told him that from the first her heart had been his, but everything seemed to go against her hopes. Perhaps at last, to please her parents, she would have married the Duke of Brecon, had not Lothair returned; and what he had said to her that morning at Crecy House had decided her resolution, whatever might be her lot, to unite it to no one else but him. But then came the adventure of the crucifix, and she thought all was over for her, and she quitted town in despair.

"Let us rest here for a while," said Lothair, "under the shade of this oak;" and Lady Corisande reclined against its mighty trunk, and Lothair threw himself at her feet. He had a great deal still to tell her, and among other things, the story of the pearls, which he had wished to give to Theodora.

"She was, after all, your good genius," said Lady Corisande. "I always liked her."

"Well now," said Lothair, "that case has never been opened. The year has elapsed, but I would not open it, for I had always a wild wish that the person who opened it should be yourself. See, here it is." And he gave her the case.

"We will not break the seal," said Lady Corisande. "Let us respect it for her sake: ROMA!" she said, examining it; and then they opened the case. There was the slip of paper which Theodora at the time had placed upon the pearls, and on which she had written some unseen words. They were read now, and ran thus:

"THE OFFERING OF THEODORA TO LOTHAIR'S BRIDE."

"Let me place them on you now," said Lothair.

"I will wear them as your chains," said Corisande.

The sun began to tell them that some hours had elapsed since they quitted Brentham House. At last a soft hand which Lothair retained, gave him a slight pressure, and a sweet voice whispered, "Dearest, I think we ought to return."

And they returned almost in silence. They rather calculated that, taking advantage of the luncheon-hour, Corisande might escape to her room; but they were a little too late. Luncheon was over, and they met the duchess and a large party on the terrace.

"What has become of you, my good people?" said her grace; "bells have been ringing for you in every direction. Where can you have been!"

"I have been in Corisande's garden," said Lothair, "and she has given me a rose."

THREE YEARS.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me,
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

THE PASSING CROWD.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

"The passing crowd" is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than "the passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration, by the ability, worth, benevolence, or

piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by those beings, whom, in passing, we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation. Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they ne'er forget, though there they are forgot," with friends and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper, in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervour of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for the time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by himself. Perhaps many of these persons are loftier of aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow-creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us, that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and uninstructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so; he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

BEFORE, BEHIND, AND BEYOND.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

O the sunny days before us, before us, before us,
When all was bright
From holt to height,
And the heavens were shining o'er us;
When sound and scent, with vision blent,
Winged Hope, and perched Content,
Joys that came, and ills that went,
Seemed singing all in chorus.

O the dreary days behind us, behind us, behind us,
When all is dark,
And care, and cark,
Or transient gleams remind us
Of fruitless sighs, averted eyes,
Baffled hopes and loosened ties,
Pain that lingers, time that flies,
And the hot tears come and blind us.

Oh! is there nought beyond us, beyond us, beyond us
When all the dead,
The changed, the fled,
Will rise, and look as fond as
Ere Faith put out, and Love in rout,
Foes with vigour, friends without,
Pique and rancour, make us doubt
Hoc tolerare pondus?

—*Interludes.*

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

[Samuel Rogers, born in London, 30th July, 1763; died there, 18th December, 1855. He was the son of a wealthy banker, and his house in St. James's Place was the resort of all the famous authors and artists of his time. He wrote many poems, but the *Pleasures of Memory*, first published in 1792, remained his best and finest achievement in verse. Byron, in his *English Bards*, says that this and Pope's *Essay on Man*, are "the most beautiful didactic poems in our language." Of his other poems the chief are: *Jacqueline*, a tale; *Human Life; Italy*, &c. Lord Jeffrey said of Rogers' poems that "they come over us with a bewitching softness, and soothe the troubled spirits with a refreshing sense of truth, purity, and elegance."[1]]

Sweet MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.
Ages and climes remote to thee impart
What charms in Genius and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hands the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.
They in their glorious course the guides of Youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
These still exist, by thee to Fame consigned,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.
From thee gay Hope her airy colouring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.
When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still thro' the gloom thy star serenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.
The beauteous maid, who bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face:
And ere, with iron-tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts thro' the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance and swell the choral-song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moon-light glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.
But not till Time has calmed the ruffled breast,
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is Heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.
From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there;
Mark the fixed gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
Go, see the captive bartered as a slave!
Crushed till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.
Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,
Lo! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind.
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge assumes its base control;
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of her vivid hues.
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse
With those, the loved companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.
Ah, why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?
Hers what no wealth can buy, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay;
A world, with MEMORY'S ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.
But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has locked the senses in her chain.
When sober Judgment has his throne resigned,
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From her each image springs, each colour flows.
She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend!
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence given,
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.
When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,

[1] Rogers never married; and an interesting anecdote of the cause of his celibacy is told by the *Edinburgh Review*. "When a young man, he admired and sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he then, and still thought he had ever seen. At the end of a London season, at a ball, she said, 'I go to-morrow to Worthing. Are you coming there?' He did not go. Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of every one drawn towards a large party that had just entered, in the centre of which was a lady on the arm of her husband; stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said—'You never came to Worthing.'"

With MEMORY's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends to hear their cherub voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.
But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fevered brain?
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There, in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He, whose arresting hand divinely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
And round, in colours of the rainbow, threw
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerved his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!
From the rude wall what bright ideas start!
Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images, declare,
Whence but from her who triumphs o'er despair?
Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,
Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.
He who, through Nature's various walks, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the Spirit of departed Time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So rich the culture, tho' so small the space,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthened as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!
Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumed and by taste refined?
When age has quenched the eye and closed the ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere.
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanished from her view;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the Past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

. . . . . .

Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

FRENCH MEMOIRS.

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

The French surpass every other nation, indeed all the other nations of Europe put together, in the amount and excellence of their memoirs. Whence comes this manifest superiority? The important collection relating to the history of France, commencing as early as the thirteenth century, forms a basis of civil history, more authentic, circumstantial, and satisfactory to an intelligent inquirer, than is to be found among any other people. And the multitude of biographies, personal anecdotes, and similar scattered notices, which have appeared in France during the two last centuries, throw a flood of light on the social habits and general civilization of the period in which they were written. The Italian histories (and every considerable city in Italy, says Tiraboschi, had its historian as early as the thirteenth century) are fruitful only in wars, massacres, treasonable conspiracies, or diplomatic intrigues, matters that affect the tranquillity of the state. The rich body of Spanish chronicles, which maintain an unbroken succession from the reign of Alphonso the Wise to that of Philip the Second, are scarcely more personal or interesting in their details, unless it be in reference to the sovereign and his immediate court. Even the English, in their memoirs and autobiographies of the last century, are too exclusively confined to topics of public notoriety, as the only subject worthy of record, or which can excite a general interest in their readers. Not so with the French. The most frivolous details assume in their eyes an importance when they can be made illustrative of an eminent character. And even when they concern one of less note they become sufficiently interesting, as just pictures of life and manners. Hence, instead of exhibiting their hero only as he appears on the great theatre, they carry us along with him into retirement, or into those social circles where, stripped of his masquerade dress, he can

indulge in all the natural gaiety of his heart,—in those frivolities and follies which display the real character much better than all his premeditated wisdom; those little nothings which make up so much of the sum of French memoirs, but which, however amusing, are apt to be discarded by their more serious English neighbours, as something derogatory to their hero. Where shall we find a more lively portraiture of that interesting period when feudal barbarism began to fade away before the civilized institutions of modern times, than in Philip de Comines' sketches of the courts of France and Burgundy, in the latter half of the fifteenth century? Where a more nice development of the fashionable intrigues, the corrupt Machiavelian politics which animated the little coteries, male and female, of Paris, under the regency of Anne of Austria, than in the Memoirs of De Retz! To say nothing of the vast amount of similar contributions in France during the last century, which, in the shape of letters and anecdotes, as well as memoirs, have made us as intimately acquainted with the internal movements of society in Paris, under all its aspects, literary, fashionable, and political, as if they had passed in review before our own eyes.

The French have been remarked for their excellence in narrative, ever since the times of the *fabliaux* and the old Norman romances. Somewhat of their success in this way may be imputed to the structure of their language, whose general currency, and whose peculiar fitness for prose composition, have been noticed from a very early period. Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, wrote his *Tesoro* in French, in preference to his own tongue, as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century, on the ground "that its speech was the most universal and most delectable of all the dialects of Europe." And Dante asserts, in his treatise on *Vulgar Eloquence*, that "the superiority of the French consists in its adaptation, by means of its facility and agreeableness, to narratives in prose." Much of the wild artless grace, the *naïveté*, which characterized it in its infancy, has been gradually polished away by fastidious critics, and can scarcely be said to have survived Marot and Montaigne. But the language has gained considerably in perspicuity, precision, and simplicity of construction; to which the jealous labours of the French Academy must be admitted to have contributed essentially. This simplicity of construction, refusing those complicated inversions so usual in the other languages of the Continent, and its total want of prosody, though fatal to poetical purposes, have greatly facilitated its acquisition to foreigners, and have made it a most suitable vehicle for conversation. Since the time of Louis XIV., accordingly, it has become the language of the courts, and the popular medium of communication in most of the countries of Europe. Since that period, too, it has acquired a number of elegant phrases and familiar turns of expression, which have admirably fitted it for light popular narrative, like that which enters into memoirs, letter-writing, and similar kinds of composition.

The character and situation of the writers themselves may account still better for the success of the French in this department. Many of them, as Joinville, Sully, Comines, De Thou, Rochefoucault, Torcy, have been men of rank and education, the counsellors or the friends of princes, acquiring from experience a shrewd perception of the character and of the forms of society. Most of them have been familiarized in those polite circles which, in Paris more than any other capital, seem to combine the love of dissipation and fashion with a high relish for intellectual pursuits. The state of society in France—or what is the same thing, in Paris—is admirably suited to the purposes of the memoir-writer. The cheerful gregarious temper of the inhabitants, which mingles all ranks in the common pursuit of pleasure; the external polish which scarcely deserts them in the commission of the grossest violence; the influence of the women during the last two centuries, far superior to that of the sex among any other people, and exercised alike on matters of taste, politics, and letters; the gallantry and licentious intrigues so usual in the higher classes of this gay metropolis, and which fill even the life of a man of letters, so stagnant in every other country, with stirring and romantic adventure; all these, we say, make up a rich and varied panorama, that can hardly fail of interest under the hand of the most common artist.

Lastly, the vanity of the French may be considered as another cause of their success in this kind of writing—a vanity which leads them to disclose a thousand amusing particulars which the reserve of an Englishman, and perhaps his pride, would discard as altogether unsuitable to the public ear. This vanity, it must be confessed, however, has occasionally seduced their writers, under the garb of confessions and secret memoirs, to make such a disgusting exposure of human infirmity as few men would be willing to admit, even to themselves.

WHAT WE ALL THINK.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

That age was older once than now,
In spite of locks untimely shed,
Or silvered on the youthful brow;
That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,
Which faded with those "good old days,"
When winters came with deeper snow,
And autumns with a softer haze.

That—mother, sister, wife, or child—
The "best of women" each has known.
Were schoolboys ever half so wild?
How young the grandpapas have grown!

That *but for this* our souls were free,
And *but for that* our lives were blest;
That in some season yet to be
Our cares will leave us time to rest.

Whene'er we groan with ache or pain,
Some common ailment of the race—
Though doctors think the matter plain—
That ours is "a peculiar case."

That when, like babes with fingers burned,
We count one bitter maxim more,
Our lesson all the world has learned,
And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,
The angels hovering overhead
Count every pitying drop that flows,
And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye
And turn the beggar from our door,
They still approve us when we sigh,
"Ah, had I but *one thousand more!*"

That weakness smoothed the path of sin,
In half the slips our youth has known;
And whatsoe'er its blame has been,
That Mercy flowers on faults outgrown.

Though temples crowd the crumbled brink
O'erhanging truth's eternal flow,
Their tablets bold with *what we think*,
Their echoes dumb to *what we know;*

That one unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above—
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it: GOD IS LOVE!

RELIGIOUS PLAYS AND MYSTERIES.

[Thomas Warton, born at Basingstoke, 1728; died 21st May, 1790. Educated at Oxford University, at which seat of learning he afterwards became professor of poetry and of history. He was also appointed to the living of Kiddington, and presented to the donative of Hill Farrance. He obtained the poet-laureateship in 1785, on the death of William Whitehead. His chief works are: *The Pleasures of Melancholy; The Triumph of Isis; Newmarket*, a satire; *The History of English Poetry*, &c. He also wrote several biographies and other works.]

About the eighth century trade was principally carried on by means of fairs, which lasted several days. Charlemagne established many great marts of this sort in France; as did William the Conqueror, and his Norman successors, in England. The merchants who frequented these fairs in numerous caravans or companies, employed every art to draw the people together. They were therefore accompanied by jugglers, minstrels, and buffoons, who were no less interested in giving their attendance, and exerting all their skill, on these occasions. As now but few large towns existed, no public spectacles or popular amusements were established; and as the sedentary pleasures of domestic life and private society were yet unknown, the fair-time was the season for diversion. In proportion as these shows were attended and encouraged, they began to be set off with new decorations and improvements: and the arts of buffoonery being rendered still more attractive by extending their circle of exhibition, acquired an importance in the eyes of the people. By degrees the clergy, observing that the entertainments of dancing, music, and mimicry, exhibited at these protracted annual celebrities, made the people less religious, by promoting idleness and a love of festivity, proscribed these sports, and excommunicated the performers. But finding that no regard was paid to their censures, they changed their plan, and determined to take these recreations into their own hands. They turned actors; and instead of profane mummeries, presented stories taken from legends or the Bible. This was the origin of sacred comedy. The death of St. Catherine, acted by the monks of St. Dennis, rivalled the popularity of the professed players. Music was admitted into the churches, which served as theatres for the representation of holy farces. The festivals among the French, called LA FETE DE FOUX, DE L'ANE, and DES INNOCENS, at length became greater favourites, as they

certainly were more capricious and absurd, than the interludes of the buffoons at the fairs. These are the ideas of a judicious French writer, now living, who has investigated the history of human manners with great comprehension and sagacity. Voltaire's theory on this subject is also very ingenious and quite new. Religious plays, he supposes, came originally from Constantinople, where the old Grecian stage continued to flourish in some degree, and the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides were represented, till the fourth century. About that period, Gregory Nazianzen, an archbishop, a poet, and one of the fathers of the church, banished pagan plays from the stage at Constantinople, and introduced select stories from the Old and New Testament. As the ancient Greek tragedy was a religious spectacle, a transition was made on the same plan; and the choruses were turned into Christian hymns. Gregory wrote many sacred dramas for this purpose, which have not survived those inimitable compositions over which they triumphed for a time: one, however, his tragedy called CHRIST'S PASSION, is still extant. In the prologue it is said to be an imitation of Euripides, and that this is the first time the Virgin Mary has been produced on the stage. The fashion of acting spiritual dramas, in which at first a due degree of method and decorum was preserved, was at length adopted from Constantinople by the Italians; who framed, in the depth of the dark ages, on this foundation, that barbarous species of theatrical representation called MYSTERIES, or sacred comedies, and which were soon afterwards received in France. This opinion will acquire probability, if we consider the early commercial intercourse between Italy and Constantinople: and although the Italians, at the time when they may be supposed to have imported plays of this nature, did not understand the Greek language, yet they could understand, and consequently could imitate, what they saw. In defence of Voltaire's hypothesis, it may be further observed, that the FEAST OF FOOLS and of the Ass, with other religious farces of that sort, so common in Europe, originated at Constantinople. They were instituted, although perhaps under other names, in the Greek church, about the year 990, by Theophylact, patriarch of Constantinople, probably with a better design than is imagined by the ecclesiastical annalists; that of weaning the minds of the people from the pagan ceremonies, particularly the Bacchanalian and calendary solemnities, by the substitution of Christian spectacles, partaking of the same spirit of licentiousness.

I must, however, observe here, that in the fourth century it was customary to make Christian parodies and imitations in Greek, of the best Greek classics, for the use of the Christian schools. This practice prevailed much under the emperor Julian, who forbade the pagan poets, orators, and philosophers to be taught in the Christian seminaries. Apollinaris, bishop of Laodicea, wrote Greek tragedies, adapted to the stage, on most of the grand events recorded in the Old Testament, after the manner of Euripides. On some of the familiar and domestic stories of Scripture, he composed comedies in imitation of Menander. He wrote Christian odes on the plan of Pindar. In imitation of Homer, he wrote an heroic poem on the history of the Bible, as far as the reign of Saul, in twenty-four books. Sozomen says that these compositions, now lost, rivalled their great originals in genius, expression, and conduct. His son, a bishop also of Laodicea, reduced the four Gospels and all the apostolical books into Greek dialogues, resembling those of Plato. But I must not omit a much earlier and more singular specimen of a theatrical representation of sacred history than this mentioned by Voltaire. Some fragments of an ancient Jewish play on the EXODUS, or the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt under their leader and prophet Moses, are yet preserved in Greek iambics. The principal characters of this drama are Moses, Sapphora, and God from the Bush, or God speaking from the burning bush. Moses delivers the prologue, or introduction, in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of this piece is Ezekiel, a Jew, who is called the tragic poet of the Jews. The learned Huetius endeavours to prove that Ezekiel wrote at least before the Christian era. Some suppose that he was one of the seventy, or Septuagint interpreters of the Bible under the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. I am of opinion that Ezekiel composed this play after the destruction of Jerusalem, and even in the time of Barocbas, as a political spectacle, with a view to animate his dejected countrymen with the hopes of a future deliverance from their captivity under the conduct of a new Moses, like that from the Egyptian servitude. Whether a theatre subsisted among the Jews, who by their peculiar situation and circumstances were prevented from keeping pace with their neighbours in the culture of the social and elegant arts, is a curious speculation. It seems most probable, on the whole, that this drama was composed in imitation of the Grecian stage, at the close of the second century, after

the Jews had been dispersed, and intermixed with other nations.

On the whole, the MYSTERIES appear to have originated among the ecclesiastics; and were most probably first acted, at least with any degree of form, by the monks. This was certainly the case in the English monasteries. I have already mentioned the play of St. Catherine, performed at Dunstable Abbey by the novices in the eleventh century, under the superintendence of Geoffry, a Parisian ecclesiastic; and the exhibition of the PASSION, by the mendicant friars of Coventry and other places. Instances have been given of the like practice among the French. The only persons who could read were in the religious societies: and various other circumstances, peculiarly arising from their situation, profession, and institution, enabled the monks to be the sole performers of these representations. As learning increased, and was more widely disseminated from the monasteries, by a natural and easy transition, the practice migrated to schools and universities, which were formed on the monastic plan, and in many respects resembled the ecclesiastical bodies. Hence a passage in Shakspeare's *Hamlet* is to be explained; where Hamlet says to Polonius, "My lord, you played once in the *university*, you say." Polonius answers, "That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good *actor*.—I did *enact* Julius Cesar; I was killed i' th' Capitol." Boulay observes, that it was a custom, not only still subsisting, but of very high antiquity, *vetustissima consuetudo*, to act tragedies and comedies in the university of Paris.

It is more generally known, that the practice of acting Latin plays in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge continued to Cromwell's usurpation. The oldest notice I can recover of this sort of spectacle in an English university, is in the fragment of an ancient accompt-roll of the dissolved college of Michael-house in Cambridge: in which, under the year 1386, the following expense is entered—"*Pro ly pallio brusdato et pro sex larvis et barbis in comedia.*" That is, For an embroidered pall, or cloak, and six visors and six beards, for the comedy. In the year 1544 a Latin comedy, called PAMMACHIUS, was acted at Christ's College in Cambridge, which was laid before the privy-council by Bishop Gardiner, chancellor of the university, as a dangerous libel, containing many offensive reflections on the papistic ceremonies yet unabolished. The comedy of GAMMAR GURTON'S NEEDLE was acted in the same society about the year 1552. In an original draught of the statutes of Trinity College at Cambridge, founded in 1546, one of the chapters is entitled, *De Præfecto Ludorum qui* IMPERATOR *dicitur*, under whose direction and authority, Latin comedies and tragedies are to be exhibited in the hall at Christmas; as also *Sex* SPECTACULA, or as many DIALOGUES. Another title to this statute, which seems to be substituted by another and a more modern hand, is *De Comediis ludisque in natali Christi exhibendis*. With regard to the peculiar business and office of IMPERATOR, it is ordered, that one of the masters of arts shall be placed over the juniors, every Christmas, for the regulation of their games and diversions at that season of festivity. At the same time, he is to govern the whole society in the hall and chapel, as a republic committed to his special charge, by a set of laws, which he is to frame in Latin or Greek verse. His sovereignty is to last during the twelve days of Christmas, and he is to exercise the same power on Candlemas-day. During this period, he is to see that six SPECTACLES or DIALOGUES be presented. His fee is forty shillings. Probably the constitution of this officer, in other words, *a Master of the Revels*, gave a latitude to some licentious enormities, incompatible with the decorum of a house of learning and religion; and it was found necessary to restrain these Christmas celebrities to a more rational and sober plan. The SPECTACULA also, and DIALOGUES, originally appointed, were growing obsolete when the substitution was made, and were giving way to more regular representations. I believe these statutes were reformed by Queen Elizabeth's visitors of the university of Cambridge, under the conduct of Archbishop Parker, in the year 1573.

MONEY.

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Sure thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

GEORGE HERBERT.

EPIGRAMS.

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free,
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf;
No wonder that he has forgotten me;
Since it is plain he has forgot himself.

Anon.

Weary of you, dear wife? Oh no, thank Heaven!
But marriage now has made us one;
And I to ennui am given,
Whenever I am thus alone.

Anon.

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second.

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said,
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head.

Grimm's Ghost.

How D.D. swaggers, M.D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies;
Old D.D. has the Cure of souls,
And M.D. has the Care of bodies.

Between them both what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure;
One has the Cure without the Care,
And one the Care without the Cure.

Ibid.

The miniature, Phyllis, you're showing us now,
Proves the artist with you well acquainted,
That 'tis monstrously like you we all must allow,
When we see, as we do, that 'tis painted.

KELLY.

"Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here,
What say you, my love, does it strike you?"
"I can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you."

Anon.

"You men are angels while you woo the maid,
But devils when the marriage-vow is said."
"The change, good wife, is easily forgiven;
We find ourselves in hell, instead of heaven."

HAUG.—*Translated by Russel.*

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I ask'd my love, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
"Choose," said she, "what suits the line,
Only—only—call me thine!"

Ibid.

Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honours, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows—
And the sly Devil did *not* take his spouse.

But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all Job had before;
His children, camels, horses, cows—
Short-sighted Devil, *not* to take his spouse!

Ibid.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany that lies not far from the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech-trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watch-tower may still be seen struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon the neighbouring country.

The baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen, and inherited the reliques of the property, and all the pride of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the baron still endeavoured to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys: still the baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing, with hereditary inveteracy, all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill

terms with some of his nearest neighbours, on account of disputes that had happened between their great-great-grandfathers.

The baron had but one child, a daughter; but Nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and who should know better than they? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances, that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalric wonders of the Heldenbuch. She had even made considerable proficiency in writing; could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little elegant good-for-nothing lady-like nick-nacks of all kinds; was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day; played a number of airs on the harp and guitar; and knew all the tender ballads of the Minnielieders by heart.

At the time of which my story treats, there was a great family gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance. It was to receive the destined bridegroom of the baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other; and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him, from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts had superintended her toilet, and quarrelled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegroom could desire; and the flutter of expectation heightened the lustre of her charms.

In the meantime the fatted calf had been killed; the forests had rung with the clamour of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of *Rhein-wein* and *Ferne-wein;* and even the great Heidelberg tun had been laid under contribution. Everything was ready to receive the distinguished guest with *Saus und Braus* in the true spirit of German hospitality—but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forests of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hopes of catching a distant sight of the count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them; the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes. A number of horsemen were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed—the bats began to flit by in the twilight—the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view; and nothing appeared stirring in it, but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labour.

When the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way, in which a man travels towards matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him, as certainly as a dinner at the end of his journey. He had encountered, at Wurtzburg, a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers—Herman Von Starkenfaust, one of the stoutest hands, and worthiest hearts of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although an hereditary feud rendered the families hostile, and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and that they might do it the more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the count was apt to be a little tedious, now and then, about the reputed charms of his bride, and the felicity that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested by robbers as its castles by spectres; and, at this time, the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers in the depth of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered when the count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighbouring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body; but half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that this mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavoured to soothe him to calmness, promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgement, but soon lapsed into delirium—raved about his bride—his engagement—his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort; and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh, and a soldier's tear, on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventure.

Previous to his departure he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little baron whom we left airing himself on the watch-tower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone; the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The baron was a little mortified that he should have come in this simple, soli-

tary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion, and the important family with which he was to be connected. He, however, pacified himself with the conclusion, that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably—"

Here the baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and his eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain, so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised; gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger; and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek, that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley. The baron was peremptory, and deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favoured portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked corslets, splintered jousting-spears, and tattered banners were mingled with the spoils of sylvan warfare; the jaws of the wolf, and the tusks of the boar, grinned horribly among cross-bows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched accidentally over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone that could not be overheard—for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner, that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her colour came and went as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and when his eye was turned away, she would steal a side-long glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamoured. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blest with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was anything marvellous, his auditors were lost in astonishment; and if anything facetious, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke but a dull one; it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent Hochheimer; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions; many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears, that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter; and a song or two roared out by a poor but merry and broad-faced cousin of the baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced; and, strange as it may appear, even the baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversations with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gaiety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were

interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora; a dreadful, but true story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the baron, and, as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What! going to leave the castle at midnight? why, everything was prepared for his reception: a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously; "I must lay my head in a different chamber to-night?"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the baron's heart misgive him; but he rallied his forces and repeated his hospitable entreaties. The stranger shook his head silently, but positively, at every offer; and, waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified—the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal, whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused and addressed the baron in a hollow tone of voice, which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral. "Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable engagement—"

"Why," said the baron, "cannot you send some one in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute—I must attend it in person—I must away to Wurtzburg Cathedral—"

"Ay," said the baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until to-morrow—to-morrow you shall take your bride there."

"No! no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride—the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man—I have been slain by robbers—my body lies at Wurtzburg—at midnight I am to be buried—the grave is waiting for me—I must keep my appointment!"

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the draw-bridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs were lost in the whistling of the night blast.

The baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright, others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a spectre. It was the opinion of some that this might be the wild huntsman famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible, and come into the faith of the true believers.

But, whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg Cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests, who had come to rejoice with him, could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him—and such a husband! If the very spectre could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man! She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on

sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen-tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth! she beheld the spectre bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the spectre had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the spectre of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle: the consequence was, that she had to sleep in it alone; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the spectre, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth—that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvellous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story; it is, however, still quoted in the neighbourhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week; when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint by intelligence brought to the breakfast table one morning, that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty—the bed had not been slept in—the window was open, and the bird had flown.

The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received, can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labours of the trencher; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands, and shrieked out, "The goblin! the goblin! she's carried away by the goblin!"

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the spectre must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the spectre on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability; for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well-authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and perchance a troop of goblin grandchildren. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and to scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and, falling at the baron's feet, embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion—the Spectre Bridegroom! The baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the spectre, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance, since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the baron had interrupted him in

every attempt to tell his tale; how the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that to pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue; how he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit; how, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth—had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window—had wooed—had won—had borne away in triumph—and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances, the baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds; but he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving kindness; he was so gallant, so generous—and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvellous story marred, and that the only spectre she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood —and so the story ends.

THE OATH.

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
"In earnest love me as you say?
Or are these tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?"
"Dear, cruel girl," said I, "forbear—
For by these cherry lips I swear"—
She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And said, "You've sworn—so kiss the book."

FESTUS.

[Philip James Bailey, born at Nottingham, 22d April, 1816. He is the son of Thomas Bailey, author of the *Annals of Notts.* He studied at the Glasgow University, and was called to the bar in 1840. *Festus* first appeared in 1839 (the eighth edition in 1868), and was at once acknowledged to be a great poem. "With a truth, force, and simplicity seldom paralleled," says Dr. Westland Marston, "we have here disclosed the very inmost life of a sincere and energetic mind." The Rev. P. Landreth says: "There is no poem in any language which gives such a noble and striking idea of humanity under a divine grace which bears it victorious from and through evil, within and without." The scope of the poem is somewhat similar to that of Goethe's *Faust*, from which it differs, however, in many essential principles. Festus is tempted by Lucifer, but is purified and saved, as is Lucifer himself, by divine grace. Mr. Bailey's other works are: *The Angel World*, now incorporated with *Festus; The Mystic; The Age*, a satire; and *The Universal Hymn*. We have selected the scene from *Festus* in which the hero reveals something of his own character.]

Scene—Home; Dusk

FESTUS, HELEN, *and the* STUDENT.

Festus. I knew one once—he was a friend of mine:
I knew him well; his mind, habits, and works,
Taste, temper, temperament, and every thing;
Yet with as kind a heart as beats, he was
Earthlike no sooner made than marred. Though young,
He wrote amid the ruins of his heart;
They were his throne and theme—like some lone king,
Who tells the story of the land he lost,
And how he lost it.
Student. Tell us more of him.
Helen. Nay, but it saddens thee.
Festus. 'Tis like enough.
We slip away like shadows into shade;
We end, and make no mark we had begun;
We come to nothing, like a pure intent.
When we have hoped, sought, striven, and lost our aim,
Then the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness,
Like a white brow, through its overshadowing hair—
As though the day were overcast, my Helen!
But I was speaking of my friend. He was
Quick, generous, simple, obstinate in end,
High-hearted from his youth; his spirit rose
In many a glittering fold and gleamy crest,
Hydra-like to its hindrance; mastering all,
Save one thing—love, and that out-hearted him.
Nor did he think enough, till it was over,
How bright a thing he was breaking, or he would
Surely have shunned it, nor have let his life
Be pulled to pieces like a rose by a child.
And his heart's passions made him oft do that
Which made him writhe to think on what he had done,
And thin his blood by weeping at a night.
If madness wrought the sin, the sin wrought madness,
And made a round of ruin. It is sad

To see the light of beauty wane away;
Know eyes are dimming, bosom shrivelling, feet
Losing their spring, and limbs their lily roundness;
But it is worse to feel our heart-spring gone,
To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,
And feel all things go to decay with us,
As 'twere our life's eleventh month: and yet
All this he went through young.

Helen. Poor soul! I should
Have loved him for his sorrows.

Festus. It is not love
Brings sorrow, but love's objects.

Student. Then he loved.

Festus. I said so. I have seen him, when he hath had
A letter from his lady dear, he blessed
The paper that her hand had travelled over,
And her eye looked on; and would think he saw
Gleams of that light she lavished from her eyes
Wandering amid the words of love there traced,
Like glow-worms among beds of flowers. He seemed
To bear with being but because she loved him.
She was the sheath wherein his soul had rest,
As hath a sword from war: and he at night
Would solemnly and singularly curse
Each minute that he had not thought of her.

Helen. Now that was like a lover! and she loved
Him, and him only.

Festus. Well, perhaps it was so.
But he could not restrain his heart, but loved
In that voluptuous purity of taste
Which dwells on beauty coldly, and yet kindly,
As night-dew, whensoe'er he met with beauty.

Helen. It was a pity, that inconstancy—
If she he loved were but as good and fair
As he was worthy of.

Student. It was his way.

Festus. There is a dark and bright to every thing;
To everything but beauty such as thine,
And that is all bright. If a fault in him,
'Twas one which made him do the sweetest wrongs
Man ever did. And yet a whisper went
That he did wrong: and if that whisper had
Echo in him or not, it mattered little;
Or right or wrong, he were alike unhappy.
Ah me! ah me! that there should be so much
To call up love, so little to delight!
The best enjoyment is half disappointment
To that we mean or would have in this world.
And there were many strange and sudden lights
Beckoned him towards them; they were wreckers' lights:
But he shunned these, and righted when she rose,
Moon of his life, that ebbed and flowed with her.
A sea of sorrow struck him, but he held
On; dashed all sorrow from him as a bark
Spray from her bow bounding: he lifted up
His head, and the deep ate his shadow merely.

Helen. A poet not in love is out at sea;
He must have a lay-figure.

Festus. I mean not
To screen, but to describe this friend of mine.

Helen. Describe the lady, too; of course she was
Above all praise and all comparison.

Festus. Why, true. Her heart was all humanity,
Her soul all God's; in spirit and in form
Like fair. Her cheek had the pale pearly pink
Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopped
In silver dew; she spake as with the voice
Of spheral harmony which greets the soul
When at the hour of death the saved one knows
His sister angels near; her eye was as
The golden pane the setting sun doth just
Imblaze; which shows, till heaven comes down again,
All other lights but grades of gloom; her dark,
Long rolling locks were as a stream the slave
Might search for gold, and searching find. Her frown—

Helen. Nay, could she frown?

Festus. Ay, but a radiant frown
In common with the stars, which men malign
Who call malignant. Stars are always kind.

Helen. Enough. I have her picture perfect. Cease.

Student. What were his griefs?

Festus. He who hath most of heart
Knows most of sorrow; not a thing he saw
Nor did, but was to him, at times, a woe;
At times indifferent, at times a joy.
Folly and sin and memory make a curse
Wherewith the future fires my vie in vain.
The sorrows of the soul are graver still.

Student. Where and when did he study? Did he mix
Much with the world, or was he a recluse?

Festus. He had no times of study, and no place;
All places and all times to him were one.
His soul was like the wind-harp, which he loved,
And sounded only when the spirit blew.
Sometimes in feasts and follies, for he went
Lifelike through all things; and his thoughts then rose
Like sparkles in the bright wine, brighter still.
Sometimes in dreams, and then the shining words
Would wake him in the dark before his face.
All things talked thoughts to him. The sea went mad,
And the wind whined as 'twere in pain, to show
Each one his meaning; and the awful sun
Thundered his thoughts into him; and at night
The stars would whisper theirs, the moon sigh hers.
The spirit speaks all tongues and understands
Both God's and angel's, man's and all dumb things,
Down to an insect's inarticulate hum,
And an inaudible organ. And it was
The spirit spake to him of everything;
And with the moony eyes like those we see,
Thousands on thousands, crowding air in dreams,
Looked into him its mighty meanings, till
He felt the power fulfil him, as a cloud
In every fibre feels the forming wind.
He spake the world's one tongue; in earth and heaven
There is but one, it is the word of truth.
To him the eye let out its hidden meaning;
And young and old made their hearts over to him;

And thoughts were told to him as unto none
Save one who heareth said and unsaid, all.
And his heart held these as a grate its gleeds,
Where others warm them.

Student. I would I had known him.

Festus. All things were inspiration unto him:
Wood, wold, hill, field, sea, city, solitude,
And crowds and streets, and man where'er he was;
And the blue eye of God which is above us;
Brook-bounded pine spinnies where spirits flit;
And haunted pits the rustic hurries by,
Where cold wet ghosts sit ringing jingling bells;
Old orchard's leaf-roofed aisles, and red-cheeked load;
And the blood-coloured tears which yew-trees weep
O'er churchyard graves, like murderers remorseful.
The dark green rings where fairies sit and sup,
Crushing the violet dew in the acorn cup;
Where by his new-made bride the bridegroom sips,
The white moon shimmering on their longing lips;
The large o'erloaded wealthy-looking wains,
Quietly swaggering home through leafy lanes,
Leaving on all low branches, as they come,
Straws for the birds, ears of the harvest home.
Summer's warm soil or winter's cruel sky,
Clear, cold, and icy-blue like a sea-eagle's eye;
All things to Him bare thoughts of minstrelsy.
He drew his light from that he was amidst,
As doth a lamp from air, which hath itself
Matter of light although it show not. His
Was but the power to light what might be lit;
He met a muse in every lovely maid,
And learned a song from every lip he loved.
But his heart ripened most 'neath southern eyes,
Which sunned their sweets into him all day long:
For fortune called him southwards, towards the sun.

Helen. Did he love music?

Festus. The only music he
Or learned or listened to was from the lips
Of her he loved; and then he learned by heart
Her words, delicious as the candied dew,
And durable, which gems the rose, on shores
Pacific, where the western sun hath sown
The soil conceptive with the seed of gold.
Albeit she would try to teach him tunes,
And put his fingers on the keys; but he
Could only see her eyes, and hear her voice,
And feel her touch.

Helen. Why, he was much like thee.

Festus. We had some points in common. When we love,
All air breathes music, like the branchy bower,
By Indian bards feigned, which, with ceaseless song,
Answers the sun's bright raylets; nor till eve,
Folds her melodious leaves, and all night rests;
Drinking deep draughts of silence.

Student. Was he proud?

Festus. Lowliness is the base of every virtue:
And he who goes the lowest builds the safest.
My God keeps all his pity for the proud.

Student. Was he world-wise?

Festus. The only wonder is
He knew so much, leading the life he did.

Student. Yet it may seem less strange when we think back,
That we, in the dark chamber of the heart,
Sitting alone, see the world tabled to us;
And the world wonders how recluses know
So much, and most of all how we know them.
It is they who paint themselves upon our hearts
In their own lights and darknesses, not we;
One stream of light is to us from above,
And that is that we see by, light of God.

Festus. We do not make our thoughts; they grow in us
Like grain in wood: the growth is of the skies,
Which are of nature, nature is of God.
The world is full of glorious likenesses.
The poet's power is to sort these out,
And to make music from the common strings
With which the world is strung; to make the dumb
Earth utter heavenly harmony, and draw
Life clear, and sweet, and harmless as spring water,
Welling its way through flowers. Without faith,
Illimitable faith—strong as a state's
In its own might—in God, no bard can be.
All things are signs of other and of nature.
It is at night we see heaven moveth, and
A darkness thick with suns. The thoughts we think
Subsist the same in God as stars in heaven.
And as these specks of light will prove great worlds,
When we approach them sometime free from flesh,
So too our thoughts will become magnified
To mindlike things immortal. And as space
Is but a property of God wherein
Is laid all matter, other attributes
May be the infinite homes of mind and soul.
And thoughts rise from our souls, as from the sea
The clouds sublimed in heaven. The cloud is cold,
Although ablaze with lightning—though it shine
At all points like a constellation; so
We live not to ourselves, our work is life;
In bright and ceaseless labour as a star
Which shineth unto all worlds but itself.

Helen. And were this friend and bard of whom thou speakest,
And she whom he did love, happy together?

Festus. True love is ever tragic, grievous, grave.
Bards and their beauties are like double stars
One in their bright effect.

Helen. Whose light is love.

Student. Or is it poesie thou meanest?

Festus. Both:
For love is poesie—it doth create
From fading features, dim soul, doubtful heart,
And this world's wretched happiness, a life
Which is as near to heaven as are the stars.
They parted; and she named heaven's judgment-seat
As their next place of meeting; and it was kept
By her, at least, so far that nowhere else
Could it be made until the day of doom.

THE MINISTER'S BEAT.

"I am just about," said the minister, "making a round of friendly visits; and as far as our roads lie together, you will perhaps go with me. You are a bad visitor, I know, Mr. Frank; but most of my calls will be where forms are unknown, and etiquette dispensed with."

I am indeed a bad visitor, which, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, means no visitor at all; but I own the temptation of seeing my worthy friend's reception, and the hope of coming in for a share at least of the cordial welcome he was sure to call forth overcame my scruples, especially as in cottages and farm-steadings there is generally something to be learned even during a morning call,—some trait of unsophisticated nature to be smiled at, or some sturdy lesson of practical wisdom to be treasured for future use.

We had not ridden far when my companion, turning up a pretty rough cart-road leading to a large farm-house on the right, said, with an arch smile, "I love what our superstitious forefathers would esteem a lucky beginning even to a morning's ride, and am glad ours commences with a wedding visit. Peter Bandster has taken a wife in my absence, and I must go and call him to account for defrauding me of the ploy. Have you heard anything, Mr. Francis, about the bride?"

More than I could wish, thinks I to myself; for my old duenna, who indemnifies herself for my lack of hospitality by assiduous frequentation of all marriages, christenings, and gossipings abroad, had deaved me for the last three weeks with philippics about this unlucky wedding. The folly of Peter in marrying above his own line; the ignorance of the bride, who scarce knew lint-yarn from tow, or bear from barley; her unpardonable accomplishments of netting purses and playing on the spinnet; above all, her plated candlesticks, flounced gown, and fashionable bonnet, had furnished Hannah with inexhaustible matter for that exercise of the tongue which the Scots call "rhyming," and the English "ringing the changes;" to which, as to all other noises, custom can alone render one insensible.

I had no mind to damp the minister's benevolent feelings towards the couple, and contented myself with answering that I heard the bride was both bonny and braw. The good man shook his head. "We have an old proverb and a true one," said he,—"'A bonnie bride is sune buskit;' but I have known gaudy butterflies cast their painted wings, and become excellent housewives in the end."

"But there stands Peter—no very blithe bridegroom, methinks!" said I, as my eye rested on the tall and usually jolly young farmer, musing disconsolately in his cattle-yard over what appeared to be the body of a dead cow. He started on seeing the minister, as if ashamed of his sorrow or its cause, and came forward to meet us, struggling to adapt his countenance a little better to his circumstances. "Well, Peter!" said the minister, frankly extending his hand, "and so I am to wish you joy! I thought when I gave you your name five-and-twenty years ago, if it pleased God to spare me, to have given you your helpmate also; but what signifies it by whom the knot is tied, if true love and the blessing of God go with it? Nay, never hang your head, Peter; but tell me, before we beat up the young gudewife's quarters, what you were leaning over so wae-like when we rode forward?"

"Odd, sir!" cried Peter, reddening up, "it wasna the value o' the beast—though she was the best cow in my mother's byre—but the way I lost her, that pat me a wee out o' tune. My Jessie (for I maunna ca' her gudewife, it seems, nor mistress neither) is an ill guide o' kye—ay, and what's waur, o' lasses. We had a tea-drinking last night, nae doubt, as newmarried folk should; and what for no?—I'se warrant my mither had them too in her daft days. But she didna keep the house asteer the haill night wi' fiddles and dancin', and it neither New-Year nor Handsel-Mononday; nor she didna lie in her bed till aught or nine o'clock, as my Jess does—na, nor yet——"

"But what has all this to do with the loss of your cow, Peter?"

"Ower muckle, sir; ower muckle. The lasses and lads liket reels as weel as their mistress, and whisky a hantle better. They a' sleepit in, and mysell among the lave. Nae mortal ever lookit the airt that puir Blue Bell was in, and her at the very calving; and this morning, when the byre-door was opened, she was lying stiff and stark, wi' a dead calf beside her. It's no the cow, sir—though it was but the last market I had the offer o' fifteen pund for her—it's the thought that she was sae sair forworded amang me and my Jess, and her tawpies o' lasses."

"Come, come, Peter," said the good minister, "you seem to have been as much to blame as the rest; and as for your young town bride, she maun creep, as the auld wives say, before she can gang. Country thrift can no more be

learned in a day than town breeding; and of that your wife, they say, has her share."

"Ower muckle, maybe," was the half-muttered reply, as he marshalled us into the house. The *ben* end of the old-fashioned farm-house, which, during the primitive sway of Peter's mother, had exhibited the usual decorations of an *amrie*, a clock, and a pair of press-beds, with a clean-swept ingle and carefully-sanded floor, had undergone a metamorphosis not less violent than some of Ovid's or Harlequin's. The *amrie* had given place to a satin-wood work-table, the clock to a mirror, and the press-beds (whose removal no one could regret) to that object of Hannah's direst vituperations, the pianoforte; while the fireplace revelled in all the summer luxury of elaborately-twisted shavings, and the once sanded floor was covered with an already soiled and faded carpet, to whose delicate colours Peter, fresh from the clay furrows, and his two sheep-dogs dripping from the pond, had nearly proved equally fatal.

In this sanctum sanctorum sat the really pretty bride, in all the dignity of outraged feeling which ignorance of life and a lavish perusal of romances could inspire, on witnessing the first cloud on her usually good-natured husband's brow. She hastily cleared up her ruffled looks, gave the minister a cordial though somewhat affected welcome, and dropped me a curtsey which twenty years' rustication enabled me very inadequately to return.

The good pastor bent on this new lamb of his fold a benignant yet searching glance, and seemed watching where, amid the fluent small-talk which succeeded, he might edge in a word of playful yet serious import to the happiness of the youthful pair. The bride was stretching forth her hand with all the dignity of her new station, to ring the bell for cake and wine, when Peter (whose spleen was evidently waiting for a vent), hastily starting up, cried out, "Mistress! if ye're ower grand to serve the minister yoursell, there's ane 'll be proud to do't. There shall nae quean fill a glass for him in this house while it ca's me master. My mither wad hae served him on her bended knees gin he wad hae let her; and ye think it ower muckle to bring ben the bridal bread to him! Oh, Jess, Jess! I canna awa' wi' your town ways and town airs!"

The bride coloured and pouted; but there gathered a large drop in her eye, and the pastor hailed it as an earnest of future concession. He took her hand kindly, and put it into Peter's not reluctant one. "'Spring showers make May flowers,' my dear lassie, says the old proverb, and I trust out o' these little clouds will spring your future happiness. You, Jessie, have chosen an honest, worthy, kind-hearted, country husband, whose love will be well worth the sacrifice of a few second-hand graces; and you, Peter, have taken for better and for worse, a lassie in whose eye, in spite of foreign airs, I read a heart to be won by kindness. Bear and forbear, my dear bairns—let each be apter to yield than the other to exact. You are both travelling to a better country—'See that ye fall not out by the way.'"

The bride by this time was sobbing, and Peter's stout heart evidently softened. So leaving the pair to seal their reconciliation in this favourable mood, the good minister and I mounted our horses, and rode off without farther parley.

We were just turning the corner of the loan to regain the high-road, when a woman from a cottage in an adjoining field came running to intercept us. There was in her look a wildness bordering on distraction, but it was evidently of no painful kind. She seemed like one not recovered from the first shock of some delightful surprise, too much for the frail fabric of mortality to bear without tottering to its very foundations. The minister checked his horse, whose bridle she grasped convulsively, panting partly from fatigue, and more from emotion—endeavouring, but vainly, to give utterance to the tidings with which her bosom laboured. Twice she looked up, shook her head, and was silent; then with a strong effort faltered out, "He's come back!—the Lord be praised for it!"

"Who is come back, Jenny?" said the pastor, in the deepest tone of sympathy; "is it little Andrew ye mean?"

"Andrew!" echoed the matron, with an expression of contempt, which at any other time this favourite grandchild would have been very far from calling forth: "Andrew! Andrew's *father;* I mean my ain first-born son, Jamie, that I wore mournings for till they would wear nae langer, and thought lying fifty fathoms down in solid ice, in yon wild place Greenland, or torn to pieces wi' savage bears, like the mocking bairns in Scripture—he's yonder!" said she, wildly pointing to the house; "he's yonder, living and living-like; and oh gin ye wad come, and maybe speak a word in season to us, we might be better able to praise the Lord, as is nis due."

We turned our horses' heads, and followed her, as she ran, or rather flew, towards the cottage, with the instinct of some animal long

separated from its offspring. The little boy before mentioned ran out to hold our horses, and whispered as the minister stooped to stroke his head, "Daddy's come hame frae the sea."

The scene within the cottage baffles description. The old mother, exhausted with her exertion, had sunk down beside her son on the edge of the bed on which he was sitting, where his blind and bed-rid father lay, and clasped his withered hands in speechless prayer. His lips continued to move, unconscious of our presence, and ever and anon he stretched forth a feeble arm to ascertain the actual vicinity of his long-mourned son. On a low stool before the once gay and handsome, but now frost-nipped and hunger-worn mariner, sat his young wife, her hand firmly clasped in his, her fixed eye rivetted on his countenance, giving no other sign of life than a convulsive pressure of the former, or a big drop descending unwiped from the latter; while her unemployed hand was plucking quite mechanically the badge of widowhood from her duffle cloak, which (having just reached home as her husband knocked at his father's door) was yet lying across her knee.

The poor sailor gazed on all around him with somewhat of a bewildered air, but most of all upon a rosy creature between his knees, of about a year and half old, born just after his departure, and who had only learned the sad word "Daddy" from the childish prattle of his older brother Andrew and his sisters. Of these one had been summoned, wild and bare-legged, from the herding; the other, meek and modest, from the village school. The former, idle and intractable, half shrunk in fear of her returned parent's well-remembered strictness; the other, too young not to have forgotten his person, only wondered whether this was the Father in Heaven of whom she had heard so often. She did not think it could be so, for there was no grief or trouble there, and this father looked as if he had seen much of both.

Such was the group to whose emotions, almost too much for human nature, our entrance gave a turn. "Jamie," said the good pastor (gently pressing the still united hands of the mariner and his faithful Annie), "you are welcome back from the gates of death and the perils of the deep. Well is it said that they who go down to the sea in ships see more of the wonders of the Lord than other men; but it was not from storm and tempests alone that you have been delivered—cold and famine, want and nakedness—wild beasts to devour, and darkness to dismay.—these have been around your dreary path; but He that was with you was mightier than all that were against you, and you are returned a living man to tell the wondrous tale. Let us praise the Lord, my friends, for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men." We all knelt down, and joined in the brief but fervent prayer that followed. The stranger's heartfelt sigh of sympathy mingled with the pastor's pious orisons, with the feeble accents of decrepitude, the lisp of wondering childhood, the soul-felt piety of rescued manhood, and the deep unutterable gratitude of a wife and mother's heart!

For such high-wrought emotions prayer is the only adequate channel. They found vent in it, and were calmed and subdued to the level of ordinary intercourse. The minister kindly addressed Jamie, and drew forth, by his judicious questions, the leading features of that marvellous history of peril and privations endured by the crew of a Greenland ship detained a winter on the ice, with which all are now familiar, but of which a Parry or a Franklin can perhaps alone appreciate the horrors. They were related with a simplicity that did them ample justice.

"I never despaired, sir," said the hardy Scotsman; "we were young and stout. Providence, aye when at the warst, did us some gude turn, and this kept up our hearts. We had mostly a' wives or mithers at hame, and kent that prayers wadna be wanting for our safety; and little as men may think o' them on land, or even at sea on a prosperous voyage, a winter at the Pole makes prayers precious. We had little to do but sleep; and oh, the nights were lang! I was aye a great dreamer; and ye maunna be angry, sir (to the minister), the seeing Annie and the bairns amaist ilka time I lay down, and aye braw and buskit, did mair to keep up my hopes than a' the rest. I never could see wee Jamie, though," said he, smiling, and kissing the child on his knee; "I saw a cradle weel enough, but the face o' the bit creature in't I never could mak' out, and it vexed me; for whiles I thought my babe was dead, and whiles I feared it had never been born; but God be praised he's here, and no that unlike mysell, neither."

"Annie!" said the minister, gently loosing her renewed grasp of Jamie's hand, "you are forgetting your duty as a gudewife—we maun drink to Jamie's health and happiness ere we go. We'll steal a glass or two out of old Andrew's cordial-bottle; a drop of this day's joy will be better to him than it a'."

"Atweel, that's true!" said the old father,

with a distinctness of utterance and acuteness of hearing he had not manifested for many months. The bottle was brought—the health of the day went round. I shook the weather-beaten sailor warmly by the hand, and begging leave to come and hear more of his story at a fitter season, followed the minister to the door.

"Andrew!" said he, giving the little patient equerry a bright new sixpence, "tell your daddy I gave you this for being a dutiful son to your mother when he was at the sea." The child's eye glistened as he ran in to execute the welcome command; and we rode off, our hearts too full for much communication.

The day was advancing. These two scenes had encroached deeply on the privileged hours for visiting; and the minister, partly to turn the account of our thoughts into a less agitating channel, partly to balance the delights of the last hour with their due counterpoise of alloy, suggested the propriety of going next to pay at the house of his patron, the laird of the parish, the visit of duty and ceremony which his late return, and a domestic affliction in the family, rendered indispensable. There were reasons which made my going equally proper and disagreeable; and formal calls being among the many evils which are lightened by participation, I gladly availed myself of the shelter of the minister's name and company.

Mr. Morison of Castle Morison was one of those spoiled children of fortune whom, in her cruel kindess, she renders miserable. He had never known contradiction, and a straw across his path made him chafe like a resisted torrent: he had never known sorrow, and was, consequently, but half acquainted with joy; he was a stranger to compassion, and, consequently, himself an object of pity to all who could allow for the force of early education in searing and hardening the human heart. He had, as a boy, made his mother tremble; it is little to be wondered that in manhood he was the tyrant of his wife and children. Mrs. Morison's spirit, originally gentle, was soon broken; and if her heart was not equally so, it was because she learned reluctantly to despise her tyrant, and found compensation in the double portion of affection bestowed on her by her son and daughters. For the latter Mr. Morison manifested only contempt. There was not a horse in his stable nor a dog in his kennel which did not engross more of his attention; but, like the foxes and hares which it was the business of these favourite animals to hunt down, girls could be made to afford no bad sport in a rainy day. It was no wonder that with them fear usurped the place of reverence for such a parent. If they did not hate him, they were indebted to their mother's piety and their own sweet dispositions; and if they neither hated nor envied their only brother, it was not the fault of him, who, by injudicious distinctions and blind indulgence, laid the foundation for envy and all uncharitableness in their youthful bosoms. In that of his favourite they had the usual effect of generating self-will and rebellion; and while Jane and Agnes, well knowing nothing they did would be thought right, rarely erred from the path of duty, Edmund, aware that he could scarce do wrong, took care his privileges should not rust for want of exercise.

But though suffered in all minor matters to follow the dictates of caprice, to laugh at his tutor, lame the horse, and break rules (to all others those of the Medes and Persians) with impunity, he found himself suddenly reined up in his headlong career by an equally capricious parent, precisely at the period when restraint was nearly forgotten, and peculiarly irksome. It was tacitly agreed by both parties that the heir of Castle Morison could only go into the army; but while the Guards or a dragoon regiment was the natural enough ambition of Edmund, Morison was suddenly seized with a fit of contradiction, which he chose to style economy, and talked of a marching regiment, with perhaps an extra £100 per annum to the undoubted heir of nearly ten thousand a year. Neither would yield: the one had taught, the other learned, stubbornness; and Edmund, backed by the sympathy of the world and the clamours of his companions, told his father he had changed his mind, and was going to India with a near relation about to proceed to Bombay in a high official character.

Morison had a peculiar prejudice against the East, and a personal pique towards the cousin to whose patronage Edmund had betaken himself. His rage was as boundless as his former partiality; and the only consolation his poor wife felt when her darling son left his father's house, alike impenitent and unblessed, was that her boy's disposition was originally good, and would probably recover the ascendant; and that it was out of the power of her husband to make his son a beggar as well as an exile. The estate was strictly entailed, and the knowledge of this, while it embittered Morison's sense of his son's disobedience, no doubt strengthened the feeling of independence so natural to headstrong youth.

While Morison was perverting legal ingenuity in vain hopes of being able to disinherit his refractory heir, his unnatural schemes were

anticipated by a mightier agent. An epidemic fever carried off in one short month (about two years after his quitting England) the unreconciled but no longer unconciliatory exile; and his young and beautiful bride, the daughter of his patron, his union with whom had been construed, by the causeless antipathy of his father, into a fresh cause of indignation. Death, whose cold hand loosens this world's grasp, and whose deep voice stills this world's strife, only tightens the bonds of nature, and teaches the stormiest spirits to part *in peace*. Edmund lived to write to his father a few lines of undissembled and unconditional penitence, to own that if the path of duty had been rugged, he had in vain sought happiness beyond it, and to entreat that the place he had forfeited in his father's favour might be transferred to his unoffending child.

All this had been conveyed to Mr. Monteith and myself by the voice of rumour some days before; and we had been more shocked than surprised to learn that Morison's resentment had survived its object, and that he disclaimed all intention of ever seeing or receiving the infant boy who, it was gall to him to reflect, must inherit his estate. Mrs. Morison had exerted, to soften his hard heart, all the little influence she ever possessed. Her tender soul yearned towards her Edmund's child; and sometimes the thought of seeking a separation, and devoting herself to rear it, crossed her despairing mind. But her daughters were a tie still more powerful to her unhappy home. She could neither leave them unprotected to its discomforts, nor conscientiously advise their desertion of a parent, however unworthy; so she wandered, a paler and sadder inmate than before of her cold and stately mansion; and her fair subdued-looking daughters shuddered as they passed the long-locked doors of their brother's nursery and schoolroom.

The accounts of young Morison's death had arrived since the good pastor's departure, and it was with feelings of equal sympathy towards the female part of the family, and sorrow for the unchristian frame of its head, that he prepared for our present visit. As we rode up the old strait avenue, I perceived a post-chaise at the door, and instead of shrinking from this probable accession of strangers, felt that any addition to the usually constrained and gloomy family-circle must be a relief. On reaching the door we were struck with a very unusual appendage to the dusty and travel-stained vehicle, in the shape of an ancient venerable-looking Asiatic in the dress of his country, beneath whose ample muslin folds he might easily have been mistaken for an old female nurse—a character which, in all its skill and tenderness, was amply sustained by this faithful and attached oriental. His broken English and passionate gestures excited our attention, already awakened by the singularity of his costume and appearance; and as we got close to him, the big tears which rolled over his sallow and furrowed cheeks powerfully called forth our sympathy, and told, better than words, his forcible exclusion from the splendid mansion which had reluctantly admitted within its precincts the child dearer to him than country and kindred!

Our visit, had it borne less of a pastoral character, had all the appearance of being very ill timed. There were servants running to and fro in the hall, and loud voices in the dining-room; and from a little parlour on one side the front-door issued female sobs, mingled with infant wailings in an unknown dialect.

"Thank God!" whispered the minister, "the bairn is fairly in the house. Providence and nature will surely do the rest."

It was not a time to intrude abruptly, so we sent in our names to Mr. Morison; and during our pretty long detention on horseback, could not avoid seeing in at the open window of the parlour before mentioned a scene which it grieved us to think was only witnessed by ourselves.

Mrs. Morison was sitting in a chair (on which she had evidently sunk down powerless) with her son's orphan boy on her knee, the bright dark eyes of the little wild unearthly-looking creature fixed in steadfast gaze on her pale matronly countenance. "No cry, Mama Englise," said the child, as her big tears rolled unheeded on his bosom—"Billy Edmund will be welly welly good." His youngest aunt, whose keen and long-repressed feelings found vent in sobs of mingled joy and agony, was covering his little hands with showers of kisses, while the elder (his father's favourite sister) was comparing behind him the rich dark locks that clustered in his neck with the locket which, since Edmund's departure, had dwelt next her heart.

A message from the laird summoned us from this affecting sight, and amid the pathetic entreaties of the old oriental that we would restore his nursling, we proceeded to the dining-room, made aware of our approach to it by the still storming, though half-suppressed imprecations of its hard-hearted master. He was pacing in stern and moody agitation through the spacious apartment. His

welcome was evidently extorted, and his face (to use a strong Scripture expression) set as a flint against the voice of remonstrance and exhortation, for which he was evidently prepared. My skilful coadjutor went quite another way to work. "Mr. Morison," said he, apparently unconscious of the poor man's pitiable state of mind, "I came to condole, but I find it is my lot to congratulate. The Lord hath taken away with the one hand, but it has been to give with the other. His blessing be with you and your son's son, whom he hath sent to be the staff and comfort of your age!" This was said with his usual benign frankness; and the hard heart, which would have silenced admonition and scorned reproof, scarce knew how to repulse the voice of Christian congratulation. He walked about, muttering to himself, "No son of mine—bad breed! Let him go to those who taught his father disobedience, and his mother artifice!—anywhere they please; there is no room for him here."

"Have you seen your grandchild yet, Mr. Morison?" resumed the minister, nothing daunted by the continued obduracy of the proud laird. "Let me have the joy of putting him into your arms. You must expect to be a good deal overcome. Sweet little fellow; there is a strong likeness!" A shudder passed across the father's hard frame, and he recoiled as from an adder when worthy Mr. Monteith, gently grasping his arm, sought to draw him, still sullen, though more faintly resisting, towards the other room. A shrill cry of infant agony rose from the parlour as we crossed the hall; and Nature never perhaps exhibited a stronger contrast than presented itself between the cruel old man, struggling to escape from the presence of his grandchild, and the faithful ancient domestic, shrieking wildly to be admitted into it.

As I threw open the door for the entrance of the former, little Edmund, whose infant promises of good behaviour had soon given way before the continued society of strangers, was stamping in all the impotence of baby rage (and in this unhallowed mood too faithful a miniature of both father and grandfather), and calling loudly for the old oriental. With the first glance at the door his exclamations redoubled. We began to fear the worst effect from this abrupt introduction; but no sooner had the beautiful boy—beautiful even in passion—cast a second bewildered glance on his still erect and handsome grandfather, than, clapping his little hands, and calling out, "My Bombay Papa!" he flew into his arms.

The servants, concluding the interdict removed by their master's entrance into the apartment, had ceased to obstruct the efforts of the old Hindu to flee to his precious charge; and while the astonished and fairly overwhelmed Morison's neck was encircled by the infant grasp of his son's orphan boy, his knees were suddenly embraced by that son's devoted and gray-haired domestic.

One arm of little Edmund was instantly loosened from his grandfather's shoulder, and passed round the neck of the faithful old oriental, who kissed alternately the little cherub hand of his nursling and the hitherto iron one of the proud laird. It softened, and the hard heart with it! It was long since love—pure unsophisticated love—and spontaneous reverence had been Morison's portion, and they were proportionally sweet. He buried his face in his grandson's clustering ringlets. We heard a groan deep as when rocks are rending and the earth heaves with long pent-up fires. It was wildly mingling with childish laughter and hysteric bursts of female tenderness, as stealing cautiously and unheeded from the spot, we mounted our horses and rode away.

"God be praised!" said the minister, with a deep-drawn sigh, when, emerging from the gloomy avenue, we regained the cheerful beaten track. "This has been a day of strange dispensations, Mr. Francis; we have seen much together to make us wonder at the ways of Providence—to soften and, I hope, improve our hearts. But after such solemn scenes, mine, and yours, I doubt not, also requires something to cheer and lighten it; and I am bound where, if the sight of virtuous happiness can do it, I am sure to succeed. Do let me persuade you to be my companion a little longer, and close this day's visitation at the humble board of, I'll venture to say, the happiest couple in Scotland. I am engaged to christen the first-born of honest Willie Meldrum and his bonnie Helen, and to dine, of course, after the ceremony. Mrs. Monteith and the bairns will be there to meet me; and as my friend, you'll be welcome as the flower in May!"

After some slight scruples about intruding on this scene of domestic enjoyment, easily overruled by the hearty assurances of the divine and my own natural relish for humble life, we marched towards the farm-house of Blinkbonnie; and during our short ride the minister gave me, in a few words, the history of its inmates.

"I don't know, Mr. Francis, if you remember a bonnie orphan lassie called Helen Ormiston, whom my wife took, some years back,

into the family, to assist her in the care of the bairns. Helen was come of no ungentle kin; but poverty had sat down heavily on her father and mother, and sunk them into an early grave; and it was a Godsend to poor Helen to get service in a house where poverty would be held no reproach to her. If ye ever saw the creature, ye wadna easily forget her. Many bonnier blither lasses are to be seen daily, but such a look of settled serenity and downcast modesty ye might go far to find. It quite won my wife's heart and mine, and more hearts than ours, as I shall tell you presently. As for the bairns, they just doated on Helen, and she on them; and my poor youngest, that is now with God, during all her long long decline was little, if ever, off her knee. No wonder then that Helen grew pale and thin, ate little, and slept less. I first set it down to anxiety, and, when the innocent bairn was released, to grief; and from these no doubt it partly arose. But when all was over, and when weeks had passed away—when even my poor wife dried her mother's tears, and I could say, 'God's will be done'—still Helen grew paler and thinner, and refused to be comforted; so I saw there was more in it than appeared, and I bade her open her heart to me; and open it she did, with a flood of tears that would have melted a stone.

"'Sir,' said she, 'I maun go away; I think it will kill me to leave you and Mrs. Monteith, and the dear bairns in the nursery, and wee Jeanie's grave in the kirkyard; but stay I canna, and I will tell you why. It is months—ay, amaist years—since Willie Meldrum, auld Blinkbonnie's son, fell in fancy wi' me; and a sair sair heart I may say I have had ever sin-syne. His auld hard father, they tell me, swears (wi' sic oaths as wad gar ye grew to hear them) that he will cut him off wi' a shilling if ever he thinks of me; and oh! it wad be a puir return for the lad's kindness to do him sic an ill turn! So I maun awa' out of the country till the auld man dies, or Willie taks a wife to his mind; for I've seen ower muckle o' poverty, Mr. Monteith, to be the cause o't to ony man, though I whiles think it wad be nacthing to me that's sae weel used till't mysell.'

"'Helen,' said I, 'when did Willie Meldrum find opportunities to gain your heart? I never saw him in the house in my life.'

"'Oh, sir,' said she, 'gin I could hae bidden in the house, he wad never hae seen me either; but I was forced to walk out wi' the bairns, and there was nae place sae quiet and out o' the gate but Willie was sure to find me out. If I gaed down the burn, Willie was aye fishing; if I gaed up the loan, there was aye something to be dune about the kye. At the kirk-door Willie was aye at hand to spier for your honour, and gie the bairns posies; and after our sair distress, when I was little out for mony a day, I couldna slip out ae moonlight night to sit a moment upon Jeanie's grave, but Willie was there like a ghaist aside me, and made my very heart loup to my mouth!—'

"'And do you return his good-will, Helen?' said I, gravely.

"'Oh, sir,' said the poor thing, trembling, 'I dare na tell you a lie. I tried to be as proud and as shy as a lassie should be to ane abune her degree, and that might do sae muckle better, puir fallow! I tried to look anither gate when I saw him, and mak' mysell deaf when he spoke o' his love; but oh! his words were sae true and kindly, that I doubt mine were nae aye sae short and saucy as they suld hae been. It's hard for a tocherless fatherless lassie to be cauldrife to the lad that wad tak' her to his heart and hame; but oh! it wad be harder still if she was to requite him wi' a father's curse! It's ill eneuch to hae nae parents o' my ain, without makin' mischief wi' ither folk's. The auld man gets dourer and dourer ilka day, and the young ane dafter and dafter—sae ye maun just send me aff the country to some decent service, till Willie's a free man or a bridegroom.'

"'My dear Helen,' said I, 'you are a good upright girl, and I will forward your honest intentions. If it be God's will that Willie and you come together, the hearts of men are in His hand. If otherwise, yours will never at least reproach you with bringing ruin on your lover's head.'

"So I sent Helen, Mr. Francis, to my brother's in the south country, where she proved as great a blessing and as chief a favourite as she had been with us. I saw her some months afterwards; and though her bloom had not returned, she was tranquil and contented as one who has cast her lot into the lap of Heaven.

"Well, to make a long story short, Willie, though he was unreasonable enough—good worthy lad as he is—to take in dudgeon Helen's going away (though he might have guessed it was all for his good), was too proud, or too constant, to say he would give her up, or bind himself never to marry her, as his father insisted. So the old man one day, after a violent altercation, made his will, and left all his hard-won siller to a rich brother in Liverpool,

who neither wanted nor deserved it. Willie, upon this quarrel, had left home very unhappy, and stayed away some time; and during his absence old Blinkbonnie was taken extremely ill. When he thought himself dying he sent for me (I had twice called in vain before), and you may be sure I did my best not to let him depart in so unchristian a frame towards his only child. I did not deny his right to advise his son in the choice of a wife; but I told him he might search the world before he found one more desirable than Helen, whose beauty and sense would secure his son's steadiness, and her frugality and sobriety double his substance. I told him how she had turned a deaf ear to all his son's proposals of a clandestine marriage, and made herself the sacrifice to his own unjust and groundless prejudices. Dying men are generally open to conviction; and I got a fresh will made in favour of his son, with a full consent to his marriage honourably inserted among its provisions. This he deposited with me, feeling no great confidence in the lawyer who had made his previous settlement, and desired me to produce it when he was gone.

"It so happened that I was called away to a distance before his decease, and did not return till some days after the funeral. Willie had flown home on hearing of his father's danger, and had the comfort to find him completely softened, and to receive from his nearly speechless parent many a silent demonstration of returned affection. It was therefore a doubly severe shock to him, on opening the *first* will (the only one forthcoming in my absence), to find himself cut off from everything except the joint lease of the farm, and instead of five thousand pounds, not worth a shilling in the world. His first exclamation, I was told, was, 'It's hard to get baith scorn and skaith—to lose poor Helen and the gear baith. If I had lost it for her, they might hae ta'en it that liket!'

"About a week after I came home, and found on my table a letter from Helen. She had heard of Willie's misfortune, and in a way the most modest and engaging expressed herself ready, if I thought it would still be acceptable, to share his poverty and toil with him through life. 'I am weel used to work,' said she, 'and but for you wad hae been weel used to want. If Willie will let me bear a share o' his burden, I trust in God we may wrastle through thegither; and to tell you the truth,' added she, with her usual honesty, 'I wad rather things were ordered as they are, than that Willie's wealth should shame my poverty.'

"I put this letter in one pocket, and his father's will in the other, and walked over to Blinkbonnie. Willie was working with the manly resolution of one who has no other resource. I told him I was glad to see him so little cast down.

"'Sir,' said he, 'I'll no say but I am vexed that my father gaed to his grave wi' a grudge against me—the mair sae, as when he squeezed my hand on his death-bed I thought a' was forgotten. But siller is but warld's gear, and I could thole the want o't an it had nae been for Helen Ormiston, that I hoped to hae gotten to share it wi' me. She may sune do better now, wi' that bonnie face and kind heart o' hers!'

"'It is indeed a kind heart, Willie,' answered I; 'if ever I doubted it, this would have put me to shame.' So saying, I reached him the letter; and oh that Helen could have seen the flush of grateful surprise that crossed his manly brow as he read it! It passed away, though, quickly, and he said, with a sigh, 'Very kind, Mr. Monteith, and very like hersell; but I canna take advantage o' an auld gude-will, now that I canna reward it as it deserves.'

"'And what if ye could, Willie?' said I, 'as far, at least, as worldly wealth can requite true affection? There is your father's will, made when it pleased God to touch his heart, and you are as rich a man as you were when Helen Ormiston first refused to make you a beggar.'

"Willie was not insensible to this happy change in his prospects; but his kind heart was chiefly soothed by his father's altered feelings; and at the honourable mention of Helen's name he fairly began to greet.

"The sequel is easily told; but I think the jaunt I made to Tweeddale with Willie, to bring back Helen Ormiston in triumph, was the proudest journey of my life.

"A year ago I married them at the manse, amid much joy, but abundance of tears in the nursery. To-day, when, according to an old promise, I am to christen my name-son Charlie, I expect to be fairly deaved with the clamorous rejoicings of my young fry, who, I verily believe, have not slept this week for thinking of it. But" (pulling out his watch) "it is near four o'clock!—sad quality hour for Blinkbonnie! The hotch-potch will be turned into porridge, and the how-towdies burned to sticks, if we don't make haste!"

I wish, my dear reader, you could see the farm of Blinkbonnie, lying, as it does, on a gently sloping bank, sheltered from the north by a wooded crag or knoll, flanked upon the east by a group of venerable ashes, enlivened

and perfumed on the west by a gay luxuriant garden, and open on the south to such a sea-view as none but dwellers on the Frith of Forth have any idea of. Last Saturday it was the very beau ideal of rural comfort and serenity. The old trees were reposing, after a course of somewhat boisterous weather, in all the dignity and silence of years. The crows, their usual inhabitants, having gone on their Highland excursion, those fantastic interlopers, Helen's peacocks (a present from the children at the manse), were already preparing for their *siesta* on the topmost boughs. Beneath the spreading branches the cows were dreaming delightfully, in sweet oblivion of the heats of noon. In an adjoining paddock graceful foals and awkward calves indulged in their rival gambols; while shrieks of joy from behind the garden hedge told these were not the only happy young things in creation.

We deposited our horses in a stable to whose comforts they bore testimony by an approving neigh, and made our way by a narrow path, bordered with sweet-brier and woodbine, to the front of the house. Its tall good-looking young master came hastily to meet us; and I would not have given his blushing welcome, and the bashful scrape that accompanied it, for all the most elaborate courtesies of Chesterfield.

No sooner were our footsteps heard approaching than out poured the minister's whole family from the little honeysuckled porch, with glowing faces and tangled hair, and frocks probably white some hours before, but which now claimed affinity with every bush in the garden.

Mrs. Monteith gently joined in the chorus of reproaches to papa for being so late; but the look with which she was answered seemed to satisfy her, as it usually did, that he could not be in fault. We were then ushered into the parlour, whose substantial comforts and exquisite consistency spoke volumes in favour of its mistress. Opulence might be traced in the excellent quality of the homely furniture, in the liberal display of antique china (particularly the choice and curious christening-bowl); but there was nothing incongruous, nothing out of keeping, nothing to make you for a moment mistake this first-rate farm-house parlour for a clumsy ill-fancied drawing-room. A few pots of roses, a few shelves of books, bore testimony to Helen's taste and education; but there were neither exotics nor romances in the collection; and the piece of furniture evidently dearest in her eyes was the cradle, in which reposed, amid all the din of this joyous occasion, the yet unchristened hero of the day. It is time to speak of Helen herself, and she was just what, from her story, I knew she must be. The actors in some striking drama of human life often disappoint us by their utter dissimilitude to the pictures of our mind's eye, but Helen was precisely the perfection of a gentle, modest, self-possessed Scottish lassie—the mind, in short, of Jeanie Deans, with the personal advantages of poor Effie. Her dress was as suitable as anything else. Her gown, white as snow, and her cap, of the nicest materials, were neither of them on the pattern of my lady's, but they had a matronly grace of their own worth a thousand second-hand fashions; and when Helen, having awakened her first-born, delivered him with sweet maternal solicitude into the outstretched arms of the minister's proud and favoured youngest girl, I thought I never saw a picture worthier the pencil of Coreggio. It was completed when, bending in all the graceful awkwardness of a novice over the group, Willie received his boy into his arms, and vowed before his pastor and his God to discharge a parent's duty, while a parent's transport sparkled in his eyes!

I have sat, as Shakspeare says, "at good men's feasts ere now"—have ate turtle at the lord-mayor's, and venison at peers' tables, and *soufflés* at diplomatic dinners; I have ate sturgeon at St. Petersburg, and mullet at Naples, mutton in Wales, and grouse in the Highlands, roast-beef with John Bull, and *volauxvents* at Beauvilliers'; but I have no hesitation in saying that the hotch-potch and how-towdies of Blinkbonnie out-herod them all. How far the happy human faces of all ages round the table contributed to enhance the *gusto*, I do not pretend to decide; but I can tell Mr. Véry that, among all his *consommés*, there is nothing like a judicious mixture of youth and beauty with manliness, integrity, and virtue! — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

A COURT AUDIENCE.

Old South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too serious for a court
Who at all preaching made a sport:
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopped; began to call,
"Pray, wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
You snore so loud—you'll wake the king."

REV. RICHARD GRAVES (born 1715; died 1804).

ANNE BOLEYN.

BY HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.[1]

Scene: QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN *landing at the Tower a prisoner, attended by* SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON *and guards.*

QUEEN.

Here—here, then, all is o'er!—Oh! awful walls,
Oh! sullen towers, relentless gates, that open,
Like those of hell, but to receive the doom'd,
The desperate—Oh! ye black and massy barriers,
But broken by yon barr'd and narrow loop-holes,
How do ye coop from this God's sunshine world
Of freedom and delight, your world of woe,
Your midnight world, where all that live, live on
In hourly agony of death! Vast dungeon,
Populous as vast, of your devoted tenants!
Long ere our bark had touch'd the fatal strand,
I felt your ominous shadows darken o'er me,
And close me round; your thick and clammy air,
As though 'twere loaded with dire imprecations,
Wailings of dying and of tortured men,
Tainted afar the wholesome atmosphere.

KINGSTON (*to the guard*).

Advance your halberds.

QUEEN.

Oh! sir, pause—one look,
One last long look, to satiate all my senses.
Oh! thou blue cloudless canopy, just tinged
With the faint amber of the setting sun,
Where one by one steal forth the modest stars
To diadem the sky:—thou noble river,
Whose quiet ebb, not like my fortune, sinks
With gentle downfall, and around the keels
Of those thy myriad barks makest passing music:—
Oh! thou great silent city, with thy spires
And palaces, where I was once the greatest,
The happiest—I, whose presence made a tumult
In all your wondering streets and jocund marts:—
But most of all, thou cool and twilight air,
Thou art a rapture to the breath! The slave,
The beggar, the most base down-trodden outcast,
The plague-struck livid wretch, there's none so vile,
So abject, in your streets, that swarm with life—
They may inhale the liquid joy heaven breathes—
They may behold the rosy evening sky—
They may go rest their free limbs where they will:
But I—but I, to whom this summer world
Was all bright sunshine; I, whose time was noted
But by succession of delights——Oh! Kingston,
Thou dost remember, thou wert then lieutenant,
'Tis now—how many years?—my memory wanders—
Since I set forth from yon dark low-brow'd porch,
A bride—a monarch's bride—King Henry's bride?
Oh! the glad pomp, that burn'd upon the waters—
Oh! the rich streams of music that kept time
With oars as musical—the people's shouts,
That call'd Heaven's blessings on my head, in sounds
That might have drown'd the thunders——I've more need
Of blessing now, and not a voice would say it.

KINGSTON.

Your grace, no doubt, will long survive this trial.

QUEEN.

Sir, sir, it is too late to flatter me:
Time was I trusted each fond possibility,
For hope sate queen of all my golden fortunes;
But now——

KINGSTON.

Day wears, and our imperious mandate
Brooks no delay—advance.

QUEEN.

Back, back, I say—
I will not enter! Whither will ye plunge me?
Into what chamber, but the sickly air
Smells all of blood—the black and cobwebb'd walls
Are all o'ertraced by dying hands, who've noted
In the damp dews indelible their tale
Of torture—not a bed nor straw-laid pallet
But bears th' impression of a wretch call'd forth
To execution. Will ye place me there,
Where those poor babes, their crook-back'd uncle murder'd,
Still haunt?—Inhuman hospitality!
Look there! look there! fear mantles o'er my soul
As with a prophet's robe, the ghostly walls
Are sentinel'd with mute and headless spectres,
Whose lank and grief-attenuated fingers
Point to their gory and dissever'd necks,
The least a lordly noble, some like princes:
Through the dim loop-holes gleam the haggard faces
Of those whose dark unutterable fate
Lies buried in your dungeons' depths; some wan
With famine, some with writhing features fix'd
In the agony of torture.—Back! I say:
They beckon me across the fatal threshold,
Which none may pass and live.

KINGSTON.

The deaths of traitors,
If such have died within these gloomy towers,
Should not appal your grace with such vain terrors;
The chamber is prepar'd where slept your highness
When last within the Tower.

QUEEN.

Oh! 'tis too good
For such a wretch—a death-doom'd wretch, as me.

[1] See *Library*, vol. ii. page 53.

My lord, my Henry—he that call'd me forth
Even from that chamber, with a voice more gentle
Than flutes o'er calmest waters—will not wrong
Th' eternal justice—the great law of kings!
Let him arraign me—bribe as witnesses
The angels that behold our inmost thoughts,
He'll find no crime but loving him too fondly;
And let him visit that with his worst vengeance.
Come, sir, your wearied patience well may fail:
On to that chamber, where I slept so sweetly,
When guiltier far than now. On—on, good Kingston.

—*Anne Boleyn, a Dramatic Poem.*

THE GOOD-NATURED COUPLE.[1]

There was once a man called Frederick: he had a wife whose name was Catherine, and they had not long been married. One day Frederick said, "Kate! I am going to work in the fields; when I come back I shall be hungry, so let me have something nice cooked, and a good draught of ale." "Very well," said she, "it shall all be ready." When dinner-time drew nigh, Catherine took a nice steak, which was all the meat she had, and put it on the fire to fry. The steak soon began to look brown, and to crackle in the pan; and Catherine stood by with a fork and turned it: then she said to herself, "The steak is almost ready, I may as well go to the cellar for the ale." So she left the pan on the fire, and took a large jug and went into the cellar and tapped the ale cask. The beer ran into the jug, and Catherine stood looking on. At last it popped into her head, "The dog is not shut up—he may be running away with the steak; that's well thought of." So up she ran from the cellar; and sure enough the rascally cur had got the steak in his mouth, and was making off with it.

Away ran Catherine, and away ran the dog across the field: but he ran faster than she, and stuck close to the steak. "It's all gone, and 'what can't be cured must be endured,'" said Catherine. So she turned round; and as she had run a good way, and was tired, she walked home leisurely to cool herself.

Now all this time the ale was running too, for Catherine had not turned the cock; and when the jug was full the liquor ran upon the floor till the cask was empty. When she got to the cellar stairs she saw what had happened. "My stars!" said she, "what shall I do to keep Frederick from seeing all this slopping about?" So she thought a while; and at last remembered that there was a sack of fine meal bought at the last fair, and that if she sprinkled this over the floor, it would suck up the ale nicely. "What a lucky thing," said she, "that we kept that meal; we have now a good use for it." So away she went for it: but she managed to set it down just upon the great jug full of beer, and upset it; and thus all the ale that had been saved was set swimming on the floor also. "Ah! well," said she, "when one goes another may as well follow." Then she strewed the meal all about the cellar, and was quite pleased with her cleverness, and said, "How very neat and clean it looks!"

At noon Frederick came home. "Now, wife," cried he, "what have you for dinner?" "O Frederick!" answered she, "I was cooking you a steak; but while I went down to draw the ale, the dog ran away with it, and while I ran after him, the ale all ran out; and when I went to dry up the ale with the sack of meal that we got at the fair, I upset the jug: but the cellar is now quite dry, and looks so clean!" "Kate, Kate," said he, "how could you do all this? Why did you leave the steak to fry, and the ale to run, and then spoil all the meal?" "Why, Frederick," said she, "I did not know I was doing wrong; you should have told me before."

The husband thought to himself, if my wife manages matters thus, I must look sharp myself. Now he had a good deal of gold in the house: so he said to Catherine, "What pretty yellow buttons these are! I shall put them into a box and bury them in the garden; but take care that you never go near or meddle with them." "No, Frederick," said she, "that I never will." As soon as he was gone, there came by some pedlars with earthenware plates and dishes, and they asked her whether she would buy. "Oh dear me, I should like to buy very much, but I have no money: if you had any use for yellow buttons, I might deal with you." "Yellow buttons?" said they, "let us have a look at them." "Go into the garden and dig where I tell you, and you will find the yellow buttons: I dare not go myself." So the rogues went; and when they found what these yellow buttons were they took them all away, and left her plenty of plates and dishes. Then she set them all about the house for a show: and when Frederick came back, he cried out, "Kate, what have you been doing?" "See," said she, "I have bought all these with your yellow buttons:

[1] This is a popular German story which, being susceptible of many variations, is used by the peasantry as a satire upon silly housekeepers.

but I did not touch them myself; the pedlars went themselves and dug them up." "Wife, wife," said Frederick, "what a pretty piece of work you have made! those yellow buttons were all my money: how came you to do such a thing?" "Why," answered she, "I did not know there was any harm in it; you should have told me."

Catherine stood musing for a while, and at last said to her husband, "Hark ye, Frederick, we will soon get the gold back: let us run after the thieves." "Well, we will try," answered he; "but take some butter and cheese with you, that we may have something to eat by the way." "Very well," said she, and they set out; and as Frederick walked the fastest, he left his wife some way behind. "It does not matter," thought she; "when we turn back I shall be so much nearer home than he."

Presently she came to the top of a hill, down the side of which there was a road so narrow that the cart wheels always chafed the trees on each side as they passed. "Ah! see now," said she, "how they have bruised and wounded these poor trees; they will never get well." So she took pity on them, and made use of the butter to grease them all, so that the wheels might not hurt them so much. While she was doing this kind office, one of her cheeses fell out of the basket and rolled down the hill. Catherine looked, but could not see where it was gone; so she said, "Well, I suppose the other will go the same way and find you; he has younger legs than I have." Then she rolled the other cheese after it; and away it went, nobody knows where, down the hill. But she said she supposed they knew the road, and would follow her, and she could not stay there all day waiting for them.

At last she overtook Frederick, who desired her to give him something to eat. Then she gave him the dry bread. "Where is the butter and the cheese?" said he. "O!" answered she, "I used the butter to grease those poor trees that the wheels chafed so; and one of the cheeses ran away, so I sent the other after it to find it, and I suppose they are both on the road together somewhere." "What a goose you are to do such silly things!" said the husband. "How can you say so?" said she; "I am sure you never told me not."

They ate the dry bread together; and Frederick said, "Kate, I hope you locked the door safe when you came away." "No," answered she, "you did not tell me." "Then go home and do it now, before we go any further," said Frederick, "and bring with you something to eat."

Catherine did as he told her, and thought to herself by the way, "Frederick wants something to eat; but I don't think he is very fond of butter and cheese: I'll bring him a bag of fine nuts, and the vinegar, for I have often seen him take some."

When she reached home, she bolted the back door, but the front door she took off the hinges, and said, "Frederick told me to lock the door, but surely it can nowhere be so safe as if I take it with me." So she took her time by the way: and when she overtook her husband, she cried out, "There, Frederick, there is the door itself, now you may watch it as carefully as you please." "Alas! alas!" said he, "what a clever wife I have! I sent you to make the house fast, and you take the door away, so that everybody may go in and out as they please:—however, as you have brought the door, you shall carry it about with you for your pains." "Very well," answered she, "I'll carry the door; but I'll not carry the nuts and vinegar bottle also—that would be too much of a load; so, if you please, I'll fasten them to the door."

Frederick, of course, made no objection to that plan, and they set off into the wood to look for the thieves; but they could not find them; and when it grew dark, they climbed up into a tree to spend the night there. Scarcely were they up, than who should come by but the very rogues they were looking for. They were in truth great rascals, and belonged to that class of people who find things before they are lost: they were tired, so they sat down and made a fire under the very tree where Frederick and Catherine were. Frederick slipped down on the other side, and picked up some stones. Then he climbed up again, and tried to hit the thieves on the head with them; but they only said, "It must be near morning, for the wind shakes the fir-apples down."

Catherine, who had the door on her shoulder, began to be very tired; but she thought it was the nuts upon it that were so heavy, so she said softly, "Frederick, I must let the nuts go." "No," answered he, "not now, they will discover us." "I can't help that, they must go." "Well then, make haste and throw them down if you will." Then away rattled the nuts down among the boughs; and one of the thieves cried, "Bless me, it is hailing."

A little while after Catherine thought the door was still very heavy, so she whispered to Frederick, "I must throw the vinegar down."

"Pray don't," answered he, "it will discover us." "I can't help that," said she, "go it must." So she poured all the vinegar down; and the thieves said, "What a heavy dew there is!"

At last it popped into Catherine's head that it was the door itself that was so heavy all the time; so she whispered to Frederick, "I must throw the door down soon." But he begged and prayed her not to do so, for he was sure it would betray them. "Here goes, however," said she: and down went the door with such a clatter upon the thieves, that they cried out, "Murder!" and not knowing what was coming, ran away as fast as they could, and left all the gold. So when Frederick and Catherine came down, there they found all their money safe and sound.

GOOD NIGHT!

BY W. M. PRAED.

Good night to thee, lady! Though many
Have join'd in the dance of to night,
Thy form was the fairest of any,
Where all was seducing and bright;—
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most sylph-like of all,
And thy voice the most gladsome and clearest
That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good night to thee, lady! 'Tis over—
The waltz, the quadrille, and the song,
The whispered "Farewell!" of the lover,
The heartless "Adieu!" of the throng;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
The eyelid that long'd for repose,
The beaux that were dreaming of treasure,
The girls that were dreaming of beaux.

'Tis over! The lights are all dying,
The coaches all driving away;
And many a fair one is sighing,
And many a false one is gay:
And Beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests, as homewards she drives;
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone home to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower,
That fell from your wreath, on the floor.
I'll keep it!—if but to remind me,
Though wither'd and faded its hue,
Wherever next season may find me,
Of England, of Almack's, and you!

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, though nameless
For aye on the lip they may be:
There are hearts that, though fetter'd, are tameless,
And thoughts unexpress'd, but still free!
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light;
The ball and my dream are all over,—
Good night to thee, lady! Good night!

POSTHUMOUS FAME.

[**Sir Thomas Browne**, born in London, 19th October, 1605; died at Norwich, 19th October, 1682. Antiquary and physician, knighted by Charles II. He wrote: *Religio Medici*, the Religion of a Physician; *Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors; Urne-Burial*, or a Discourse of the Sepulchral Urnes lately found in Norfolk, 1658 (from which our extract is taken); and several other treatises on antiquities. Dr. Johnson, who wrote a biography of Sir Thomas Browne, said: "There is no science in which he does not discover some skill."]

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations without deserts and noble acts which are the balsam of our memories, the entelechia and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burned the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it; time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations: and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the savour of the everlasting register.

Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired; the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die: since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes: since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time, that grows old itself, bids us hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls. A good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their latest durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, conserving their bodies in sweet consistences, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon: men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations: Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth; durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts: whereof beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing immortal, but immortality; whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus; the man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred

by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing humane discovery. Enoch and Elias without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act on this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation; the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures; some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the covering of mountains, and annihilation shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them: and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstacies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of Chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers: 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's church-yard as in the sands of Egypt: ready to be anything, in the ecstacy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.